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THE INCARNATION: A STUDY IN THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.

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THE Incarnation idea is essentially that of the unseen universe looking out upon us from the seen. The spiritual world puts in an appearance in the sensuous, and hence comes all the stir which the religions of the world have made. Religion is no other than man trying to get himself into harmony with what he has seen of the unseen universe, trying with more or less of success to make himself responsive to the clamant spiritual world. Mr. Herbert Spencer, with his clear, perceiving mind, has said: "Unlike the ordinary consciousness, the religious consciousness is concerned with that which lies beyond the sphere of sense." But we see beyond the sphere of sense through the medium of sense, and incarnation is the agency between the sensible and supersensible spheres. The Incarnation is a showing and a lighting of the unseen.

Now, the mediation, or incarnation, is first in the creation around us, and secondly, in ourselves as conscious beings, the most highly evolved and most meaningful part of nature. It concerns us, therefore, with some definiteness to know what nature is, what do we see in the seen, what have early poetry, and philosophy later, and science last of all, found in nature? These questions are vital to our study.

We look at a river in flood or fall, and we are fixed to the banks by various thoughts; we look at a glacier-clad mountain, and we are amazed; we wonder at the display of color in the after-glow of the sunset; we are alarmed at the streamers of the aurora in a frosty sky; we sit in a daisied meadow and observe the orchid, the butterfly, and the rabbit. Now, Professor Clifford, as a master of physical science, would have said of the flood and of the chromatic and the electric exhibition that it was "mind stuff" which has met our mind. Darwin rose from his study of orchids to announce the discovery that the orchid is a modified lily, and that it is profoundly modified to prevent self-fertilization. He saw in this most curious of plants design and the principle of modification. Professor Huxley, looking at the buttercup and butterfly, would have been saddened at the story of the pain in the ceaseless struggle by which species have acquired the forms they now possess, a sadness which was enough to make a sensitive nature agnostic. Wordsworth would say that there was a presence in nature which disturbed him, whose dwelling was the light of setting suns and the blue sky and the mind of man, a motion and a spirit which rolled through all things, and that therefore he was a

lover of the meadow and the mountain. Plato would have said that he saw all butterflies in the original idea of them, and all buttercups in their archetypes, and that these ideas were eternal and divine. Kepler tells us that when he discovered the laws of motion he caught himself reading some of the thoughts of God.

Primitive man, in his simple intuitions, saw and felt what Plato, Wordsworth, Darwin, and Clifford had seen, each in his own department. In him are rolled up the poet, the philosopher, the man of science, who in these later days have been evolved out of him, and he, the unrefracted man, instantly became the theologian and worshipped God. He read the thoughts and emotions of the Infinite Power in the phases of nature and in the drama of his own life, and, startled by the apparition, he brought his sacrifice. He called them, very properly, gods and goddesses, for they were the ideas and emotions of God Himself, and what could he do but see deity in them?

We have lost this primitiveness. We go to nature to find illustrations and analogies. We go to human history and register the motions on its surface, the froth of earthly motive and intrigue and pleasure, never coming near that border-land where the fleeting of time passes into the abiding. Even analogies are only true when they have caught the divine ideas in nature. What we have to do is to go back to the primal, and see in nature the thoughts of the Infinite Mind and in human life the emotions of the Eternal Heart; to find law, order, principle, beauty, pensiveness, sympathy. Not the analogies of them, but the things themselves; not illustrations of them, but the realities themselves. What we have to study as we look at the sky of space is a shower of divine thoughts, which have been sown in suns and stars. In the flood and the after-glow we have to see God thinking Himself into the creation; looking at our own selves, we have to hear God present in consciousness, speaking aloud and making the drama of history. And then we shall see God clothing the invisibles of Himself in motion, molecule, and cell.

The creation is the incarnation of

thoughts. The flood, the orchid, the sunset color, the butterfly are the clothing of some emotions. And we who summarize all idea and emotion on the summits of creation are the more perfect incarnation. The thinking of the Infinite Mind which underlies nature underlies us. Irenæus long ago said "the life of man is the vision of God," and Carlyle has said "we are the great inscrutable mystery of God." The immanence in nature comes out in Incarnation. How the ideas of the Eternal got planted in the creation, how the emotions have become woven into physics and physiology—the mode of the incarnation we shall not know. The incarnation is not the darkness of a mystery, but the light of it. It is a publication of the secrets of the universe. It is a revelation and a manifestation. The ideal is in the real appealing to us, the unseen in the seen looking out upon us, the Immanent in the Incarnate, in very various costumes. And there is a soul in the man who finds them.

The religions of the world are the religions of the Incarnation. They may be roughly divided into two large groups, those which are ruled by the incarnation in nature and those which are ruled by the incarnation in man. A third group may be made of those religions in which the two elements mingle in various proportions, without the decided prominence of the one or the other, but these details need not be intruded into our discussion.

We must expect to find the imperfect in every form and grade of it, for it is of the essence of human nature that we find the imperfect where the perfect was intended, that we see the intention of the finished, but meet with the rough-hewn realities of the unfinished. And it is for this imperfect that the last Incarnation has inspired a touching sympathy. Christmas Day comes to collect this sympathy into charity and benevolence, and to provoke a respect for the weak, the ignorant, and the inferior of our kind. The Christian Church has never lacked the missionary sympathy, but it does lack an intellectual sympathy with the imperfect conceptions and the rude worships of the lower races.

Greek religion is a typical sample of the first group. Greek gods and goddesses were mainly law, order, and beauty perceived in the works of nature, made ideal, and traced to their source in the Absolute One, the $\tau\acute{o} \xi\nu$ $\kappa\alpha\iota$ $\tau\acute{o} \delta\nu$. Greek deities were a pantheon of abstractions. This is the very account which Tacitus gives of the deities of our own Teutonic ancestors in the Rhineland: "They consecrate woods and groves, and they apply the names of deities to the abstractions which they see in spiritual worship." * A mountain has its lake and wood and exciting air, and it is the abode of the nereid, the dryad, and the sylph. Plato's philosophy of ideas was found in this same medium. His ideas are eternal, divine archetypes of the visible world. The deities divested of their material clothing are ideas, and become a philosophy which gave material help to Christianity in its early days. The Greeks were of all mankind a rational people; and we give a rational basis to Greek modes of thought when we relate their deities to the incarnation of principle. The creation is the creative mind incarnating thought and emotion into physics and organisms. The sensible world is a clothing of supersensible ideas.

A ruder, and therefore louder, form of the incarnation idea is to be found among the primitive races inhabiting the Pacific islands. Dr. Turner has been a missionary in Samoa for forty years, and has seen Samoan life evolve into the Christian life. He says that in these islands every family had a household god. These household gods were supposed to "appear in some visible incarnation"—one as an eel, another as an owl, and a third as an octopus. The village gods, like those of the household, appeared also in their "particular incarnations;" one assumed the form of a heron, and another that of the rainbow, and another as a shooting star.†

Into this group of religions excited by the incarnations in nature will fall the religion of the Aryans, before they

divided east and west, as found in the Rig-Veda of the Western Aryans, represented by the Greeks and our own Teutonic ancestors, and of the Eastern Aryans still represented by the Brahmans of India. Also the religions of the ancient Egyptians and of many North African races of our day. The incarnation in these religions is of some particular thought or passion in the Eternal power, who was seen behind or within the phenomena of nature. The sense of our relation to the eternal is sleeping in the human faculty, and is stirred by the stimulus of nature. It is an intuition, native to the mind, one of its inevitable categories, waked up in this medium, till it organizes itself into an institution of worship.

A principle of biological science will now serve us through the maze of religious ideas and institutions. Biology has impressed upon us the almost axiomatic canon that the key to functions and structures in simple organisms will be found in the developed structures and functions of higher life. A speck of jelly is all that makes the indistinct body of the hydra; a mass of pulp forty feet long makes the body of some jelly-fishes. This pulp draws in at the approach of danger, and this is a nerve movement which corresponds to sight and hearing, when as yet there is no appearance of eye or ear. The lancelet is a little fish-like creature to be seen at low-water mark in the sand. It has a long rod with square brick-like structures on each side along the centre line of its body, which is known as the notochord, or chord of the back. This structure appears in the embryo of the vertebrates, and it is afterward replaced by true vertebræ. The lancelet has an incipient backbone; that which lay so long hidden in the plasma of the invertebrates has made an appearance. We know its nature from the developed backbone of the mammal. Our great embryologist has said, "All the modes of development found in the higher vertebrates are to be looked upon as the modification of that of the Amphioxus."

Wordsworth is the poet of our century who has taught us what to look for in nature, and how to touch nature by the sympathy of our mind with the

* "Germania," c. 5.

† "Samoa a Hundred Years Ago." By George Turner, LL.D.

mind that is in her. His readings were obscure to the last generation because he took us back to the more primitive parts of us. It was in the society of the rude dalesmen of the Lake country that he found this primitiveness. It is what shepherds, cottagers, the village schoolmaster, the leechgatherer, the herdsman, living in a single room, born among the Athol hills, in whom sensation, soul and form were melted into one, who, though he loved his Bible, found his faith in the mountains, who not merely believed, but *saw*—it is what such as these thought that he sings to us. When we look closely into the pedigree of his message, we find that he has revived the relation to nature which lies at the root of primitive religions, and from which we have been removed a long way by a larger relation, in which the lower was included and lost.

Wordsworth felt a sense sublime of something deeply interfused in the light of the setting sun, in the blue of the sky, and in the mind of man, and it was the soul of all his moral being. He saw that every flower enjoyed the air it breathed, that St. Mary's Loch was visibly delighted through her depths. The boulder stranded on a hilltop was a thing endued with sense; the stars had feelings which they sent down to us; the sunset was the apparition of a god; there was a spirit in the woods; the cuckoo was no bird, but an invisible thing, a mystery; the lark had a singing mind. Wordsworth's mind is cast into the Greek mould, and he shows us the genius of Greek religion.

Wordsworth is sensitive to effects of mind in nature, and they are to him an angel, a presence, an interfusion. In Greece and modern Polynesia these effects are called gods and goddesses, but essentially they are the same religious and philosophical conception. Wordsworth has given us the key to the secret of deities and deifications which we impose as a mythology of illusion on primitive religion, unable to enter into the thinking of men whose mind is so differently arranged from our own. The meaning of primitive religions is found as we find the meaning of functions in lower life from the

evolved forms. It takes a lengthened study of Wordsworth to make us congenial with primitive modes of thought. The primitiveness is in us, but it has fallen into the lower stratum of intuitions. We think that we have broken with the past, but in Wordsworth we see that religion has produced the evolved backbone when it has become Christian.

The relations of the incarnations in nature to the Incarnation in Christ is the relation of an ascending series. The parts have found their whole. The ideas distributed in the cloud and the leaf, the emotions distributed in the daisy and the doe, are gathered up into a Personality, from whom they have originally come. There is a gloom and grief in the principle of natural selection; there is a tenderness and a beauty in the hues and lines of a bird's feather, though adaptive coloration has been acquired in a great struggle; there is majesty in the magnitude of a mountain; there are secrets in the woodland haunts of the squirrel and the woodpecker. And all these are ideas and emotions of the Infinite Mind in shrines of incarnation scattered over the earth.

When the Greek became responsive to Christ, he called Him the Logos or Word, of whom the incarnations in nature are the logoi or words, which are ever speaking and suggesting to us the Logos to come in the flesh. The Christ lay hidden in the incarnations, in the mistletoe and Yule log of our Teutonic ancestors, and the Oread and Dryad of the Greek. The Greek anthem of Christmas Day has yet to be understood and chanted in our churches:

"In the beginning was the Eternal Mind, and He was God. All things were born of Him; in Him was the primal life. The Eternal Mind became flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory."

In the second group of religions, the incarnation in man is the worshipful element, and the pressure of it is more especially felt when death divests him of the flesh. The mystery of death meets love, and the divine immanence in man becomes awful in the Unknown with God. The friction flashes a light which illuminates the Infinite of God,

and men retain that light in the institution of religion. From deep to deep we go in life, and in the abyss of death, our love wrapped by the earthly cloud, we meet with God, and go up with Him to the mountain of sacrifice.

The Roman religion is an accessible specimen of this group. Roman deities were mainly human virtues and interests idealized and transferred to their high source in the Infinite Heart. Faithfulness was Fides; field labor was Ops; the opening of a shop was Janus; war is Bellona; home and hearth are Lares and Penates. Unlike the abstracted Greek, the Roman was a practical, capable man, governing many and various nations by a sympathy with human nature acquired by this perception of human worth. In his Emperor he tries to see collected all virtues, and he is *Cæsar Divus*. The Roman Pantheon was mainly a picture-gallery of the essence of human qualities, excellences, affairs, found in the Infinite God.

In this group of religions we place the old Chaldean and most of the modern Mongolian religions, the religion of the Zulus in Africa and of some tribes represented in Madagascar and Patagonia. They are well represented by the religion of China, where religious services partake largely of the character of commemoration of the dead. It is common in the literature of Comparative Religion to speak of this group of religions as the worship of ancestors and the propitiation of ghosts—phrases in which worship and propitiation are vague ideas and the word ghost simply discredits religion generally. Dr. Legge, the Professor of Chinese in Oxford, who has spent a long life as missionary in China, tells us that the Chinese do not regard the ancestors as divine, “the name of God was not given to them, but honor was done to them as ministers of God.”*

The doctrine of immortality has one of its reasons in the human sensitiveness to the spirits of the dead. The sensibility enforces the doctrine, and religion has one of its larger tributaries in the truth of immortality. The primitive man, seeing by his unspoiled intuitions, has always seen something

beyond the seeming of death and has never been cheated by its look. When those who are dear to him die this untutored sensibility is roused and he feels the spirits of the dead near, which they really are, and communes with them, and in the roused sensibility a dialogue goes on, which is symbolized by meats offered to the spirit as once to the man at the family meal. The activity of this co-operation between the two worlds depends upon the degree of the sensibility, and what it is in its earliest forms may be seen from its development in the gifted Laureate of our race, recently gone from us.

Perhaps one of the most pathetic and most spiritual products of poetic genius is the “*In Memoriam*.” It is a cathedral built of exquisite marbles, quarried from every mine of thought, passion, imagination, from every vein of pain, joy, hope, doubt, in which you may hear a commemoration liturgy chanted to a music which ever haunts the ear. This literature was produced in the Valley of the Shadow, where we see our poet walking with the departed spirit of Arthur Hallam, and he was seventeen years in the valley. He tells us that “spirit may come to spirit,” “my ghost may feel that thine is near,” that spirits may be seen by the memory and in the conscience.

“They haunt the silence of the breast
Imaginations calm and fair,
The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience as a seat at rest.”

Tennyson reproduces the primitive sensibility to spirits of the dead, purged of its childish simplicity, but shows the type. The purification comes from the medium which the departed spirit of Christ has supplied. In the Christian world we have lost this communication with spirits by our larger communion with Christ. In Alpine mountaineering, as we ascend, the lower pyramids and domes which made our sky-line and our guide disappear, are flattened down into unknown valleys. But Tennyson during these seventeen years found himself in communion with the departed spirit of Arthur Hallam:

“So word by word and line by line,
The dead man touched me from the past,
And all at once, it seemed at last
The living soul was flashed on mine.”

* “Religion of China,” p. 70.

We see the course of the religious sentiment excited by grief and love, flashing up into society with a disembodied spirit and then settling into communion with the departed spirit of Christ. The "In Memoriam" was finished by the hymn addressed to Christ, which forms the prologue to the poem, "Strong Son of God, Immortal Love." The elementary sensitiveness to spirits in the lower religions is here seen in the matured, refined, chastened communion with Christ. Tennyson's genius is cast into the Roman mould, and he has the Virgilian sensitiveness to the universe of spirit. The divine immanence in man, glorified by death, gives character to this second class of religions.

As we may expect, in this second group of religions, there is a pronounced assurance of immortality. The divine immanence having once appeared as personality cannot suffer an eclipse, and death only kindles new fires. Cicero, as a typical Roman, is quite sure of a life beyond for him, or, as he says, he would have lost the motive for his activity. Plato, the typical Greek, is hesitating, but assures himself, as in the "Phædo," by a metaphysic which is within reach only of the Greek or German mind.

In the lower races ruled by this type of the religious sentiment, immortality was made expressive by sacraments and expensive customs, sometimes æsthetic, often barbarous, and even awful. A Kirghiz chief has his horse buried with him, a Bedouin his camel. A queen in Madagascar was buried with a box containing 11,000 dollars. The Eskimo has the custom of placing a dog's head over the grave of a child as a guide to the land of spirits, a picturesque symbol of the unseen landscape seen in the medium of death and the inexperienced traveller therein. This vision of immortality has also become an intoxication, with a horror in it for us. In a Polynesian island the grandfather has been killed to accompany a child; in another, slaves are killed in the prospect of a death of a chief, that they may go before and prepare him a place. In Peru, the wives of a person of royal blood offered themselves to death in such numbers that a selection had to

be made. In Dahomey, wives have been known to kill each other when a king dies, to join him on the other side. We see here the fanatical diminishing of the sensible world in the certainty of the supersensible, as it becomes visible in the competition of this life with the life to be.

The incarnation in Christ stands in the same relation to the second type of youthful religions as to the first. It is the passage of the parts into the whole. The immanence discerned is a strand of feeling perceived in one man, a power of faculty in another, a beauty of virtue in a third. No man has a rounded completeness; even his one excellence appears with serious imperfections, though it stands out. In Christ the fragments are collected into one Person; this one human personality has all the excellences in harmonious proportion. A divine personality has been grafted into a human personality. We do not know what personality is, but it is the highest and the abyss in us, and we affirm it of God. We do not see in Christ a great idea or a great emotion of God incarnated. We see the personality of God incarnated. The mingling of the divine personality with the human has given us a universal man, not of one nation, but of all nations, the Original of manhood.

This remarkable fact remains about the Christian incarnation, that it was received by the two races for whom the older religions had done their best, and which then stood exhausted, waiting for a future. The Greek, the developed type of the first class, and the Roman, the developed type of the second class, were both sick and despairing when the message of the Christian incarnation came to them and changed the classical into the Christian world. The same movement is going on before our eyes when primitive races receive the last incarnation. The Fiji islands and Samoa are Christianized; and, not to go further, Mr. H. M. Stanley has recently said: "When I was at Lake Victoria, eighteen years ago, there was not a missionary there; now there are 40,000 Christians and 200 churches. The natives are enthusiastic converts, and would spend their last penny to ac-

quire a Bible." And there is no violence or suddenness in these human movements. It is the law of evolution at work, the natural passage of the lower incarnations into the higher, a movement native to the mind, along the line of the basal intuitions.

At this point we bring into perspective the Hebrew type of religion, which stands supreme among the old religions, a mountain range towering above the plains, but with relations to the low country. It has emerged out of the old religions and shows reversions throughout its eventful history to both the classes above described. Its distinctive character is in the hold which the kernel of the nation had of the unity of the Godhead, and the persistence with which it sustained communications with the Eternal without the sensuous medium of nature or the semi-sensuous medium of departed spirits. When we say this we give it a unique character. The small kernel of the nation was large enough and strong enough to be influential, and to create an atmosphere for centuries within the narrow border of Palestine and, after the dispersion, over the Greek and Roman Empires. All the lapses into the lower types from which it emerged, which were serious, left the kernel untouched.

Certainly the most decisive epoch in our world's history was the migration of Abraham out of Ur of the Chaldees as from an ungenial climate, as the Puritans fled from England to lay the foundations of the American world. The religion of Chaldæa was sensitive to spirits. Professor Sayce tells us that the Chaldæan spirits were spirits not of departed men, but of nature. If by spirits of nature is meant abstractions of law, order, and beauty, we ought not to use the word spirits, which must be confined to the spirits of the deceased. But the declensions of Abrahamism show traces of both types of religions, and further research will perhaps show that the Chaldæan species of religion was in part inspired by the incarnation in nature, and in part by the incarnation in man. Aaron made a calf in the desert to satisfy the Hebrew religious feeling. Jeroboam carried

the half of Israel with him and made groves and gods and molten images. In the days of Sargon commerce with familiar spirits was widespread, and in this we see the medium of spirits appearing, probably now as an imposture.

It is the glory of Abraham that he stripped himself clean of both the mediums of nature and of spirits in his communion with the Eternal. He went direct into the invisible sanctuary. The spiritual genius of the man perceived that this simple communion could be transmitted by the law of inheritance. Throughout its history the strength of Hebraism lay in the directness of its spiritual communications and the clearness with which it perceived moral duties in this clean medium. The communion of Moses with Jehovah, the Eternal, supplied him with the diamond-cut summary of the moral law preserved to this day in the Ten Commandments. Righteousness was the ideal of the Hebrew; obedience his endeavor. Israel had the genius to see that this specialized spirituality, without the common media used by other nations, and a specialized morality were mutually dependent. By a perennial struggle and in much weakness the dependence was preserved and the victory handed over to the Christian succession, in which it found a new home.

The weakness of Hebraism lay in its inevitable situation, in the childhood of the world in which its lot was cast. Its weakness mainly consisted in the defences by which it guarded its strength. It protected itself against the intrusion of the medium of nature by adopting a medium of rites and rituals, which became a snare, which took the place of righteousness, and against which the prophets maintained a long protest. By the absence of immortality from its faith, it protected itself against the mediation of spirits, and the later psalmists and prophets introduced it to sustain its mission.

But both by its strength and its weakness Hebraism held the future. It was instinct with a great hope, which burned brightest in darkest days, a hope which proved to be of no use to it, but of great use for the world. Abraham moved westward; and the

look of his race is ever westward. In the word Elohim, gods, lay Greek idealism, which in Alexandria found its inmost idea in the doctrine of the Logos. In such phrases as were applied to human greatness—"Ye are gods," "Jehovah the Great King above all gods"—we have the Roman ideal of human nature. Christianity, the true heir of Hebraism, has served itself heir to Greece and Rome. The genuine religions of the world link themselves on to Hebraism, and Hebraism links itself to Christianity. Though Hebraism had discarded the incarnation in nature and in man as a medium of communion with the Invisible, the hope of the race lay in a birth and in an incarnation, and the utterances of her seers with regard to the Person to be born, have been appropriated by the Christian successors of the prophets and applied to Christ. Of old the anthem of Christmas, taken from the Hebrew hope, has been :

"Behold a virgin shall conceive
And bear a Son ;
They shall call His name Emanuel.

"Unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is
given,
And the government shall be upon His
shoulder,
And His name shall be called
Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God,
The Everlasting Father, the Prince of
Peace."

In the Incarnation as an immanence and as a revelation we have stood in the outer courts of religion. We enter now into the inner sanctuary, there to find that the secret of religion is the Incarnation as a medium of communication between the sensible and the supersensible worlds, between God and man.

One of the essential conditions by which an organism lives is environment. Environment is of two kinds, the local and imperial. The seed first communicates with the local medium of soil and water, and then, as its life cycle begins, the plumule or embryo shoot opens correspondence with the imperial medium of the sun and takes on its leaf and chlorophyll, which establishes the higher relation. The plasma of life is quiescent till it is stimulated by an environment, and it

dies away if it does not find the right stimulus within a certain time. The administration of mind is on a parallel line. Nature and man and death beset the mind and make the local environment. The worshipful thought stirred in this lower medium carries us into communion with the infinite and eternal Power who is the imperial medium. In this correspondence we have the heart of religion.

The communication of primitive man with nature is so active that its incarnations are pictured as deities, and with the spirits of the dead so real that learned students have confounded it with the worship of God. We have lost this lower society by imperial communications, and we are in the habit of speaking of it as magic, witchcraft, necromancy, mistaking the later pretensions for gain for the reality. There had been no imitation of gold if gold had not a real value. The genuineness of this communication has been affirmed by Wordsworth and Tennyson, in whom our race and our Christianity have flowered with rare thought and passion. Wordsworth has lived on such terms with nature that one impulse from a vernal wood has taught him more than all the sages. Tennyson has lived on such terms with the departed spirit of Arthur Hallam that he feels him a spirit diffused around him, though mixed with God and nature, and his songs as pleasing to his Arthur. All men of the finer fibre, in rare moments, have known passages between them and nature in which they have felt that they were in contact with something more than it, which was within it, and which is the divine immanence in it.

In the religion of the unevolved races, the imperial intercourse is never absent. Research has discovered that every race has found the supreme simplicity of the Godhead. Ahura Mazda is the expression for the Supreme Being among the ancient Persians, and it means I Am who I Am. He who is above all gods is the Only God is the expression for the eternal in the Vedic hymns. The ancient Egyptians called the great Supreme, the One of One, intensifying their sense of the unity. In the religions of China and Japan and the Mongolian races generally we have

the august name of Tio and Tien, which mean the same as Jehovah. In Samoa the name for Jehovah is the absolute One, and among the Tongans, another Polynesian race, the name is the eternal One. The Red-skin Indians of America, from Canada to Mexico, have the name Michabo for the Supreme, which means the great Spirit. The Zulus have the name Umkulumkula, the great Fatherly Spirit. But communion with the One only God was an arduous thing for the ordinary man. His highest name was a metaphysic. In varying shades of meaning it was the same—I Am that I Am.

The unincarnate God is everywhere revealed to the human faculty. Modern research breaks down the common distinction of religions into monotheistic and polytheistic. This classification has no basis in fact; the mind sways from communion with the supreme unincarnate One to the many incarnations of His immanence in nature and in man, at one time in converse with the local and at another with the imperial environment. Plato tells us how this is done: "I am a great lover of these processes of division and generalization; they help me to speak and to think. And if I find any man who is able to see a One and Many in nature, him I follow and walk in his steps as if he were a god." To sustain correspondence with the unincarnate Unity has been a strain on the human powers, and a struggle seen even in our European atmosphere. But still, communication is the heart of religion, and I use the word communication of design to release the idea of communion from religious phrasiness.

Now communication with the incarnate Christ, removed from the range of sense, is the open secret and everyday wonder of the order of life known as Christian. And here the advance made must be specially observed. The striking phenomenon in the Christian life is that this correspondence is direct and immediate, without a medium of sense. The lower incarnations in the natural world are superseded and the stride is immense.

This communication is one of the supreme facts of our world, ruling great crises, creating the familiar atmosphere

of our civilization. It is writ large in literature, in life, in institution, and yet there is not a chapter upon it by Gibbon, by Carlyle, by Froude. It is remarkable that Gibbon should have found many reasons why Christianity succeeded in the Roman Empire, that Froude should have written with so much of genuine sympathy with the Reformation and the reforming Calvinists, that Carlyle should have discovered a hero in Cromwell; and yet they had not discovered that the inner heart of this heroism and of these masterful revolutions is the rise of a capacity in the human faculty for communicating with the personality of Christ in the unseen world which besets us. Froude even stands helplessly by unable to see the cause. He says: "Whatever was the cause they, the Calvinists, were the only fighting Protestants. . . . In England, Scotland, France, and Holland they, and only they, did the work, and but for them the Reformation would have been crushed." Whatever was the cause—why, in every parish all over Europe the cream of its teeming millions meet every Sunday to give social expression to this cause. On Christmas Day they recall themselves to this cause. The hymns and psalms of the Church are the poetry; the prayers are the prose; the sacraments are the symbols of this communication. To write of the Christian centuries without a chapter which will explain this central moral force is to write of the revolution of the earth without the sun. The force which lay in reforming Calvinists came from their correspondence with the departed spirit of Christ. The Puritans who saved England from reverting to mediævalism, the Covenanters who saved Scotland from the same doom, were the successors of the reforming Calvinists. They also got their fibre by communications with Christ, and they struggled to preserve this holy society undarkened and unweakened by intervening sacraments, saints, and priests which were being forced upon them, and prevailed.

The worship of Jesus is the amazing phenomenon of the modern world, and nothing can rob us of its impressiveness except our familiarity with it. All that is distinctive of this period of time is

in this, that the human mind has gone directly into the invisible world, and found Christ there, and brought to Him the burden of its sin and gloom and the beauty of its hope and aspiring. The capacity for this communication and the fact of it are the ground and reason for Christianity. The presence of the unseen Christ in the human consciousness is the secret of Christ. He said, before He took His place in the unseen country: "I will not leave you alone; I will come to you; he that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me, and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him and manifest myself to him; ye have heard how I said unto you, I go away and come again unto you. A little while and ye shall not see me, and again a little while and ye shall see me, because I go to the Father. Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." The Christian sacrament does not recall the memory of the dead Jesus, but calls for an access to the living Jesus to revive the mysticism of His presence. Life has a sympathy with summer, and it is in the summer of Christ's presence in heaven and in the sympathy of the human mind with that summer that the modern world has found its growth and gain.

Mr. Herbert Spencer has told us with incisive conciseness that "superior organisms inhabit the more complicated environments." One of the first gains of the Incarnation in Christ is the complex environment into which we have been taken. Christ as a Divine Personality, accessible to the human mind in the unseen, is a new discovery in the imperial environment. The infinite power is discovered as a fatherly love. The personality of the Holy Spirit, dimly perceived in earlier religions, is now distinctly made out. The Sacred Trinity in the godhead is not an obscure unpractical speculation; the Triune God is now the complex environment to whom the superior organism of the Christian evolution must be in conformity. The Divine Personality seen in the incarnations of the natural world is now known as the Son; the Divine Personality reflected in the mirror of conscience, justifying right, ac-

curring evil, is now known as the Holy Spirit; the Divine Personality known by the metaphysics of the I Am that I Am, is now communicated with as the Heavenly Father. The upper environment has gained both complexity and clearness. God is approached without abjectness, and man is seen with something in him greater than himself. The Incarnation in Christ has shown us more of the imperial environment and more of the local environment with which to converse and to which to conform ourselves. It has multiplied the human capacity.

The divinity of Christ offers a violent contradiction to our conception of both God and man, that a human body can enclose the infinite. This incredible truth is verified to the intellect by the human communication with Him. When the Fathers met at Nicæa and formulated the well-known Creed, they expressed a discovery made by research in the unseen world. They found that communications reached Him; that prayer, obedience, love found Him; that gifts reached them from Him. They came to their business at the Council laden with the burden of their experiments in correspondence, and with the experience of communications which had shaken the nations for centuries. Theology is first of all an experimental science; it collects the results of researches made by the human mind in its own native region of universal mind. Christian doctrines are the costumes of experience obtained in the co-operation of our mind with the mind of Christ. The accessible Person in the unseen is a Divine Person.

A direct, clarified, persuasive communication with Christ and God is the gain of the last Incarnation. A complicated environment making large demands of love, obedience, and sacrifice, and producing a superior organism, explains European civilization and this period of time. The earlier unevolved religions speak in dialects; the language of these dialects is found in the Christian religion. To be religious is to touch the primal intuitions; to be a Christian is to tap intuitions of greater antiquity, which opens windows in the southward of us to make fruitful the simple, universal relations. We might

have expected that the first anthem of the Christian Church would be excited by the mystery of the Incarnation. "Without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness; God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles; believed on in the world, received up into glory."

Mr. Matthew Arnold, some years ago, wrote a paper in the *Contemporary* on Christmas Day, in which he said he was going to keep the day, though he did not believe in the Incarnation after the manner of the Church. His creed of the incarnation was that it was a myth of purity which had installed chastity on the throne of our moral nature. The poet was coming near to a conception of the incarnation as a vital force. Dr. Martineau has taken higher ground, and told us that the incarnation has served the purpose of humanizing God for man, has relieved him of the intolerable pressure of a stupendous universe, has given an importance to the body, and an idealism to the mind. The philosopher has here come very near to a conception of the incarnation as a vital force, and misses it, for he adds, after the manner of Arnold, "To cite these results as an important evidence of the incarnation is hardly fair, for were it fiction instead of fact, it would affect its believers as it does at present." We shall reach the incarnation as a vital force reinforcing the human faculty, the point which Arnold and Martineau have indicated, by the help of a contribution which the science of biology makes to the science of religion. The physiologist has always something to say to the poet and the philosopher, as they have to the theologian.

Biology affirms for life the presence of two constants—first, a plasma of what may be called living molecules, contained in the egg or seed; and secondly, an environment which starts the sleeping plasma into activity, and to which the forceful plasma is obedient—so that we have the miracle of the minute nucleus, less than the least pin point, transformed into bone, muscle, and nerve, and organized into a system as huge as a whale. Psychology is a

counterpart of physiology. We cannot disjoin them; mind life rises by a sloping stair from the life of the body; the partnership of cell and faculty, with corresponding laws, remains intact throughout the earthly cycle.

The plasma of mind is the basis and beginning of the religious life. This plasma is no other than intuitions, the constant tendencies with which mind begins its career. In the human infant the plasmatic contents of its future metaphysics are folded, and in a year or two the most metaphysical part of him unfolds in a language spoken without tuition in case endings or tense inflexions, but only by the action of the local human mind around him. In a few years, the fears, the dependence, the outlook, the conscience of right and wrong, the mystery of being and the hereafter, all involved in the mind content, are set in motion to organize religiousness, but now only by the action of the Infinite Mind. In these latter days the complex environment, supplied through the personality of Christ, organizes the more complex religious life of the Christian world. When Mr. Herbert Spencer tells us that of all certainties the most certain is that we are in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy he has been in correspondence with the Almighty. When Cowper hymns, "Jesus, where'er Thy people meet, there they behold Thy mercy seat," and Ray Palmer, "I see Thee not, I hear Thee not, Yet art Thou oft with me," and Keble, "Sun of my Soul, Thou Saviour dear," they are in correspondence with Christ, as a new appearance of the godhead.

We have already seen the twofold division of the environment into the local and the imperial. Myth, poetry, music, church, tradition, teaching are the local environment as silica and water are for the seed. The imperial environment—without which the local will fail in course of time—is the Infinite and Eternal overshadowing us, and the Logos of the imperial mind in Jesus Christ, like unto light and heat. Mr. Arnold was not far from the reason of Christmas Day, and he missed it by the unfortunate use of the word myth. With the eye of genius he saw that he was in the presence of an active

energy, and he lodged it in an exquisite myth of purity, which is after all, like all religious literature, one of the contents of the local environment.

It is instructive to hear lectures on the sun by an astronomer, and on light and heat by a professor of physics. Yet the sun is not a system of teaching but an energy, rather a system of energies, which marshals plant and animal life. The sunrise and the sunset have inspired great myths, but in science the sun is the author of physiology. The song of the thrush, the May blossom, the sheep on the moor, the yellowing of the autumn woodland, are fine subjects of poetry, but life is a subject of cell and function administered by the sun. The religious life has been the theme of the epic and the lyric from the days of Homer and David to Milton and Wesley and Newman. It has been brought into the lecture-room from the days of Confucius and Plato to the divinity halls of Chalmers and Lightfoot. But it is first of all a system of faculty, emotion, sadness, joy and vista ruled by a specific pressure. It is instructive to hear Mr. Herbert Spencer telling us of the Infinite and Eternal Energy from whom all things proceed, but if this august Energy had not pressed upon the mind of our philosopher, he could not have discovered Him, nor had there been any religion in the world. It is instructive to hear lectures in a divinity school on the Person of Christ, but Christ is before all the correspondent in the heavens of the human mind from whom comes the energy without which there had not been Christianity in Europe. Myth, literature, philosophy are a teaching about this living presence and pressure, and fall into the category of the local environment which is inoperative without the imperial environment.

The Incarnation as a vital force is involved in the Personality of Jesus, as light, heat, electricity coalesce in the energy of the sun. We shall understand from the analogy of the sun that it is one of a group of forces originating in the personality of Jesus which can be separated in thought, but which more or less coalesce in their total effect on the human person. The incarnation, the crucifixion, the resurrection,

the ascension, are specific forces, which acting together have touched the roots of being and personality so as to produce the modern type of man—the Paul, the Origen, the Pascal, the Bernard, the Luther, the Faraday, the Heber, the Livingstone, the Newman, so unlike the moral greatness of the Hebrew and classical order.

Now we know a force by the effects it works. Our concern is with the Incarnation effects.

1. The Incarnation collects in Christ, as the Firstborn of creation, the vestiges of the divine mind profusely scattered in nature—the beauty, the law, the power, the wonder. It gathers also in Christ the divine inherence seen in the thoughts and virtues of men as the Original Man. The scattering effects of the lower incarnations in primitive religion have produced idolatry. An idol is at first only a work of art which gives form to a divine inherence seen in particular objects of nature. Art helps us to make real the ideal, and then it reduces the ideal to commonplace; and when this stage is reached, art becomes the idol, and idolatry is the capitulation of the mind in the struggle to sustain the invisible of God. Idolatry is the disease which grows into a pestilence in primitive religion. The Incarnation in Christ has cured the mind of this disease by absorbing the producing germs. It is a force of unification, giving us a clear, clean sky in which to see God. In Catholic Christianity, where art is too freely used, the same disease may be seen from the same old source.

2. Men have found it hard to be religious. As the highest endeavor of being, religion has been naturally an onerous undertaking, and the reaction from its tasks has been the scepticism to which the mind has yielded. To make ourselves vivid with the higher relations, every resource has been used up of sacrifice, ceremony, art. To put ourselves into accord with the Will that is over us no propitiation has been spared. To insure the soul for the career of spirits, a heavy premium of minute tasks, fasts, and mortifications has been paid, not more, indeed, than the value of being demands. Nobly has the mind borne the strain. Abra-

ham attempted to offer his only child Isaac; Agamemnon, as the Trojan legend goes, offered his daughter Iphigenia. The youth-time of the world is like the youth of the individual, which to be redeemed demands a heavy ransom of labor.

The Incarnation in Christ met man after his education by the incarnations in nature. The advent of the divine personality in the flesh has given the Eternal the experience of what it is to be human; it has established a kinship between God and man, and the flow of a new sympathy. The negative effect has been that the awe of the Infinite is softened and the distance upward shortened. The intervention of priest, sacrifice, observance—all vicariousness—has been put aside. The positive effect is that religion, which is indigenous to us, though burdensome by reason of its dignity, becomes a freedom and a love. The Incarnation has made religion homely, where it was stately and awful.

Moral forces work slowly because capacity enlarges slowly. We see in the Catholic Church, which ministers to the inferior mind of the Christian world, the worship of Mary, a heavy calendar of saints and gorgeous ceremonies, by which it preserves elements of the older religions.

3. The value of human life and the sense of human worth are made a law to us by the light of the incarnate Personality, who spends thirty years in the obscure workshop of Nazareth. The Emperor Theodosius, with his staff of officials, appeared at the cathedral of Milan, on his return from Salonica, where he had ordered a massacre of the inhabitants. Ambrose, a bishop known for his extreme meekness, refused him admission to the cathedral till he had expiated the crime. The Emperor and the Roman world were amazed at the daring attitude of the bishop about a matter so commonplace as the slaughter of human beings. It was the flashing up in one of the humblest of ecclesiastics of a new sense in human nature for long in abeyance. The everyday man is worthy; the everydayness of his life is valuable. Slowly this idea has risen to the level of a working force. Murillo put it into one of his larger

and striking pictures, "The Miracle of San Diego," where a door opens and two noblemen and a priest enter a kitchen, who are amazed to find that all the kitchen-maids are angels, one of whom handles a water-pot, another a joint of meat, a third a basket of vegetables, a fourth is stirring the fire. The inner content and high destiny of man as man, the poor toiling man, apart from all accidents, are so seen, by the showing of the Incarnation, that they become a forceful sympathy.

The large negative result is that slavery and serfage are cast out never to be revived among us. Paul sends a letter to a slave owner by the hands of his regenerated runaway slave, saying, "Receive him now no longer as a slave, but as a brother beloved in the Lord." The feeling in that simple sentence sapped the ground from under this immemorial and not unnatural institution of primitive society. It was a legislation dictated by the incarnation in Christ. The positive result is that there is established a franchise of equal rights. On Christmas Day, for at least one day, we forget the divisions of high and low, educated and uneducated, weak and strong, as a sample of what should be every day. We give what we can to make others like ourselves.

4. The Virgin and the Child were the subject of the earliest Christian art. The imagination was much stirred by the birth in Bethlehem. Every gallery in Europe has long spaces occupied by the productions of Cimabue, Giotto, Lippi, Perugino. The function of art is to make the meadow and the hill look finer than we have ever seen it. The higher function of art is to make human life look purer and dearer than we have ever found it. The early artists of the Christian age tried to express the common feeling which possessed men that the relation of the sexes was renovated by the Incarnation. The sanctity of sex, the wonder of motherhood, the mystery of birth, had received a refining influence, and the artist expressed in his Madonnas and Annunciations that a delicacy and a purity had been found for the family as yet unknown. Maleness and femaleness were early seen as the divisions of

the divine image in us,* and they are now traced to the sacred complexity in the Trinity of the Father and the Son. The commonplace has been glorified by the nativity in Bethlehem.

The large negative result is that polygamy is cast out among us. The positive result is that the capacity to love one and only one has become general which had been the property of the few and outside the Christian forces still remains a lame and hesitating emotion.

5. The Incarnation further sets before us or, better, presses upon us a moral ideal. Mr. Arnold discovered purity in the ideal; but it is an all-round ideal of goodness, obedience, self-control, self-sacrifice, service. It is lived in the flesh and only once reached by our humanity in the special incarnation. We cannot do without ideals, and we have now an ideal which is not Hebrew, French, or English, but catholic and universal, alongside of which we like to come. We see what it is to be human, and humanity becomes dear to us in the ideal, though we and all around us be failures.

The negative result has been that the Spartan, Athenian, Roman ideals of courage, knowledge, strength have lost their place. The positive result is that life is for goodness. He is the good servant who works with his master's interests in view. He is the good master who prefers the interests of his servants to his own. The ideal is the imitation of the incarnate personality of Jesus.

The Incarnation may be said to have invented a new type of humanity and to have drawn out an indenture for a new quality of service.

The mode of the Personal incarnation remains beyond us as the mode of the incarnations of idea and feeling in nature. If we can make plain to ourselves where God is in the creation and how the creation is in God, we shall have taken the first step toward explaining how God in Christ is one with Christ

in God. But we have found the fact by communication, and rediscovered it by the inflow of moral forces, evolving the finer virtues of our human nature, graphically described by a master of this experimental science when he said, "Christ liveth in me."

The Incarnation principle finds a common inspiration for the religions of the world. The Christian Incarnation fulfils the promise in all the reverences and worships of the world. It puts poetry, art, philosophy, and religion into a kinship. The method of life looks upward to it as the now reached and realized hope in the imperfect faiths and forms of religion among primitive races. It illuminates the profound saying of Paul, that the invisible things of God from the creation of the world have been clearly seen and understood by the things that are made.

In the morning-time of the world, religion is mystic with the voices of the Eternal Mind heard in the incarnations of nature. In the noontime we lose these voices; they are mixed with the voice of the Incarnation in Bethlehem, to be reheard by us, however. If we are to have a new religion it must be by another incarnation which will show us more of the personality in God and more of the manhood in man, which will introduce us into a richer correspondence with a more complex environment, and touch still lower down the unchanging forces of consciousness.

The daisy sleeps in the wintry ground of Christmastide and summer dreams in frosty skies, and they are waked up: so the sense of God, dreaming in our Valley, Drift, and Cave-men ancestors, has been called up, and the sense of Christ sleeping in the Hebrew and classical world has been awakened. If we keep this side weariness and inferior living, we shall find strength enough in the sympathy of the last incarnation to will the highest and to work the best in us, while we wait for the summer of those tendencies with which the whole creation labors.—*Contemporary Review*.

* Genesis i. 27.

THE BAB AND BABISM.*

BY J. D. REES, C.I.E.

IN 1845, in the city of Shiraz, the seat of learning, as the Persians say—of rose gardens and of nightingales, as I would call it—a young Persian began to preach. He had made the pilgrimage to Mecca, and came back full of ideas of his own—mystic and enthusiastic ideas, which evade definition and perplex the downright Anglo-Saxon understanding. However, he made it quite clear that, in his opinion, the people in general, and the priests in particular, had departed widely from the cardinal doctrines of Mohammedanism, and that the priests, in their lives, were far from practising what they did more or less erroneously preach. Now my readers will say that this is very vague; but I will make bold to say that Bab was at first as vague as myself, but his mystic hints and unintelligible suggestions were taken for the significant, if not for the magnificent. Let any one who has studied Eastern writings on religion deny, if he can, that to get anything definite out of them is as difficult as the proverbial extraction of a needle from a bundle of hay. However, the young man called himself the Gate of Heaven—the “Bab;” and it is said that he possessed a handsome appearance, engaging manners, and an eloquent tongue—powerful agents at all times for the accomplishment of any ends. A little later, and the Gate of Heaven represented himself as an emanation from the Divinity itself, and then assumed the title of “Highness,” by which, also, Jesus, the son of Mary, or Miriam, is habitually known among Mohammedans. Next he gathered about him eighteen apostles, not that he might have half as many again as had his Highness Jesus, but because a peculiar sanctity, in his opinion, attached to the number nineteen. He, the prophet of God, the latest revelation, was the central point, round which revolved eighteen satellites, and,

like the French Revolutionists, he would have renumbered and renamed everything, only with him everything would have had reference to the whole, or to the component parts of the mystic number.

Among his disciples were several persons of courage, eloquence, and resolution, probably superior to his own. Among them was the warrior-priest Hussein, who at once saw that a nation which awaited the coming of the Mahdi—the hidden one, the twelfth Imam—would be more likely to believe in the new religion if its prophet were represented as the Mahdi himself. He thus traded on the ignorance of his public, for this pretension was never asserted by Bab. It is impossible, however, as we have reason to know, to keep the Mahdi out of Mohammedan politics, and this confusion of ideas was almost inevitable.

We have to thank Hussein for giving clear expression to two of the chief aims set before the Babees—viz., the abolition of polygamy, and of the doctrine of pollution. It may here be remarked that, of the many unfair criticisms directed against Islam, there is none it deserves so little as that of encouraging polygamy. When the prophet restricted the number of wives to four, he made an immense advance in morality on the state of things existing in his time among the Arabs, where practically every woman in a man's household was in some respects in the position of a wife. If he could have gone further, there is little doubt from his teachings that he would have, and, as a matter of fact, his followers are for the most part husbands of one wife, notwithstanding the indulgence allowed by law. It may safely be affirmed that the English are in one sense, and in a manner that is more demoralizing and degrading than the authorized polygamy of Islam, at least as polygamous as the Mohammedans themselves. It has been reserved for a canon of the Church of England to stigmatize a great moral reformer as “an ignorant and immoral

* This article was written before the assassination of the late Shah of Persia.—Ed. *Nineteenth Century*.

Bedouin," and "a lecherous Arab," to whom Mohammed bore, in fact, no greater resemblance than an agricultural scarecrow does to an impaled Bulgarian.

At the town of Kazveen, on the southern side of the Elburz, and not far from the ruins of the castle of the chief of the Assassins, dwelt, at the time of which I write (1845), the beautiful daughter of a Mussulman doctor of the law. Her name was Zareen Taj, or Golden Crown. Her virtues were equal to her beauty; she was eloquent and well-instructed—an ideal heroine. We have to thank her for the enunciation of another of the tenets of the Babees—the abolition of the veil. She showed her beautiful face without any reserve, perhaps the more readily because it was beautiful, embraced the cause of Bab with heart and soul, and, so say the historians, had no share whatever in the murder of her father-in-law—a priest, who naturally was scandalized beyond all measure by her behavior, and strove, with her other relations, to reclaim her from perdition.

Now these times were pregnant with other great events; and just as the Babees were beginning to feel their strength, the king died, and his Majesty, Nasir-ed-Din ascended the throne of Persia. This was the opportunity for the warrior Hussein, who gathered about him the converts he had made in Khorassan, and accompanied by Golden Crown, the Hypatia of this new religion, entrenched himself in an inaccessible spot in Mazendaran. Here Hypatia and Hussein preached the Church Militant, whose kingdom should be of this world as well as of the next. Like the Empress Theodora, when the heart of her husband sank within him, and his advisers counselled flight, she was ever present to instil courage into the doubting, and to promise those who fought, and those who lost their lives in battle, a golden crown in heaven. Like Theodora, she would not stop to consider if it became a woman to play the man against men. She urged that those were times when women should abjure seclusion, tear off their veils, not wait for what the men might do, but act themselves. Her eloquence and

beauty kindled incredible enthusiasm among the Babees in Mazendaran, a Caspian province of the Persian realm, whose thick forests and green foliage form so striking a contrast with the barren rocks and interminable deserts on the other side of the Elburz, beyond the talismanic peak of Demavend. The plan of the campaign was the conquest of Mazendaran, a march to Ré, the ancient Rhages of the Apocalypse, around the venerable tower of which ruined city a great victory was to be gained over the forces of the Shah from the neighboring capital. The new prime minister sent one of the royal princes with a large army against the Babees, who, however, defeated prince and army. The second attack, though successfully repulsed, proved fatal to the brave Hussein, who died, declaring, with glorious mendacity, that he would reappear in forty days and carry his work to its completion. The prime minister continued for four months to besiege the mountain stronghold of the Babees, who, pushed to the last extremities, made flour from the ground bones of the dead, ate the boiled leather of their sword-belts, dug up and devoured buried carrion, and suffered all the horrors of a protracted siege. At last, the few survivors capitulated, their lives being guaranteed them, but all were slain in cold blood next day, including women and children. All refused to recant.

Contrary to the hopes of the king and his minister, this success did not stifle the insurrection. Another of the disciples, the priest Mahomed, successfully defied the royal troops in Zendjan. Mortally wounded in one of the last engagements, he, like Hussein, exhorted his followers to hold out for forty days, at the expiry of which time he would return to lead them on to victory; but soon afterward they were overcome by the king's general, who opened the tomb of his deceased enemy and found him peacefully lying in his coffin with his sword by his side. They dishonored his corpse and cast it to the dogs. Three of his chief lieutenants were taken to Teheran and condemned to death by having their veins opened. They died prophesying that their persecutor the prime minister would die

the same death, as in fact he did not long after in the peaceful country palace of Fin by Kashan, where nothing recalls the tragic end of a powerful and erewhile successful minister.

And now the hour of Bab himself was come : summoned to Tabriz by the prince-governor, he was confronted with the doctors of the law, and, according to the side from which one hears the tale, either vanquished them, or was vanquished by them in debate. The prince himself argued a long while with Bab, but finally proved his adversary to be in the wrong by condemning him to death without further ceremony. He probably cared little who won the wordy war. He had conquered the Babees, and might say with Achilles in his grandest speech :

In council what if others mouth the question
and reply ?

In battle 'midst the brass-clad Greeks, what
other strikes as I ?

With Bab was his faithful disciple the priest Mahomed, whose loyalty to his master was cruelly tried in his last extremity. His persecutors called in his wife and children to work upon his weakness, if perchance he had any. They tempted him in vain, and, just before sunset, master and disciple were bound with cords, and suspended from the ramparts within a few feet of the ground in the face of a multitude of spectators. A company of soldiers was told off to shoot them as they hung, and just before the word was given, the priest Mahomed was heard to say to Bab, " Master, art thou content with me ? " Hardly had he spoken when he received his death wound, but Bab miraculously escaped, and the bullets aimed at him merely cut the cord by which he hung. For a moment all were stupefied, and Bab might have yet escaped had he, in the confusion which ensued, mingled with the crowd, which would have shielded an *enfant du miracle* to save whom God had manifestly intervened. He took refuge, however, in a guard-house close by, where one of the officers of the firing party cut him down with his sword. That there might be no doubt about his death, his corpse was paraded in the streets, and finally cast to the dogs.

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So died the Bab at the age of twenty-seven ; but his place was at once taken, if not filled, by Baha, a youth of sixteen years, who, for reasons not very clearly established, was considered by the leaders of the faith to be destined to succeed. Pursued by the emissaries of the prime minister, this youth established himself at Baghdad, where, among the crowds of Persian pilgrims to the tombs of the holy Imams at Sandy, Kerbela, and gilded Kazimain, he continued to preach the doctrines of his predecessor, and to show the way to the gate of heaven. By some in Persia I was told that, following the example of the veiled prophet of Khorassan, he never shows his face, though he interviews all comers. I must confess that to my annoyance and disappointment I could learn nothing of himself in Baghdad. Some said the Sultan kept him in prison to please the Shah, but I could discover the existence of no well-known captive, save Suleiman Pasha, who since the Russian war in the city of peace drags out a dishonored old age. I learned even less in the Pashalik than in Persia.

All the above events passed in the decade between 1842 and 1852 ; and one day in the latter year, when the Shah was out riding, three men approached him with a petition, and when his Majesty drew rein, his attendants being a little before and behind him, one of the supplicants seized his bridle and fired upon him, as also did the two others, whose hands were disengaged. The king showed great coolness and courage, the escort galloped up, the men were seized, the Shah was taken home, where his wound proved insignificant. The assassins avowed themselves to be Babees, denied that they had accomplices, and gloried in their act.

When the first alarm had subsided the police set to work to arrest all persons in the capital suspected of being Babees. Among them was Zareen Taj, or Golden Crown, who had left the camp in Mazendaran before its fall. The assassins meanwhile continued to protest that they merely obeyed the orders of their chief away in Turkish Arabia, and declared that the king deserved death for having slain their

prophet Bab. No tortures could extract anything else from them.

The king and his minister, perplexed in what way to deal with their captives, offered life and liberty to all who would deny Bab, and began by making the offer to Zareen Taj, who refused unhesitatingly to purchase life by recantation; whereupon she was strangled and burned in the citadel, and her ashes scattered to the winds. Her dreadful fate, contrary to expectation, had no effect whatever on her fellow-captives, who were distributed among different officials for punishment, to accentuate the public indignation which had been excited by the attempt to murder the king.

Most travellers in Persia have seen by the roadside the little pillars in which robbers have been built up and left to starve, and must have heard fairly credible accounts of crucifixions and other cruel punishments. Nowadays these things do not happen; but there seems no reason to doubt that extraordinary barbarities attended the execution of the Babees in Teheran.

I have been myself told by a nomad chief, who had been an eye-witness, with whom I camped in Fars, that some were shod like horses, some cut to pieces with knives and whips, and some made to carry torches in apertures made for the purpose in their bodies. My informant may have exaggerated, but it is certain that extreme cruelty was the rule. Nothing that is related is beyond belief. To this day robbers are starved to death in cages in China, and parricides are sliced to death (*ling-chih*), while the purest and highest morality is the ideal set before the individual Chinaman and the Imperial Government alike.

No tortures that ingenuity could devise sufficed to shake the constancy of these martyred men, women, and children, who died repeating the familiar Arabic text: "Verily we are God's, and to Him we return." In the provinces, as well as in the capital, all suspects were hunted down. A relative of my friend the nomad chief was particularly active in this service, and conceived the idea of handing over so many captives to tradesmen of different guilds, whose professional instincts

might devise some distinctive and characteristic torture.

These terrible reprisals, which probably far exceeded those ordered by the Government, produced, outwardly at any rate, the desired effect. No man dared name Bab or Babees without a curse as deep as that deserved by Omar. The very subject became a dangerous one to speak of, and it still continues to be so. An official at Teheran, who was I knew conversant with the whole subject, denied all knowledge. Officials all declared not one of the sons of burned fathers remained. Princes, who are plentiful in Persia, considered a reference to the matter in bad taste and would change the subject. Traders, sitting cross-legged amid their grain and wares, would suggest that if you wanted to buy nothing you had better move on. The result is that even those Europeans who have been long resident in the country really know extremely little about the tenets of the Babees, or their present position, numbers, and prospects. The writings of Bab and Baha are hard to get, and when got still harder to read with understanding.

In the course of this brief narrative I have already said that Bab abjured polygamy, and removed from woman's face the veil. These were no light innovations. The whole weight of tradition and of the law was bound to uphold polygamy to the extent sanctioned by Mohammed, and every father and every husband in the country looked on the veil as one of the safeguards of women's honor. This appears strange only to those who do not know their Eastern sisters, with their burning love and their simple sins.

The cold in clime are cold in blood.

But the Eastern father must keep his daughter from the sight of man till she is safely married, and her husband thinks the same precaution as necessary in the case of his wife. Both are as jealous of the honor of their women as an English gentleman, and perhaps they know best how to maintain it among their own people. They are aghast at customs which prescribe that women's legs shall be carefully covered, while their faces, by which they are

recognized and known, may be exposed to the gaze of any passer-by.

To argue the question is hopeless, and it may be allowed at once that no bolder or more radical reform could be proposed, or one more likely to entail hatred and contempt upon its proposer. The women themselves are at least as bitterly opposed to such reforms as the men. Nor indeed do they suffer such restraint as is generally supposed to result from the custom. It does not occur to a well-conducted Persian woman that any one but her husband should see her face; and should she stray from the straight path, what costume so favorable for assignation and intrigue as the loose trouser, long blue baggy robe and veil, clothed in which she can pass her husband or any one else in the street without fear of discovery, walk to the bath with a female attendant, or gossip with her friends all day, making known her identity only when she desires to do so?

The commission which Bab asserted he had received to expound the nature of the Godhead included no power of lucid composition, but thus much is clear: that God is held to be one, unchangeable, and that the last revelation was more complete than those of previous prophets which it superseded. The prophets themselves were emanations from the Deity:

*partem divinæ mentis et haustus
Ætherios.*

The revelation of Bab was not one of the individual, but was made to the mystic nineteen, of whom one at a time was necessarily the guiding spirit and spiritual chief, but whose acts and deed were those of a corporate body.

Though more complete than that of former prophets, the revelation of Bab was not itself complete, and his bible comprises but eleven chapters of an inevitable total of nineteen. The next revelation after Bab was, however, like that of Christ at His second coming, like that of the Imam Mahdi when he reveals himself, to be the last. An intermediate day of judgment was provided for the termination of the penultimate prophetic period, but the dead were all to reappear at the last day, the good to be reunited with God and the wicked to be annihilated.

So much for the outlines of the doctrines of Bab. A few details must be supplied. Society and government were to be constituted on a basis something like that existing in Persia, and included a king, a sacred college, pontiffs, priests, and all the paraphernalia of patriarchal government.

Unlike Mohammed, Bab preferred silken hangings and decorations for the house of prayer, and music and singing, and all the pomp and circumstance of priestly celebration. He was a great believer in talismans and the virtues of particular stones. This fits in well with the temper of the modern Persians, who to this day will tell you solemnly that the great volcano Demavend is talismanic, who believe implicitly in the virtues of a turquoise ring inscribed with the name of Allah. Unbelievers might legally be deprived of all their possessions, which, however, should be returned to them on their professing the true faith. They were on no account to be put to death. Business and other relations with infidels were not forbidden, and, as a matter of fact, the Babees entertain very friendly relations with Jews, fire-worshippers, and Christians, while in their hearts they hate the Mussulman, much as among Mussulmans the Shiahhs hate the Sunis, from whom, however, they differ on a merely dynastic and historical question.

The Babees only pray on formal occasions like the Christians. A Babee will not roll out his prayer-carpet and bow his head in prayer on the deck of a steamer, in the public street and on the sands of a desert, as will the devout Mussulman. Nor does the Babee admit the doctrine of legal impurity. Indeed among them, ablutions have no religious significance whatever. This doctrine of impurity is said to be a great impediment to free intercourse among Asiatics. As understood by the Brahmins and high-caste Hindus it may be; but as among Mohammedans, it merely prescribes ablution before prayer and on certain other occasions. I do not see how this can prove the obstruction it is represented to be. However, it is one of the many refinements of the law which Bab hoped to sweep away. In regard to alms-giving, his doctrines are

much those of the Mussulmans. Torture and death are entirely excluded from his penal code. He punished every offence by fines calculated, of course, in nineteens. He held that the rich were only depositories of the bounty of God, and were bound to provide liberally for their less fortunate brethren; at the same time he altogether forbade mendicancy, which is recognized and encouraged in Islam. Those who have been tormented by sturdy beggars demanding money as a right, and supported by public opinion, will understand what a blessed innovation this was. He exhibited the same favor toward trade as is displayed in the present day everywhere in the East, where there is no suspicion of social inferiority attached to its pursuit, whether in its retail or wholesale aspect. The practical Asiatic mind cannot fathom European ideas on this subject. Everywhere the merchant is held in high esteem and no calling is superior to his. Bab was as sound on this point as are the most despotic Eastern governors, who generally grasp the fact that the oppression of merchants means the ruin of a province. I have dwelt for a moment on the practical nature of the Eastern mind. One may emphasize this, remembering how generally romance is looked upon as the attribute of the East, and how the Asian mystery has become proverbial. It is difficult to imagine whence this belief sprung. I think the *Arabian Nights* may have had something to say to it; but surely the *Thousand and One Nights* are full of imagination, but not of romance. Everything is practical, nothing more so than love-making, most romantic of occupations. When the king's son becomes enamored of the moon-faced beauty, he goes to bed and refuses food until she marries him. He becomes so ill and woebegone that all his female relations make a point of bringing his wishes to accomplishment. This is very practical, and quite unlike the knights and troubadours of the West, who went to the crusades trusting to the constancy of their mistresses, and found them on their return married, and the mothers of large families. In the East men do not greatly strive to arrive at "self-reverence, self-knowl-

edge, self-control," nor will they eat their hearts away from hopeless love. They make known their passions and endeavor to gratify them, be the object who she may and the consequences to her what they may. Of imagination there is enough and to spare in the East, but for romance one must go to the Celts, the Saxons, and the Scandinavians:

To the bountiful infinite West, to the happy
 memorial places
 Full of stately repose, and the lordly delight
 of the dead,
 Where the fortunate islands are lit with the
 light of ineffable faces,
 And the sound of a sea without wind is about
 them, and sunset is red.

Sunset is still redder in the East, but let that pass. There is sense in the lines.

To return to our subject. The new prophet's mild and gentle disposition prescribed politeness as a counsel of necessity, but exhibited something of the narrowness of mind which induced the Caliph Omar to destroy the library of Alexandria, for he held that such books as disagreed with the Word of God were pernicious, and ought to be destroyed. He "commended mirth," however, and precious stones were not forbidden to the Babees, who were positively encouraged on festival days to clothe themselves in purple and fine linen, and to "rejoice in their youth and walk in the ways of their heart," remembering only "that for all these things God would bring them to judgment." In regard to marriage Bab departed in many respects from the precepts of Islam. He allowed a second wife. In this respect he seems to me to fall short of Mohammed, who in a time of unbridled licentiousness allowed but four for the frailty of human nature, and because it was the only means of legalizing in Bedouin life an inevitable *liaison*. No excuse can be found for Bab, unless he would urge "the exigencies of modern society," any more than for the Mormons, whose hideous polygamy the United States Government has happily suppressed with a strong hand. If it is necessary to quote others in support of my assertion that polygamy is the exception among the Mussulmans, I will quote

M. de Gobineau, who says, "*en réalité les gens qui ont plusieurs femmes constituent l'exception même parmi les musulmans. La majorité se contente d'un unique mariage.*" The Sheikh-ul-Islam at Constantinople and Dr. Leitner have testified to the same effect, but there is in fact a cloud of witnesses. In another respect also Bab improved greatly upon Mussulman law in regard to women. Besides the abolition of the veil already spoken of, he abolished the existing law of divorce. The facility with which women are divorced is perhaps the greatest blot in the religion of Mohammed. It will suffice here to say that Bab removed the legal obstacles which exist to prompt reconciliation between husband and wife, when the simple formula of divorce has been hastily and inconsiderately pronounced. For their weakness, Bab prescribed for women short and easy prayers, and he discouraged pilgrimages, saying that wives and mothers were better at home. Other innovations, which, so far as my inquiries went, are at all times honored in the breach, were his decrees that beards should be shaven, circumcision abandoned, and pipes put out. He was no timeserver and attacked some of the most cherished institutions of the country, among which I would certainly include pipes, beards, and circumcision. To the sharers in the property of a deceased believer, Bab added the family tutor—a benevolent addition.

To come to any conclusions as to the extent to which Babees now exist in Persia is most difficult. At Kazneen a Georgian who had been many years in the country, and was at that time in the service of a high official there, told me that he thought that among the rich and educated perhaps one-third were followers of Bab. This is probably an over-estimate, but that among the classes named there is a large proportion which is dissatisfied with the

Islam of the priests is well known. Among the nomads of the Hills, the Turki tribes and others, there are no Babees, and these tribes form a large proportion of the population of Persia. One "old White Beard"—to use the phrase of the country—with whom I breakfasted one day, assured me that such a thing as a Babee had never been seen among the wandering tribes. He added, however, that he had seven daughters who ate and slept, and that he did not trouble himself much about religion, beyond saying his prayers regularly and observing all due conventionalities. Near Kermanshah one day I met a Seyyad, or a descendant of the Prophet, who was collecting fleeces—suggestive tribute from the faithful—and he said that there was not a Babee left in all Persia. They had been a polyandrous and immoral set of unbelievers, but their fathers were all burned, that is to say, consumed in hell, and there was an end of them. In Hamadan—one of the largest towns in Persia—I have reason to believe, from inquiries made on the spot, that there are very large numbers who in secret hold to the faith of the young and martyred prophet. At Abadeh there certainly are many such, though gruesome pits full of Babees' skulls exist within the walls of the town.

In Khorassan and the western provinces of Persia I have not travelled, but my inquiries went to show that in the holy city of Mashad, around the shrine of the Imam Reza itself, Babees abound. It will be obvious from what I have said that I can give no reliable numerical estimate; but this need not be considered a serious omission, as no one knows whether the population of Persia at this day is five or, as I think, nearer eight millions. It will suffice to say that Babees abound, and chiefly among the richer and more educated classes.—*Nineteenth Century.*

PUBLIC SENTIMENT IN AMERICA ON THE SILVER QUESTION.

BY FRANCIS H. HARDY.

FOREIGN students of things American are frequently deceived in their estimate of public sentiment in the United States, because they fail to remember how rapidly that public sentiment changes, how powerful and far-reaching are certain influences which work quietly but none the less potently. Such a radical change in sentiment, such an exhibition of unostentatious power marked the history of the year 1895. And as the sentiment referred to touches an international question, that of Silver, some explanation of both cause and effect may be of interest to English readers.

Few familiar with the condition of public sentiment in America will deny that two years ago the "Silver sentiment" was dangerously overgrown. Few writing now with a full knowledge of the same sentiment will deny that "Silver sentiment" has declined to a point when it has ceased to menace the financial stability of the Republic. It still exists in certain sections, in certain classes of all sections; but its proportions are so reduced as to pass under the control of men who have the best interests of the nation at heart, men who believe in the honest discharge of honest obligations; men who have reasonably clear ideas of the legitimate functions of a circulating medium.

What influence has worked this change in sentiment? Chiefly the national banks, and they have been successful because that first word in their title "National" is as full of meaning as the last. These banks number more than 3750, and they are scattered over every State and territory of the Union. Southern and Democratic Texas has more national banks within her limits than Northern and Republican Illinois, and only a few less than "McKinley's" State of Ohio. The South, the home of "Free Silver," has in operation nearly 16 per cent. of all the national banks in the Republic; the "Silver" mining States nearly 7 per cent., the "Silver" farming States 20 per cent. In the very stronghold of Free Silver, we

thus find located nearly one half of the national banks; over 1600 centres of influence in close touch with all classes in each community—and every one of such centres working to counteract the poison of repudiation represented by the policy of free coinage of silver. I do not say the banks and bankers are of one mind on the question of bimetallism; I do insist that investigation has shown that they are as one man in opposing bimetallism without international agreement. And the reason is easy to see and understand. These banks have over £400,000,000 in loans scattered all over the country, in sums ranging from £10 to £100,000. These loans are not secured by real estate, which they are forbidden to accept as collateral, but are largely loans based on character, credit being given to men who are believed to be honest and honorable; or at least based on securities the value of which is largely dependent on the honesty of men in positions of trust.

Not only, then, does this Free Silver craze threaten to wipe out one half of this great asset, it undermines national character, which is the basis of their credit, and so shakes the whole fabric of banking business, voiding not only past operations, but curtailing future ones.

The influence of the national banks (and that influence has, of course, been supplemented by State and private banks and bankers) has been wider than even the number, large though it be, would suggest; for the shares of these national banks are held by nearly 300,000 persons. Now each shareholder has a direct interest in this question of repudiation of debt. First, it threatens the loss of his accumulated savings represented by his shares. Second, under the law he may be assessed for an amount equal to his holding if disaster overtakes the bank, and a new liability be thus created. This shareholder may hold unsound currency views. He may become confused by the clever arguments of Silver men.

But one thing he does comprehend (and no arguments can confuse him), that if the man who owes him 1 dollar can discharge that obligation with 50 cents, he is a clear loser by the new arrangement. In a moment after he has had the question put to him in that light, he says, "That is no question of finance; it's a question of common honesty. The advocate of Free Silver is not trying to reform the currency, he is trying to reform the Ten Commandments by striking out the Eighth." This shareholder not only ceases to favor free silver, he begins to talk against it; and so the 3750 centres of anti-free silver influence, the banks, are supplemented by 300,000 centres of influence, the shareholders of such banks.

And these two influences gain a new ally, and they gain it in the following manner, which illustrates the effect of a Free Silver law, by a transaction well understood by the business man. I quote a Western banker of much experience—"One of our leading grain shippers called at the bank to talk 'Free Silver,' and negotiate a new loan. 'If I bought from you, for delivery in May, 10,000 bushels of No. 2 hard wheat, and before May came around your Corn Exchange passed a rule allowing members to deliver "rejected" wheat on that contract, would you do so?' 'Certainly not,' he replied. 'Why?' 'You bought a certain kind of wheat—wheat fit for certain purposes.' 'But your rule would allow me to deliver it to other members.' 'True,' he quickly answered; 'but in the markets of the world, beyond control of our rules, you would have something you could not put in the place of your No. 2 wheat—the wheat you bought and paid for.' 'Now,' I continued, 'yesterday you paid off a loan of \$20,000; that money came originally from England. It was converted into current funds without loss. If I wish to remit it to-day I can convert your money, given in repayments, back into English funds without loss; the transaction is a fair one all round, an honest trade between two honest men. To-day you ask a new loan of \$10,000 for three years. Suppose I give it to you. When that loan

comes due, and I remit to England what I have received from you, I send home the equivalent of \$6500 as a return of what is now \$10,000. Do you call that an honest transaction between two honest men? What is the difference between rejected wheat and rejected money, from the world's point of view, no matter how many new rules your section of the world's business community may have enacted in the meantime?' For a few moments the grain shipper remained lost in thought; then he frankly exclaimed, 'It would be a darned steal of a cool \$3500; that's the business description I'd give of such a deal. You've put some new wheels in my head on this Silver question, Mr. President. You can make that new loan payable in gold, if you like.'"

This may seem very elementary. It is true the merits of bimetalism are ignored; but to a certain class—and a very large class it is in the very centre of Silver-talking sections, this homely, personal application of the repudiative principle is wonderfully effective. It touches not only his business instinct of fair play, but his sporting spirit. In his eyes it ceases to be "smart business," and becomes a "dirty trick." And he knows how the reputation of doing "dirty tricks" kills a man's credit, not only with banks and bankers, but the whole business community—and the good opinion of the business community is the prize he covets and is working for.

There is, in the North West, another class of citizen of respectable size and considerable political influence. This is the man who will take every possible advantage; will "clean out" his best friend; consider any policy honest he can follow and yet keep out of prison—the commercial pirate. This class would seem beyond reach of argument, and yet the quiet-spoken, quiet-living local banker has won him in large numbers; and this capture is of great value, for the "commercial pirate" is generally a most aggressive, plausible talker. This is how the "pirate" has come to view the question of Free Silver. I quote words used to me in the most open, cynical fashion by a representative man of this class.

"It's all very well," he began, "to say Free Silver will cut down half a man's debts. I'd like that; take advantage of it if I could; work for it. But—" and here he put his hand on my shoulder and assumed the confidential air, "we haven't got that law passed; the biggest silver man in the country will admit we can't get that law passed for some years. I've got some money, and more in equities on various properties covered by mortgages. I'm a big borrower. Now the banks are down on this Free Silver law—so would I be 'down on it' if I was loaning money. When a man comes out and preaches 'Free Silver,' they say, 'This man is not the kind of man we want to do business with,' and they don't. Suppose my credit topples—why, all goes; and when that Free Silver law passes, perhaps I can pay my debt 50 cents on the dollar. But where am I to get the 50 cents? I've been already frozen out of the game by the loss of credit, and all my property is lost. No; this 'bucking' against the banks is poor business. It's 'monkeying,' as we say in Michigan, 'with a buzz-saw;' and you remember that old saying about that?" I pleaded ignorance. "It is this—the man that monkeys with a buzz-saw is certain to attend a funeral within a week; and he is just as certain to furnish the corpse."

Two classes, it would thus appear, in the "silver-talking" North-West have passed under the restraining, persuading influence of the banks—the man who is at heart honest, or who has that sporting instinct which revolts at dirty tricks, and the man who is not above dirty tricks, but who is farsighted enough to see that an opponent holds too many cards, and can ruin him before he is able to change the game. These two classes represent at least fifty per cent. of the voting population; and while they might not control the vote in a Presidential contest, they would greatly influence the election of Congressmen, a most important point gained for honest money.

The Silver vote of the United States I would, for convenience, divide into three sections—

1st. The farming North-West.

2d. The Southern States.

3d. The silver-producing States.

Having treated the first, I would now pass to the second, and see how this influence is working among a very different class of citizens. Many things have changed with the passage of time in that vast territory south of Mason and Dixon's line; one thing has remained unchanged—a keen sense of honor. The best type of Southern man not only wishes his neighbor to regard him as an honest, honorable man; he is compelled, if he wants happiness, to endorse unreservedly the verdict of the world. He must know himself that his actions spring from honorable motives. He may do what the world calls dishonest, dishonorable. But once convince him that the world is right, his own judgment wrong, and no false pride will prevent a complete *volte face*.

A man of this class called recently (it was during my visit in his home city) on his banker; his application for the renewal of a loan had been declined by the bank, and he had called for an explanation, and this conversation took place. I cite it that the reader may have the facts on which I base opinions, as well as my opinions; and here I must add that every case quoted has by personal investigation proved to be typical, and not isolated.

Opening the conversation the Southern merchant said: "I have been and am a good friend of yours and of the bank. You know I am an honest man, and have always kept, and will keep, my engagements." To which the president of the bank replied: "You are in private and in public advocating the free coinage of silver at a ratio which means to all who have extended credit a repudiation of nearly fifty per cent. of outstanding obligations. This bank holds a large amount of such obligations. The passage of such a law would wipe out every penny of profit we have made—and made by honest methods—in the last ten years. Do you think that in advocating the passage of such a law you are proving your friendship for me, for the bank with which my whole future is linked?"

"You put the question in a new way," answered the merchant; "but then—"

"Wait a moment," interrupted the banker, "let me finish my statement. What I must say now is painful to me in the extreme, for we are old personal friends, and I value greatly our social relations. I am here as the custodian of other people's money. You would be the last man in the world to advise me to prove unfaithful to that trust. My duties are to loan money. Such loans are largely based on character—not simply on a man's ability to pay, but his known disposition to fulfil obligations; not simply the knowledge that he desires to act honestly, but that he has a clear comprehension of what honesty means. In public you are advocating what I consider dishonest ideas. I credit you with a desire to remain honest; but my duty to my clients forces me to say that we entertain now different ideas as to what constitutes commercial integrity; and holding the view I do I cannot regard your character as a sufficient basis for extensive credit."

That merchant left the presence of that banker—who was also his personal friend—deeply wounded. It was not the denial of the loan which cut him most. That he could probably secure elsewhere. But the sting lay in the fact that his old friend, a man on whose honesty and clear head he had implicit confidence, a man who had in time past proved his friendship by repeated action—that this old friend clearly saw, or thought he saw, a falling off in character, the taint of dishonesty on an old and honored name.

Some noted authority on finance abroad might launch a fierce diatribe against the Silver policy he openly advocated. That attack would not touch him. It was an attack by a stranger on a system of currency. Criticism biting and bitter from the great money centres of his own land would likewise take on an impersonal color, and pass unheeded over his head. But this open condemnation by his neighbor and friend was quite another thing, and it forced a new consideration of the question; made it a personal matter, one to be met at once, met honestly, fearlessly. And meeting the question fearlessly and honestly, this merchant first admitted to himself that

when he wished to borrow \$10,000 from his banker friend, he honestly intended to pay back \$10,000, and had no idea or wish to cancel that \$10,000 loan by the payment of \$5500. And yet his political talk had convinced his friend that he contemplated such a dishonest action.

During the late Civil War an officer who enjoyed close personal relations with President Lincoln called at the White House, and in the course of a private interview, complained bitterly of certain criticisms passed on his conduct in a campaign by the Secretary of War. And while repeating such criticism gave way to great passion. Lincoln patiently heard him to the end, then said, "You seem very angry. Did you ever hear what made Finnigan mad? I'll tell you. Finnigan came home late from the club one night sober, but in such a temper that he knocked over a lot of furniture. Mrs. Finnigan was aroused, and sitting up in bed asked, 'What's the matter, Finnigan?' 'I'm mad, mad as a hornet.' 'What's made you so?' 'Flaherty, down yonder; he called me a liar.' 'But, man, why didn't you make him prove it?' 'That's why I am so mad; he did!'"

The Southern banker, in the interview I have just described, had practically accused the Southern merchant of holding dishonest ideas, and the merchant realized, after calm thought, that the banker was justified in this new estimate of his character. Once convinced of this fact, that merchant not only ceased to advocate the dishonest policy, but he became deaf to argument touching the abstract question of currency reform. He had got hold of the concrete view of personal integrity. He ceased to be a "Free Silver" man because he desired to remain an honest man before the bar, not of public opinion, but of his own conscience. For he believed with President Garfield: "There is one man whose good opinion is essential to my peace of mind—the man I am with all day, eat three meals with, and sleep with every night."

Change in sentiment is taking place in another class. I had been told before going South of certain prominent business men who were known to be in

sympathy with the Free Silver Party. One man so classed I knew to possess large wealth, wide experience, and a reputation for both honesty and business sagacity by no means limited either to his section or to the boundaries of the United States. I was naturally anxious to meet this man, and I did. This is how he expressed his loyalty to the Silver party. "I had thought the use of silver as money would benefit this section at least. But I will confess, of late, I have had doubts. Frankly, I do not like the company in which I find myself. On every question, except that of Silver, I find it impossible to agree with my party associates; for their views are plainly unsound, indeed, openly socialistic, and I am no socialist." After such an expression of opinion from one of the "strong men" of the party, I could not but feel good influences of some kind were at work, and his return to clearer views and more congenial company simply a matter of time.

Moreover, one evening I heard, while visiting a noted club situated in a city which boasts the leading "Free Silver" newspaper of the United States, the case for gold monometallism put as strongly and as clearly as that case can be stated, and put, mark you, by a man native to the place, a man whose family for five generations had been prominent in politics. And further on in the evening, when ex-Speaker Crisp, of Georgia, who now leads the democratic minority in Congress, made a speech to his old friends and constituents, boldly coming out in favor of Free Silver, I heard that speech discussed at the club, and out of a party of twenty representative men, six took issue with Mr. Crisp, and by their talk proved they were at least not simply bimetallicists, but practically monometallists. This proportion may seem small, but remember the incident took place in the very centre of Silver sentiment, and occurred while the men in question were still under the influence of the most powerful speech ever delivered by the recognized leader of the Silver party in America. Not only is Free Silver losing ground in the South: the nucleus for a Gold party is there. And here let me interject this statement, one

which does not directly or exclusively belong to the section of country under review. I talked in New York City with two prominent men—one had just completed a long Western tour. He was a banker, and during his trip had visited on business more than two hundred Western banks. "What struck you most forcibly," I asked, "in Western banking conditions?" "The fact," he promptly answered, "that every banker, even the smallest, had during the past year gathered a small gold reserve, many for the first time in their history. And every one of them said, 'The presence of our little gold reserve has given us a new and very pleasing sense of security.' That gold will talk gold monometallism to every banker who possesses it, and cannot fail to make converts from bimetallicism to gold monometallism. And further, the presence of these hundreds of gold reserves will, when an honest effort to settle currency is made, render the task easy, and good effect follow quickly on the heels of legislative action."

The second New York banker with whom I talked had just returned from a Southern trip of the same character; and both as regards statement of fact, and inferences drawn from such fact, his report was identical with the report of the first banker.

Resuming consideration of Southern sentiment—there still exists a large body of voters who believe in and will vote for Free Silver; this is the agricultural class, the small farmer. This class I would divide into two sections. The first, or more intelligent, is honest in his views. The few glimpses he has ever enjoyed of that higher social life forever barred to him and his, have shown him "tables set with silver." He has heard and read with awe of "old family silver." Perhaps you will find, hidden in some secret corner of his own rude home, a spoon, fork, or even larger piece of silver that has for generations been treasured. Silver, to his narrow mind and in his narrow life, is the highest expression of value—he cannot comprehend a higher. Gold means no more to him. With paper money he has had painful experience, for he remembers Confederate currency when \$1000 would not buy a

new plough. He wants no more of that, but silver. That is honest money; the question of weight and fineness does not enter into his mind, he never heard the terms before.

Another section, just as honest but even more ignorant—people who love and read their old Bibles, and fancy that Holy Land so dear to them is just beyond the range of hills bounding their little world. They are caught by the great word "Free." In their narrow lives they never see money. At the opening of the season the store-keeper will stock them with the few articles they cannot produce at home. He charges outrageous prices, charges in addition 12 to 24 per cent. interest on the advance, and then takes the few bales of cotton or other farm produce of the year in payment of the debt (with them it is all barter), and all they get costs them hard work, is dearly bought. The demagogue preaches a Silver that is free; and like the old woman, that glorious word "Mesopotamia" warms their cold, tired hearts, and they follow the new leader, believe in a new land of promise. These two classes are still loyal to the Free Silver leader. They will remain loyal a few years; and then, with the calm resignation of their class, they will go back to the old way; once more follow old and tried leaders.

In the South, then, I found—

First.—A large number of the leading business men deserting Free Silver and coming over to a belief in Bimetallism by international agreement.

Second.—A smaller number who have swung completely round, and from advocating Free Silver have become Gold monometallists.

Third.—A large body of ignorant people blindly following new men and Free, very free Silver.

Fourth.—A considerable body of voters—men largely from that class which believe in "The old flag and an appropriation," men who have small property interests or business connections—still loyal to Free Silver, but likely to change quickly when the tide seems to run against the Silver leaders.

Let me pass now to my last division of Silver country—the silver-produc-

ing States; a section where the dethronement of the white metal had a real and not simply a sentimental effect. Two years ago, here in London, I met an old friend. He had just returned from a visit to Colorado, during which he had journeyed to a silver mining camp, once the scene of some rather extensive mining operations of which I had charge. Twenty years ago, when I managed the property in question, we employed 300 men in our mines, 50 in our mill, and 35 to handle our teams. We paid out in this small camp over £400 each week. The people we employed made profitable markets for the produce of many small ranches; our order for wood kept busy at good wages a little army of woodcutters; the transport, 21 miles by teams, of our salt for use in mill and powder for mine, engaged the whole outfit of three large teamsters and carters. Our traffic and the traffic of other large companies in the camp, supported the toll road which employed a small army of farm hands during their dull season at road-making and repairing. Our operations gave a money value to the rocks, the roads, the forests, and the labor of that section; we created new wealth, made the section prosperous, populous, important.

My friend had just visited this camp. He found it deserted, every mine abandoned, every mill still; mountain ranches deserted; even the old toll road falling into disrepair. The land once populous and important seemed cursed with a plague. This camp, its past and present, when we talked two years ago, was typical of the great majority of silver camps in the West. And when the cry of that "Silver section" went up for a remonetization of silver, it came from a whole people, not, as some said, from a few men who owned silver mines. A month ago I talked with the same friend. He had just returned from Colorado, and naturally I asked of my old camp.

"Yes, he had visited it," came the quick response. "A transformation had taken place. People were flocking in by the hundreds. The hotel offered for sale when he last visited the camp at \$1000, was now held at \$25,000.

Teams again lined the old toll road ; the camp fires of 1875 had been re-lighted in 1895."

"And what had brought about this change?"

"A discovery of rich gold veins within 150 feet of the old silver lead. The silver camp had become a gold camp, prosperity loomed big in the future ; everybody took a hopeful view of everything."

"What do the people say about silver now?" I asked.

"Say about silver? why nothing. They are too busy talking about gold. On my trip two years ago, at least a score of leading men asked for interviews, and when granted them, talked me out of all patience in favor of Free Silver. On this trip not one man introduced the subject. Owners of silver mines still talk loud and bitter, but the average American only thinks of one thing at a time, and that one thing in Colorado just now—is gold. Why, they have organized a second Mining Stock Exchange already at Colorado Springs, and you hear more talk of 'Cripple Creek' in one hour than of Free Silver in a whole day."

During the darkest days of the last panic in America, the then American correspondent of *The Times* wrote, "One hope many people here cling to—the belief that a special providence watches over the Republic"—and this remark came into my mind when I saw how the new discovery of gold had come to solve the most difficult part of the Silver problem in America. This "Providential" idea was held by a greater number of people than many Englishmen would suppose. The Divine Right of Kings was supplanted, in the Puritan mind, by the idea of a divine partiality for Republican institutions ; and it has remained with the descendants of the Puritan to this day.

Study of Silver sentiments in America would not be complete without ref-

erence to one class of sentiment which may seem trivial to the foreign student. And it is briefly this—you meet with it in all parts of the Republic. "We would like gold and silver as money. The other three players in the game have voted silver out. After all, the color of the cards does not matter, neither does the color of the counter or rules of the game if all stand on an equal footing ; we like the game of Euchre best, but if the majority say whist, why, let it be whist ; we have as much brain as our opponent—we will play the game chosen by the majority of the world. And at their own game we will once more 'lick creation.'"

The spirit of self-reliance has awakened in many. They do not like the change in monetary systems, but they see that trade knows no artificial boundary lines, and the whole world is practically linked together. The old feeling, that with gold monometallism in force the result of the game is a foregone conclusion, the great stakes lost, has disappeared from many American minds, and they are prepared to play the "new game" without fear and without favor.

Politicians will continue that form of wild Silver talk which is eloquent testimony to the truth of the old saying, "Silence is golden." The halls of Congress and the hustings will still furnish exciting talk, often incendiary talk. But the politician is only a power when he leads the people, and the people in large numbers have deserted the Silver politician. In quiet, steady, but resistless manner, the strength of the Silver party has been sapped. And this campaign of the banks and bankers, in favor of honest money, has been conducted with such tact, no prejudice has been aroused against them ; no section of the people has cause to feel that unjust or unbusiness-like pressure has been exercised.—*Fortnightly Review*.

TALKS WITH TENNYSON.

BY WILFRED WARD.

"DORIC beauty," is the phrase by which the late Mr. Huxley once expressed the special character of Tennyson's conversation—with its terse simplicity and freedom from artificial ornament: "and yet," he added, "on hearing the first few words one might only say—"Exactly, this is the man who wrote the *Northern Farmer*." In recording some past conversations with the late poet-laureate, I have used notes made at the time, some of which give his *ipsissima verba*. In all cases the substance of what is here recorded was written down very shortly after it was said.

My first recollections of Tennyson date back as far as 1869, or earlier. As a boy, living near him in the Isle of Wight, I was somewhat in awe of the mysterious figure, whom I often saw in company with his friend and neighbor, Mrs. Cameron, or at times with my father, tall and thin, enveloped in a huge cloak, walking rapidly, with a slight stoop, on the Beacon Down or in the Freshwater lanes. He seldom spoke to me in those days, although I was intimate with his second son, Lionel. I think it was the report of a careful study I made of the Holy Grail, in Rome, in the year 1879, which changed this. On my return to England our acquaintance was at once on a new footing. I stayed with him at Aldworth next year: and thenceforward walks and talks with the poet were frequent.

There were several things which struck me afresh after I had come to know him better. One was, that even at a time when I was walking with him often, and enjoying the real intimacy which was my privilege, his shyness on first coming into the room, before we started for our morning walk, remained. One had noticed it less when it appeared to be only the slowness of a man of a certain age to talk to a boy. But to the very end it was the same, even with those whom he was most frequently seeing. How familiar the picture yet remains. One waited

perhaps in the anteroom at Farringford for a few minutes before he appeared. And when he did so there was the far-off look in his eyes, something between the look of a near-sighted man and a very far sighted man; due, no doubt, partly to defective vision, but conveying also a sense that his imagination was still occupied with itself, and that his mind was not yet "focussed" on the world immediately about him. I have known him stand for several minutes, after a half absent "How d'ye do?" in this dreamy state, with his curious look of high-strung sensitiveness, before he began to talk. And if one waited silently for him to speak, one might have to wait in vain. To tell him an amusing story was the best means of breaking the spell. The gleam of humor came to his face at once, he broke into laughter, left the regions of mental abstraction, and probably at once capped the story himself. If a stranger had come to see him, the shyness and abstraction might last longer. I remember once going to Farringford with a friend—a true worshipper of his genius—and after the first words of greeting he seemed to be entirely in the clouds; until, after long waiting, we hit upon a device to arouse him. A picture by Edward Lear hung in the room, and under it were four lines from the *Palace of Art* :—

One seem'd all dark and red—a tract of sand
And some one pacing there alone,
Who paced for ever in a glimmering land,
Lit with a low large moon.

We were looking at the picture, and I said to my companion: "Read the lines." She read them, giving them a kind of metrical jingle. In a moment Tennyson, who had been standing alone at the other side of the room, stepped rapidly across, seized her arm, and said:—"Don't read them like that," and went on with his deep, sonorous voice to read or rather *chaunt* them himself with the roll which was so well known to his friends.

When once the spell had been thus broken the absolute freedom and natu-

ralness of his conversation came on those who had not seen him before as a surprise. And no doubt the impression left on some, of his being difficult and holding himself aloof, came partly from meeting him on occasions when the first shyness failed to pass away.

The earliest walks I remember with Tennyson were large parties. Six or eight would often go with him; and he himself talked with one at a time, changing his companion occasionally. But from about 1882 onward I frequently went out with him *tête-à-tête*. And it was then that he waxed most earnest on problems connected with Metaphysics and Religious Philosophy. Before we started there would be a good deal to distract his attention. First there was the unloosening of the dogs who were to go with us. Don and Duke in earlier days, and later the beautiful stag-hound Lufra or the graceful Karenina, are an inseparable part of the picture of those walks that lives in the memory. And conversation was from time to time suspended while he dealt condign chastisement for their occasional misdemeanors—the chasing of a sheep, or the fighting with another dog.

As we crossed the "careless-ordered garden" he would call attention to some little alteration or addition, in which he was sure to be keenly interested. "Did you ever see a cypress growing against a wall before?" he asks, as he points to a dark tree nailed against a wall. "We have *crucified* that tree to make it grow thus." We stop again at the tennis-lawn:—"The rabbits look on the chalk line as marking out charmed and forbidden ground." And he traces with his stick the minute disturbances of the turf which his watchful eye has noted near the outer line of the court, nowhere passing within it. A hundred yards outside the Park gates we pause at the shop of Rogers, the Naturalist, who has been stuffing a heron or a monkey which one of the Freshwater sailors may have given him, and the poet will study it with keen interest. Then the walk is resumed, but before we have gone far along the road to Freshwater Bay some tree or plant will again stop him. Then he suddenly breaks off

with:—"But what is the good of speaking to you about this? You are as bad as your father, who noticed nothing, and did not even know his own fields from mine. You once took a lily of the valley for a snowdrop."

And then the conversation passes to literature, or personal reminiscence, or poetry, or metaphysics. But soon the sound of the cuckoo, perhaps, brings it back:—"Do you hear that note? It differs from what we heard a week ago. If you want to remember when to listen for the cuckoo learn the lines I learned in Lincolnshire as a boy." And he repeats the old verse:—

In April he opens his bill,
In May he sings all day,
In June he changes his tune,
In July away he does fly,
In August go he must.

Conversation never flagged; neither did the rapid pace at which the poet walked—except when he would stand still for a minute to tell some story with particular emphasis. I remember his humorous satisfaction at Aldworth in 1881 because he and I had distanced Mr. R. C. Jebb of Cambridge and another friend, who were detected sitting down to rest some hundred yards or more behind us. "I am seventy and he is not forty, yet I can outwalk him," Tennyson said. The remarkable suppleness of his joints remained until a year before his death, and at Christmas, 1891, as we came home from our walk, he climbed a difficult gate without help; and as we approached Farringford he ran—literally ran—down a hill, as he had often done in earlier years. He was then eighty-two years old.

Before passing to some of our talks on matters of deep and permanent interest, I must give as their setting some sayings and stories on various subjects which I noted down between the years 1884 and 1887; and I will put together as though belonging to one walk sayings which really belong to several.*

His companion had been reading Browning and had found *Sordello* somewhat difficult. This confession

* This applies also to small incidents already given, some of which occurred at Aldworth, some at Farringford.

amused Tennyson. "When *Sordello* came out," he remarked, "Douglas Jerrold said to me:—'What has come to me? Has my mind gone? Here is a poem of which I can't understand a single line?'" "Browning," he added, "has a genius for a sort of dramatic composition and for analyzing the human mind. And he has a great imagination. But a poet's writing should be sweet to the mouth and ear, which Browning's is not. There should be a 'glory of words' as well as deep thought. This he has not got. In his last work he makes 'impulse' rhyme with 'dim pulse.'" He spoke of Browning's love of London Society:—"I once told him that he would die in a white tie, and he rather liked it."

This led to a discussion of Goethe's saying:—"Es bildet ein talent sich in der stille." Some poets seem (he said) to find solitude necessary. I remarked that Arthur Clough in his Oxford days shrank from general society. "I knew him well in later life," Tennyson said. "He once travelled with us in France. He was a delightful companion, but was rather wanting in the sense of humor. He had great poetic feeling. He read me his *In mari magno*, and cried like a child as he read it." I spoke of Clough's friendship with some of the Oxford Tractarians, and of their separation owing to Clough's movement toward religious negation. This led Tennyson to tell me of a talk he had with George Eliot on the subject of her negative religious views:—"How difficult it is to repeat a thing as it really happened. George Eliot had this conversation with me at Aldworth, and the account of it which got into print was that I disputed with her till I was red in the face, and then roared:—'Go away, you and your molecules.' The real fact was, that our conversation was 'sweet as summer,' and at parting I shook her hand, and said very gently:—'I hope you are happy with your molecules.'" He spoke with admiration of George Eliot's genius, and insight into human character, but maintained that she was not quite so truthful as Shakespeare or Miss Austen:—"The Character of Adam Bede is not quite true to human nature. It is idealized. I am reported

to have said that Jane Austen was equal to Shakespeare. What I really said was that in the narrow sphere of life which she delineated, she pictured human character as truthfully as Shakespeare. But Austen is to Shakespeare as asteroid to sun. Miss Austen's novels are perfect works on a small scale—beautiful bits of stippling." His companion remarked that Macaulay's well-known comparison probably meant no more than this. We thus passed to his impressions of Macaulay himself, and these he gave with grim humor:—"I only met him once. I was introduced to him in the Fifties by Guizot at a party. Macaulay bowed and went on talking to Guizot for ten minutes, addressing no word to me. Then he turned to me and said:—'I am very glad to have made your acquaintance,' and walked away. He did not show much sign of being glad to make my acquaintance."

I told him of Jowett's account of a talk with Macaulay: that it was as though Macaulay were delivering a lecture to an audience of one person. This led to a comparison of Macaulay's monologue with Carlyle's. Of Carlyle he said:—"He was at once the most reverent and the most irreverent man I have known. I admire his estimate of Boswell and hate Macaulay's. Mrs. Carlyle was a most charming, witty converser, but often sarcastic. She never spoke before her husband, who absorbed the conversation." I asked, "Did he not listen to *you* when you talked?" "In a way," he replied; "but he hardly took in what one said. Carlyle was at his best *rollicking* at the Ashburtons' house—the Grange. He and Lady Ashburton were the life of the party. Those parties were very interesting, and Lady Ashburton was a woman of great brilliancy. She liked Carlyle, but I think at that time, if she had a favorite, it was George Venables. Carlyle had a great feeling that we needed a strong man in England. 'Our Cromwell is being born somewhere,' he used to say."

This led us to speak of our modern statesmen. He seemed disposed to agree with Carlyle, and would not accord to any the title of a really great ruler. Speaking of one eminent states-

man he said :—" You cannot rule, as he thinks he can, with a silk glove. You must have an iron gauntlet ; though you need not always make people feel the iron." He went on to contrast Gladstone and Disraeli, doing full justice to the gifts of the former as orator, and to the latter's " diplomatic craft" :—" The great fault of Disraeli's character was that he was scornful. Gladstone is genial and kindly." He was very grand on contemptuousness. It was, he said, a sure sign of intellectual littleness. Simply to despise nearly always meant not to understand. Pride and contempt were specially characteristic of barbarians. Real civilization taught human beings to understand each other better, and must therefore lessen contempt. It is a little or immature or uneducated mind which readily despises. One who has lived only in a *coterie* despises readily. One who has travelled and knows the world in its length and breadth, respects far more views and standpoints other than his own. He quoted this of Wordsworth's with strong admiration :—

Stranger, henceforth be warned and know that
pride,
Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
Is littleness, that he who feels contempt
For any living thing, hath faculties
Which he hath never used ; that thought with
him
Is in its infancy.

The conversation passed to Lord Palmerston, and thence to the Italian movement of '48, with which Palmerston was in such close sympathy. Tennyson told a story *à propos* to the craze for revolution in Italy at that time, which gives some idea of the kind of humor in which the poet delighted. Constant little local revolutions took place, and the inhabitants drank an extremely large quantity of *chianti* and talked enthusiastically of *libertà* and *la patria* for a couple of days ; and then things settled down into their former groove. On one occasion, Tennyson's friend, Edward Lear, was staying in a Sicilian town painting. He left the town for some weeks and locked up his pictures and other things in a room, leaving the key with the hotel keeper. A revolution had just broken out when

he returned, and he found the waiters full of *chianti* and of patriotic fervor. He ventured to ask one of them for the "*chiave*" of his "*camera*," that he might find his "*roba*." The waiter refused entirely to be led down from his dreams of a golden age and of the reign of freedom to such details of daily life. "*O che chiave !*" he exclaimed, "*O che roba ! O che camera ! Non c'è piu chiave ! Non c'è piu roba ! Non c'è piu camera ! Non c'è piu niente. Tutto è amore e libertà. O che bella rivoluzione !*"

His companion mentioned a friend who had lately become a vegetarian. This brought back to him an experience of his own :—" Once, in imitation of my friend Fitzgerald, the translator of Omar Kiyam, for ten weeks I ate only vegetables. At first it gave great lucidity of mind. At the end of that time I felt light, and almost foolish. I ate one chop ; and a more genial glow came over me than if I had drunk brandy." This led naturally to the dedication of *Tiresias*, and he recited the lines :—

And once, for ten long weeks, I tried
Your table of Pythagoras,
And seemed at first " a thing enskied"
(As Shakespeare has it), airy light,
To float above the ways of man,
Then fell from that half-spiritual height,
Chilled till I tasted flesh again,
One night when earth was winter black,
And all the heavens flashed in frost ;
And on me, half asleep came back
That wholesome heat the blood had lost.

" 'Belle comme la prose,' " he said, " is the French expression for that kind of poetry, and a very good one. It applies also to my lines of invitation to F. D. Maurice. Browning's obscurity of style makes this impossible to him. The great aim in such poems is to say what you have to say with melody, but with perfect simplicity. When I felt that I had done this in the dedication of *Tiresias*, the fools in *The Edinburgh Review* condemned it as 'poet in rhyme.' "

Then the subject of a forthcoming poem of his own might be broached, and its plan discussed with that absolute simplicity in which he had, I think, no rival in private conversation, although the presence of numbers oc-

casional brought with it an element of self-consciousness. And here I may remark that this truly great simplicity led him invariably to accept criticism which he felt to be honest and just. *Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus*; and Tennyson too would at times overlook an obviously unsatisfactory line in his first draft. I recall his reading to me and to another friend *Vastness* before he published it in *Macmillan's Magazine*. The stately couplets—each descriptive of some phase of the universe or of human existence—were given with grand effect until he read this one:—

Love for the maiden crowned with marriage,
No regret for aught that has been,
Debtless competence, comely children,
Happy household, sober and clean.

His hearers smiled very visibly at the last words. Tennyson noticed the effect, judged it to be warranted by the line, and re-wrote the stanza with perfect good humor and simplicity:—

Love for the maiden crowned with marriage,
No regrets for aught that has been,
Household happiness, gracious children,
Debtless competence, golden mean.

I think I am right in saying that the great problems of metaphysics and of man's destiny and origin occupied a larger share of his thoughts than heretofore, during the last ten or twelve years of his life. But indications of the trains of thought which he afterward matured are to be found comparatively early. I asked him which was the earliest poem in which he had begun seriously to consider these problems, and he said *The Two Voices*. Two couplets therein expressed his method in nearly all his great Metaphysical poems:—

As far as might be, to carve out
Free space for every human doubt,
That the whole mind might orb about.

To search thro' all I felt or saw
The springs of life, the depths of awe,
And reach the law within the law.

It was by allowing the most free and explicit voice to doubt that he gradually worked further and further toward the solution of the mysteries of life and of the world. He was a thorough-going idealist; and his conclusions recall in some respects portions of the

writings of three great thinkers—Kant, Berkeley, and Father Malebranche.

His method consisted in the presentation of two opposing veins of thought, of questioning and doubt on the one hand, and of instinctive assurance on the other. Each line of thought is given its weight. The instinctive assurance is not set aside in consequence of the speculative doubt; nor is it allowed to check the doubt in its critical function. Doubt and questioning may lead to the discovery that some instinctive beliefs are based on mere prejudice. Yet there are instincts which bear in them signs of authority—as the inner voice appealed to in the *Ancient Sage*; and the fact is recognized that doubt and questioning may be morbid, and a consequence of intellectual defect. In *The Two Voices* these two elements are formally expressed. In the *In Memoriam* they are indicated by the expression of moods of doubt, which are not represented as the final conclusions of the poet, and which are sometimes dismissed with such lines as "We do him wrong to sing so wildly."

In the *De Profundis* the first greeting gives the materialist view of life which is counterpoised by the spiritual view of the later lines. In *Vastness*, which had, as he first read it to me, two distinct voices—the last line being placed in the mouth of a separate speaker who answers the rest of the poem—is still preserved the intimation of two veins of thought, the last line indicating the underlying conviction adhered to in the face of insoluble mystery. In the *Ancient Sage* again—and more dramatically than in the others—we have two voices and two distinct characters. Even where this is not so, the dramatic form is often kept, as in *Despair*—showing that a mood of thought is expressed rather than the convictions of the poet. And the dramatic form of even his greatest solutions of metaphysical problems reminds us that the poet was rather indicating broad outlines of a philosophical position which became year by year more closely defined than professing to put in unalterable and final shape the analysis of his convictions.

Bacon has grandly described that attitude of humility and sensitiveness

to all facts which is indispensable to the student of nature. Tennyson had this humility pre-eminently in metaphysics. Bacon's bugbears, the *intellectus sibi permissus*, mere speculation, mere prejudice which lead to the ignoring of facts which do not square with preconceived theories, have their counterpart in the upholders of dogmatic metaphysical systems. Tennyson, on the contrary, showed a passionate yearning simply to learn facts as they are. There was no pride, no dogmatism, but the simplicity of a child—of "an infant crying for the light"—alongside of the penetrating and sensitive intellectual nature. To the very end he had the teachableness of true greatness, and his views seemed to grow more accurate and mature to his last year.

And here we have, I think, the quality which made his conversation on these subjects so peculiarly impressive. One felt its intense candor and truthfulness. I use the word "intense" advisedly. With many a man one knows that on such subjects there is no lack of ability or sincerity. But he is ready to theorize and to develop a theory with ingenuity; and what began as a candid attempt to solve the mysteries of the universe soon becomes untrue to fact. Tennyson, on the other hand, tested every step; questioned and questioned again his own conclusions; detected and allowed for the least shadow of prejudice or prepossession; re-examined his own old statements in the light of further experience. He seemed to be ever looking upward at the mysteries of the world behind the phenomena of sense, intently eager to miss no flash of light, however momentary, which might break through the clouds and reveal the heavens beyond. He carried into metaphysics the extraordinary accuracy of perception which he showed with physical nature, and indeed with all the facts of life. That this habit was lifelong in the case of physical nature we are reminded by such a poem as the *Progress of Spring*, first written in youth. Such lines as, "The starling clasps her tiny castanets," and the description (elsewhere) of the sunflower which "Rays round with flames her disk of seed" are specimens given only

to indicate the habit to which I refer, instances of which are too abundant to need further specification. The "thing as it was," instead of being confused by imagination or associations, made an indelible impression on him.

His accuracy as to quite trivial matters was even scrupulous. If a story were told with the slightest inaccuracies of detail he would spoil it by repeated interruptions, rather than let them pass. He was equally severe with himself if memory tripped in the smallest degree. In his *All Along the Valley*, the opening lines run thus:—

All along the valley, stream that flashest white,
Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the
night,
All along the valley, where thy waters flow,
I walk'd with one I loved two and-thirty years
ago.

One day he discovered that he was wrong by one year—that only thirty-one years had passed when he wrote the poem. He was much vexed, and talked seriously of changing the line. So, too, in speaking of historical or social facts, dates and numbers were always prominent and always accurate. Talking of Buddhism and its later division into so many sects, he gave at once, with perfect exactness, their number and the dates and circumstances of the chief schisms. And above all, he remembered and delighted in the facts of astronomy. Such a book as Ball's *Astronomy* filled his imagination. He would point to a fixed star and tell one the exact pace at which it was moving, and give the distance from us of each planet, and calculate the time the sun's light takes to reach us, and make his figures still more vivid by comparing them with the speed of things familiar to us on our own earth.

This habitual accuracy of memory and perception, and knowledge of detail, instead of being confused when his imagination became most vivid, came out all the more clearly. Ruskin, in *Modern Painters*, names three kinds of imagination:—"The man who perceives rightly because he does not feel, and to whom the primrose is very accurately the primrose because he does not love it; secondly, the man

who perceives wrongly because he feels, and to whom the primrose is anything else than a primrose—a star or a sun or a fairy's shield or a forsaken maiden. And then there is lastly the man who perceives rightly in spite of his feelings, and to whom the primrose is forever nothing else than itself—a little flower apprehended in the very plain and leafy fact of it, whatever and how many soever the associations and passions may be that exist around it." Tennyson's imagination was eminently of the last kind. The vividness it gave was not a halo which may blur or obscure the true features it surrounds, but a strong limelight which shows the minutest details accurately. The new light was never confused or dazzling; and it was always focussed precisely.

It was then, I think, partly this close truthfulness in his perception and memory of all he spoke of which gave one such a strong sense of the reality of his Metaphysical thought. He was no theorizer to spin a web of fancy on such questions. One felt that his was peculiarly a mind which could not be constantly brooding on the subject (as it was), and constantly revising and retouching his analysis of its problems, if those problems and his solutions were not very real indeed. Some characteristics which often mar philosophical speculation were entirely absent from him. He was incapable of confounding mistiness with mystery, incapable of occupying his mind with anything which it did not definitely apprehend, although he recognized as much as any one how large is the sphere of mystery which no man can comprehend. On the other hand his clearness never led to the unreal completeness of lovers of system. One felt confidence in his glimpses all the more from the frankness with which he recognized that they were but a partial insight into truths beyond us. What he said won assent not from any logical completeness, but from absolute truth to fact; though it often had the characteristics ascribed by George Eliot to truth under the limitations of our present condition—of being "complex" and "fragmentary." On such subjects this was an additional sign of its exactness.

The problems of the physical Uni-

verse and of man's physical life alternated² as a theme of conversation with metaphysics themselves, and thus claim their share in my notes. Nearly all the sayings I have set down belong to the years 1885-1887. He spoke of the mysteries of metaphysics. "After religion," he said, "metaphysics are the great hope for mankind. They must stem the tide of materialism. They show materialists that you can't escape from mystery by escaping from religion." A subject which especially exercised him in this connection was the mystery attaching to space and to extended matter, indications of which are in *Vastness*, the second *Locksley Hall*, the *Ancient Sage*, and *De Profundis*. We were passing one day through a ploughed field, and, pointing to the clods, he remarked that to a woodlouse they might look as grand as the Swiss Alps to us. "All greatness is relative," he said. "What are the Swiss mountains themselves when you know their proportion to the earth; and the earth itself when you know its proportion to the Universe?" A little later on I returned to this subject, and instead of "woodlouse" said a "flea." He stopped me at once: "Not a flea: it could jump to the top in a moment, and that would prevent the idea of such greatness." * On my saying, then, that it was painful to look on one's impression of the beauty of Swiss mountains as only a subjective feeling, without corresponding objective reality, he said he did not mean this. The *size* is relative; but the *beauty* may be real. The clods in the ploughed fields may be really beautiful, but one needs to be as small as the woodlouse to appreciate the beauty:—"Then, too, what mystery there is in a grain of sand. Divide and divide it as you will, you never come to an end of it. All that has magnitude is divisible; two atoms without magnitude cannot make one with magnitude. So you can always divide." He passed, then, from the consideration of

* On another occasion, remembering the objection to the flea, I spoke of the insect as an "ant." "Just as bad as your flea," he said. "An ant runs so fast that he would be at the top of the clods in a few seconds."

infinite littleness in matter to that of infinite greatness:—"Think of the proportion of one human eye to our earth; of our earth to the sun; of the sun to the solar system; of that to the Universe; and then think that one human eye can in some sense be in contact with the stars of the Milky Way."

Another saying of his connected with this subject is all the more interesting, because he immediately afterward embodied it in eight lines of great beauty. Walking one day on the down which stretches from Freshwater Bay to the Freshwater Beacon, his conversation was chiefly of two subjects. One was the mad lawlessness of the Celtic character, which he illustrated by items of news from Ireland—fresh instances of maiming cattle, and of murder and outrage, and the other all the mass of confusion and crime which a great town brought together. Paris was worse than London, he said, because of the Celtic element in the French character. About half way between Freshwater Bay and the Beacon, he suddenly stopped and pointed with his stick to a star, quite visible, though it was almost daylight. "Do you see that star?" he asked, in his abrupt way. "It is the evening star. Do you know that if we lived there this earth would look to us exactly like that? Fancy the vice and confusion of London or Paris in that peaceful star." He looked again at the star with an expression half of horror, half of grim humor. We walked on. I did not know at the time that he was writing the second *Locksley Hall*; and it was with a curious sensation that one read afterward the exquisite lines which that walk had (apparently) suggested. His few words on the subject proved to have been, what his talk so often was, condensed prose notes of what became exquisite poetry:—

Hesper, whom the poet called the bringer
home of all good things,
All good things may move in Hesper, perfect
peoples, perfect kings.

Hesper, Venus, were we native to that splendor,
or in Mars,
We should see the globe we groan in, fairest
of our evening stars.

Could we dream of wars and carnage, craft
and madness, lust and spite,

Roaring London, raving Paris, in that point
of peaceful light.

Might we not in glancing heavenward on a
star so silver fair,
Yearn and clasp the hands and murmur,
"Would to God that we were there."

He insisted strongly on misuses of the word "God," and often condemned the immorality of extreme Calvinism. One could not but trace to the memories of the Calvinistic surroundings of his boyhood the deep feeling evident in such poems as *Despair* and *Demeter* against the conception of a vindictive Deity. "I remember one woman who used to weep for hours because God was so infinitely good. He had predestined (she said) most of her friends to damnation, and herself, who was no better than they, to salvation. She shook her head at me sadly, and said, 'Alfred, Alfred, whenever I look at you I think of the words of Scripture, 'Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire.''" The Calvinist minister who was spiritual guide to the neighborhood had typhoid fever. To the horror of his congregation, on recovering he became a Universalist and ceased to believe in hell." He told me of another Calvinist minister who argued with a clergyman of more liberal views on the ways of Providence. "Wait a moment," interrupted the latter, "we have not defined our terms. We are using them in different senses. Your God is my devil."

This vindictive idea of God was perhaps his greatest trial in popular religion. Another was the anthropomorphism which regarded the Supreme Being as a sort of "magnified clergyman." But he admitted that this was almost inevitable with some of the uneducated. "These misuses of the word 'God' make me prefer another name," he said. "I prefer to say the Highest or the Supreme Being. In the *Ancient Sage* I have called God 'the Nameless.' I have sometimes demurred to the phrase 'personal' as applied to God for that same reason. It has been used as though personality were quite similar in God and in man. But I only mean that His personality is higher than ours. Lotze says the lack of personality is in us. God is unknowable as he is in Himself, but he

touches us at one point. That point is the conscience. If the conscience could be further developed, we might in some sense see God." And again:—"The conception in us of a perfect being realizing our highest ideals is some proof of God's existence, though not a conclusive proof. Why should we conceive of such a being unless it were put into us to do so?"

"Lushington* used to say to me," he continued, "that if there were no other world this world would be all the more valuable. I, on the contrary, feel that it is only the light shed on our earth from another world which gives it any value. The thought of working for the human race is not incentive enough to virtue if man is not immortal. The whole race will be extinct, probably, in a few thousand years. All the greatest aspirations are without meaning if man be not immortal. Religious belief is necessary to give life any meaning or value. A man without religious aspirations is only half a man."†

Speaking of free will, he said:—"Man is free, but only free in certain narrow limits. His character and his acquired habits limit his freedom. They are like the cage of a bird. The bird can hop at will from one perch to another, and to the floor of the cage, but not beyond its bars." And of the Buddhist Nirvana:—"Place a cork at the bottom of a jar of water. Its tendency will be to work its way upward, whatever obstacles you may place in the way. At last it reaches the top and is at rest. That is my conception of Nirvana."

Evolution was a very favorite topic with him. He had made a close study of it, and Huxley once said to me that Tennyson's grasp of the principles of physical science was equal to that of the greatest experts. Wallace's book on Darwinism was not published until 1889, but long before that time Tennyson often spoke of his genius, and was disposed to think his conclusions more exact in some respects than Darwin's:—"Wallace pointed out that man has a prospective brain—that he has facul-

ties in excess of his physical needs. This would show that you can't account for his higher faculties by natural selection." Again:—"The descent of man's body from lower animals," he once said, "if it is true helps to solve the mystery of man's dual nature. We naturally inherit a great deal from our brute ancestors. The spiritual nature is something super-added, but the brute nature is there, and remains side by side with the other."

I may conclude these recollections with some account of a conversation in which he explained to me his *De Profundis*, one of the two later poems to which as mature expressions of his metaphysical thought he attached the greatest value—the other being *The Ancient Sage*.* He had often said he would go through the *De Profundis* with me line by line, and he did so late in January or early in February, 1889, when I was staying at Farringford. He was still very ill, having had rheumatic fever in the previous year; and neither he nor his friends expected that he would recover after his many relapses. He could scarcely move his limbs, and his fingers were tied with bandages. We moved him from bed to sofa, but he could not sit up. His mind, however, was quite clear. He read through the *De Profundis*, and gave the substance of the explanation I have written down. He began languidly, but soon got deeply interested. When he reached the prayer at the end, he said:—"A. B." (naming a well-known Positivist thinker) "exclaimed, when I read it him, 'Do leave that prayer out, I like all the rest of it.'"

I proceed to set down the account of the poem written (in substance) immediately after his explanation of it. The mystery of life as a whole which so constantly exercised him is here most fully dealt with. He supposes a child just born, and considers the problems of human existence as presented by the thought of the child's birth, and the child's future life with all its possibili-

* I do not mention *Akbar*, to which he also attached great importance, as it was not then written. Moreover, *Akbar*, though a full expression of his religious attitude, is not directly metaphysical.

* Edmund Lushington, his brother-in-law.

† "A gelded man" was his phrase.

ties. The poem takes the form of two greetings to the new-born child. In the first greeting life is viewed as we see it in the world, and as we know it by physical science, as a phenomenon; as the materialist might view it; not indeed coarsely, but as an outcome of all the physical forces of the universe, which have ever contained in themselves the potentiality of all that was to come—"all that was to be in all that was." These vast and wondrous forces have now issued in this newly-given life—this child born into the world. There is the sense of mystery in our greeting to it; but it is of the mysteries of the physical Universe and nothing beyond; the sense of awe fitting to finite man at the thought of infinite Time, of the countless years before human life was at all, during which the fixed laws of nature were ruling and framing the earth as we know it, of the countless years earlier still, during which on the nebular hypothesis nature's laws were working before our planet was separated off from the mass of the sun's light, and before the similar differentiation took place in the rest of the "vast waste dawn of multitudinous eddying light." Again, there is awe in contemplating the vastness of space; in the thoughts which in ascending scale rise from the new-born infant to the great globe of which he is so small a part, from that to the whole solar system, from that again to the myriad similar systems "glimmering up the heights beyond" us which we partly see in the Milky Way, from that to those others which human sight can never descry. Forces in Time and Space as nearly infinite as our imagination can conceive have been leading up to this one birth, with the short life of a single man before it. May that life be happy and useful. Viewed still as the course determined by nature's laws—a course unknown to us and yet unalterably fixed—we sigh forth the hope that our child may pass unscathed through youth, may live a full and prosperous life, blessed by man for good done to man, and may pass peacefully at last to rest. Such is the first greeting—fall of the poetry of life, of its wondrous causes, of the overwhelming greatness of the Universe of which

this young life is the child, cared for, preserved hitherto unscathed amid these awful powers, all in all to its parents, inspiring the hope which new-given joy makes sanguine, that fortune may be kind to it, that happiness may be as great, sorrow and pain as little, as the chances of the world allow.

After his explanation, he read the first greeting to the child:—

Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
Where all that was to be, in all that was,
Whirl'd for a million eons through the vast
Waste dawn of multitudinous eddying light—
Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
Thro' all this changing world of changeless
law,

And every phase of ever heightening life,
And nine long months of antenatal gloom,
With this last moon, this crescent—her dark
orb

Touch'd with earth's light—thou comest, dar-
ling boy;

Our own; a babe in lineament and limb—
Perfect, and prophet of the perfect man;
Whose face and form are hers and mine in
one,

Indissolubly married like our love;
Live and be happy in thyself, and serve
This mortal race thy kin so well, that men
May bless thee as we bless thee, O young life,
Breaking with laughter from the dark; and
may

The fated channel where thy motion lives
Be prosperously shaped, and sway thy course
Along the years of haste and random youth
Unshatter'd; then full-current thro' full man;
And last, in kindly curves, with gentlest fall,
By quiet fields, a slowly-dying power,
To that last deep where we and thou art still.

And then comes the second greeting. A deeper chord is struck. The listener, who has, perhaps, felt as if the first greeting contained all—all the mystery of birth, of life, of death, hears a sound unknown, unimagined before. A new range of ideas is opened to us. The starry firmament disappears for the moment. The "deep" of infinite time and space is forgotten. A new sense is awakened, a deeper depth disclosed. We leave this wondrous world of appearances. We gaze into that other deep—the world of spirit, the world of realities; we see the new-born babe coming to us from that true world, with all the "abysmal depths of personality," no longer a mere link in the chain of causes, with a fated course through the events of life, but a moral being, with the awful power of making or marring its own destiny and

that of others. The proportions are abruptly reversed. The child is no longer the minute outcome of natural forces so much greater than itself. It is the "spirit," the moral being, a reality which impinges on the world of appearances. Never can I forget the change of voice, the change of manner, as Lord Tennyson passed from the first greeting, with its purely human thoughts, to the second, so full of awe at the conception of the world behind the veil and the moral nature of man; an awe which seemed to culminate when he paused before the word "Spirit" in the seventh line, and then gave it in deeper and more piercing tones:—"Out of the deep—*Spirit*—out of the deep." This second greeting is in two parts:—

I.

Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
From that great deep, before our world begins,
Whereon the Spirit of God moves as he will—
Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
From that true world within the world we see,
Whereof our world is but the bounding shore—
Out of the deep, Spirit, out of the deep,
With this ninth moon, that sends the hidden
sun,
Down yon dark sea, thou comest, darling boy.

II.

For in the world, which is not ours, they said
"Let us make man," and that which should
be man,

From that one light no man can look upon,
Drew to this shore lit by the suns and moons
And all the shadows. O dear Spirit, half-lost
In thine own shadow and this fleshly sign
That thou art thou—who wailest being born
And banish'd into mystery, and the pain
Of this divisible indivisible world
Among the numerable-innumerable
Sun, sun, and sun, thro' finite-infinite space,
In finite-infinite Time—our mortal veil
And shatter'd phantom of that infinite One,
Who made these unconceivably Thyself
Out of His whole World self, and all in all—
Live thou, and of the grain and husk, the
grape

And ivyberry, choose; and still depart
From death to death thro' life and life, and
find

Nearer and ever nearer Him who wrought
Not matter, not the finite-infinite,
But this main-miracle, that thou art thou,
With power on thine own act and on the
world.

Note that the second greeting considers the reality of the child's life and its meaning, the first only its appearance. The great deep of the spiritual

world is "that true world within the world we see, Whereof our world is but the bounding shore." And this indication that the second greeting gives the deeper and truer view is preserved in some of the side touches of description. In the first greeting, for example, the moon is spoken of as "touch'd with earth's light;" in the second the truer and less obvious fact is suggested. It "sends the hidden sun down yon dark sea." The material view again looks at bright and hopeful appearances in life, and it notes the newborn babe "breaking with laughter from the dark." The spiritual view foresees the woes which, if Byron is right in calling melancholy the "telescope of truth," are truer than the joys. It notes not the child's laughter, but rather its tears, "thou wailest being born and banished into mystery." Life, in the spiritual view, is in part a veiling and obscuring of the true self as it is, in a world of appearances. The soul is "half lost" in the body which is part of the phenomenal world, "in thine own shadow and in this fleshly sign that thou art thou." The suns and moons, too, are but shadows, as the body of the child itself is but a shadow—shadows of the spirit-world and of God Himself. The physical life is before the child; but not as a fatally determined course. Choice of the good is to lead the spirit ever nearer God. The wonders of the material Universe are still recognized; "Sun, sun, and sun, thro' finite-infinite space in finite-infinite Time," but they vanish into insignificance when compared to the two great facts of the spirit world which consciousness tells us unmistakably—the facts of personality and of a responsible will. The great mystery is "Not Matter, nor the finite-infinite," but "this main-miracle, that thou art thou, with power on thyself and on the world."

"Out of the deep"—in this conception of the true "deep" of the world behind the veil we have the thought which recurs so often, as in the *Passing of Arthur* and in *Crossing the Bar**—of birth and death as the com-

* "From the great deep to the great deep he goes;" and "when that which drew from out the boundless deep turns again home."

ing from and returning to the spirit-world and God Himself. Birth* is the coming to land from that deep; "of which our world is but the bounding shore;" death the re-embarking on the same infinite sea, for the home of truth and light.

He seemed so much better when he had finished his explanation that I asked him to read the poem through again. This he did, more beautifully than I have ever heard him read. I felt as though his long illness and his expectation of death gave more intensity and force to his rendering of this wonderful poem on the mystery of life. He began quietly, and read the concluding lines of the first "greeting," the brief description of a peaceful old age and death, from the human standpoint, with a very tender pathos:—

And last, in kindly curves, with gentlest fall,
By quiet fields, a slowly-dying power,
To that last deep where we and thou art still.

Then he gathered force, and his voice deepened as the greeting to the immortal soul of the man was read. He raised his eyes from the book at the seventh line and looked for a moment at his hearer with an indescribable expression of awe before he uttered the word "spirit":—"Out of the deep—

Spirit—out of the deep." When he had finished the second greeting he was trembling much. Then he read the prayer—a prayer, he had told me, of self-prostration before the Infinite. I think he intended it as a contrast with the analytical and reflective character of the rest. It is an outpouring of the simplest and most intense self-abandonment to the Creator; an acknowledgment, when all has been thought and said with such insight and beauty, that our best thoughts and words are as nothing in the Great Presence—in a sense parallel to the breaking off in the ode to the Duke of Wellington:—"Speak no more of his renown. Lay your earthly fancies down." He began to chaunt in a loud clear voice:—

Hallowed be Thy name—Halleluiah.

His voice was growing tremulous as he reached the second part:—

We feel that we are nothing—for all is Thou
and in Thee;

We feel that we are something—that also has
come from Thee.

And he broke down, and sobbed aloud as he finished the prayer:—

We know we are nothing—but Thou wilt help
us to be.

Hallowed be Thy name—Halleluiah.

—*New Review.*

CHAMPAGNE.

BY GEORGE HARLEY.

CHAMPAGNE—nectar of the gods!—is the favorite wine of the hour. How long its popularity will last none can tell; there being a fashion in wine-drinking as there is a fashion in dress-making—the admired of to-day becomes the neglected of to-morrow. The life-history of all popular wines, from the time of the ancient Greeks and Romans until now, tells this tale. Even within the last couple of decades or so a noticeable change has taken

place in the relative quantities of hock, claret, champagne, port, sherry, and madeira, drunk at dinner-tables. The uninitiated think the change is due to mere caprice—to a meaningless revulsion in public taste. It is, however, not so. The appreciative powers of the Briton's gustatory nerves have undergone no change; but the qualities of the wines presented to them have altered. Consequently, the fault is not on the side of the consumer, but on that of the consumed.

The reason why one wine after another falls into disrepute is easily explained, on the ground that the supply of every vintage being limited, no sooner does a wine become popular

* For in the world which is not ours, they said
"Let us make man," and that which should
be man,

From that one light no man can look upon,
Drew to this shore, lit by the suns and moons,
And all the shadows.

than the demand for it exceeds the supply. Wine merchants not having sufficient moral courage to confess to their customers that they can no longer supply a sufficiency of the genuine article, adopt the disingenuous practice of equalizing supply and demand by the addition of more readily obtainable wines. Were the added wine of superior, or even of equal quality to that asked for, no objection could be raised to the proceeding. But, alas! as the added wine is never as good, it naturally follows, that in direct proportion to the augmentation in quantity there is deterioration in quality. And as one false step in general leads to another, in order to hide from the buyer the deterioration that has taken place in the flavor of the wine, artificial essences are had recourse to; none of which, it is to be feared, ever originated within the skin of a grape—the chemical laboratory, not the vineyard, being their birthplace. Luckily for the public, however, although it is easy for the sophisticator to imitate the color, body, alcoholic strength, and dryness of any given wine, it is exceedingly difficult for even the most skilful manipulator to give to any concoction whatever an artificial vinous bouquet capable of deceiving an educated palate. This arises from the fact that, in so far as flavors are concerned, the human mouth and nose in combination are far more delicate testing agents than any chemical appliances.

This will be more readily understood when I say that not only is each special bouquet developed during the fermentation of the grape juice each entirely *sui generis*—each species of grape yielding different aromatic principles; but even grapes of the same kind, grown on different soils and fermented in different cellars, possess characteristic and easily distinguished bouquets. There is all the less wonder that they should be difficult to imitate, seeing that a profound mystery hangs round the modes of development of one and all of the endless varieties of vinous aromas generated in Nature's laboratory. No sooner will this veil of mystery be rent asunder than, no doubt, an end will be put to the tedious and oftentimes not altogether satisfactory

avocations of the viticulturist, as the laboratory and not the vineyard will then become the source of our wine supply. Indeed, even now it does not do for us to inquire too minutely into the parentage of some of the wines in the London market, as, when traced to its lair, it is in some cases both startling and unpleasant; all the more so as it is not always the cheapest classes of wines that won't bear the lamp of truth focussed upon them, but even some of the dearer. This remark being specially applicable to the mode of manufacture of sparkling wines, few words on the subject cannot fail to prove acceptable.

In order to be thoroughly understood it is necessary to begin by saying that sparkling champagne is nothing more nor less than a still white wine, artificially transformed into an effervescing liquid. And not only so, but that any still wine can be made into an effervescing one. Hence there are still champagnes as well as sparkling ones; still hocks and sparkling hocks; still Moselles and sparkling Moselles; still Burgundies and sparkling Burgundies; still Astis, etc., and sparkling ones.

The effervescence of the wine is due to its being bottled and corked up before fermentation has entirely ceased. And all forms of vinous fermentation are due to the splitting up, by minute living micro-organisms, of the sugar contained in grape juice, into alcohol and carbonic acid gas. The gas, after the bottle has been corked, finding no means of escape, remains suspended in the wine until the cork is withdrawn, when it instantly rushes in bubbles to the surface, and, in escaping from it, causes the wine to effervesce and sparkle.

Strange though it may seem, the sugar is the food, and the alcohol and carbonic acid gas the excretions of the minute organisms that cause the fermentation.

There is no such thing as a natural sparkling wine; consequently, champagne is a manufactured article, in the sense that it is brought into existence by the skill of the viticulturist. The process is a complicated one. It consists of three distinct stages: the first being merely the making of a still

wine. This step differs in no essential particular from that followed in the making of any other still wine—be it port, sherry, or claret; that is to say, it consists in the fermentation of expressed grape juice in open tubs, at a temperature ranging between 60° and 70° Fahr., and, from the tubs being open, the carbonic acid gas generated escapes into the air as a waste product, the alcohol only being retained in the liquid.

The second stage is the conversion of the still liquid into a sparkling wine. This is accomplished by withdrawing it from the tubs into bottles, and tightly corking them so that none of the gas generated during the subsequent fermentation can escape.

In this stage there is, however, another object held in view. For while up till now it was chiefly alcohol that was wanted, during the secondary fermentation the delectable aromas and flavors upon which the commercial value of the wine mainly depends are sought to be developed. So the fermentation is no longer a rapid one at a high temperature, but a slow one at the low temperature of 43° Fahr. And the fermentation is not, as in the first instance, kept up for merely a few weeks, but for months, or even years, according to the quality of the vintage and the price the wine is ultimately expected to bring.

It ought not to be forgotten that "bouquet" is a point of paramount importance in appraising the value of any wine, and champagne being no exception to the rule, a word or two on the mode of its production will not be out of place here.

The bouquet of a wine depends mainly on the following five factors: the species of the grape; the soil of the vineyard; the amount of sunshine; the mode of fermentation adopted; and the temperature at which it is conducted.

So great is the influence of soil and sunshine on wines yielded by the same species of grapes, that those grown on one side of a hill may produce an entirely differently flavored and bodied wine from those grown on the opposite, though their expressed juices be

fermented in the same cellar and in precisely the same way. For example, the famous stein wine, made from the grapes grown upon the sunny side of the Fortress rock at Wurzburg, is of six times greater commercial value than that made from those grown on the other side, although but a few yards separate the vines—the difference being entirely due to aspect and soil.

The influence of soil alone on the bouquet-yielding principles of grapes is, indeed, so great that notwithstanding that those grown in the champagne districts of France, including those of the Aube, Ardennes, and Marne, are so deficient in saccharine matter as to necessitate, in the majority of years, the addition of sugar to the "most" to make it alcoholic enough, and at the same time to make it yield sufficient gas to cause it to effervesce briskly, the grapes are so rich in the delicate bouquet-generating ingredients that the champagne made from them has long and justly been regarded as the queen of sparkling wines.

In order that no mistake be made about the nature of vinous bouquet, it may be well to remark that its intrinsic value depends far less upon its quantity than upon its kind. This will be readily understood when it is said that the powerful bouquets given to sparkling wines by muscatelle grapes, as well as those met with in sparkling Moselle and Rhine wines, are infinitely less prized than the far less pronounced ones of the finer kinds of champagne, thus proving that the commercial value of a vinous bouquet is not to be calculated by quantity but kind.

As sugar is an essential element in champagne manufacture, it may be stated that its amount in grapes materially depends—other things being equal—on the sunshine and rainfall. The hotter the season the more saccharine is the grape; the colder the season the sourer the wine. Moreover, it has recently been noted that the sweetness of a grape is in direct proportion to the size of the vine leaves; the larger the leaf the larger being the amount of sugar in the grape, and, as a consequence, the stronger the wine made from it.

Although some French champagnes are vastly superior to every other kind of sparkling wine manufactured in Europe, this cannot be said of all; for there are as great differences in French champagnes as there are in English ales; and in most instances from similar causes. Just as two breweries at Burton-on-Trent, separated by nothing but a brick wall, send forth entirely different flavored ales, in like manner two adjoining champagne manufactories will produce differently flavored wines.

Various reasons for these differences, both in ale and wine, might be given. But here it is only the two main ones as regards champagne that will be considered. These are fermentation and *dosage*.

With respect to fermentation. As already explained, the temperature of the cellars in which it is conducted has an all-important influence on the result; and this is particularly noticeable in the bottle stage of fermentation, from its being the period during which the vinous aromatic ethers are chiefly developed. In order to develop them in perfection, it is necessary that a uniform temperature be maintained during the whole process—no easy matter in a changeable climate like that of Europe. Indeed, so important an agent is temperature, that one might say that the secret of the fame of the delicate buquets of the champagnes of Châlons, Épernay, and Rheims, springs solely from the fact of their possessing great chalk cliffs, in which have been excavated vast cave-cellars, capable of being maintained at a uniform temperature, not only during the entire day, month, or year, but year after year, no matter how hot the summer or how cold the winter may be.

These chalk cliff wine-caves are a marvellous sight. For in them are not only thousands and tens of thousands, but millions of champagne bottles, standing like regiments of soldiers, row upon row, battalion behind battalion, as far as the eye can reach. But the bottles are all placed with their bottoms uppermost, in order that the dirty *débris* arising from the fermentation may fall into their necks, the more easily to be got rid of at the period of

*dégorgement**—a process by which the wine is rendered clear and pure, and ready to be placed on the market.

When we visited the celebrated chalk caves of Jacquesson et Fils, in order to see the system of champagne manufacture they contained between two and three millions of bottles, and a few years before there had been over four millions in them; which fact, of itself, affords some idea of the vastness of these cellar excavations.

Until after its *dégorgement* the bottled champagne is spoken of as *vin brut*, meaning thereby a harsh, immature article, and brut(e) it might well be called; for in its then state it is acid enough, and acrid enough to take the skin from the mouth of a crocodile. Consequently, it has to be submitted to a softening process—called *dosage*—to suit the varying tastes of its consumers; for even the grossest palate could not drink the wine in its then condition, notwithstanding what some English wine merchants, who discourse learnedly upon what they are pleased to call the beauties of “natural champagne,” tell us to the contrary. The word “natural” might, perhaps, with some show of reason, be applied to a still wine; but the word is as inappropriate when applied to champagne as it would be to butter or cheese manufactured out of milk.

Dosage, the last act in the drama of champagne manufacture, is a most important one in the eyes of the viticulturist, for the reputation of his brand mainly depends upon the skill and care with which he accomplishes it, seeing that, as just said, it is the converting an unpalatable sour liquid into a pleasant beverage. And this cannot always be done in the same way; for no two vintages being ever identical—either in alcoholic strength or vinous bouquet—in order to maintain the brand as near-

* The act of *dégorgement* consists in the removal of the cork, which (in consequence of the sudden onrush of the pent-up carbonic acid gas) goes out with a bang, along with all the dirty *débris* that has become deposited in the neck of the bottle. The operation requires great care, and is performed by men with masks on, as the bottles frequently explode. It likewise requires great skill, in order that the whole of the *débris* may be got rid of with a minimum loss of wine and gas.

ly as possible at a uniform standard, the kind and quantity of *dosage* must be varied year by year, according to the richness or poverty of the wine. The basis of the "*dosage* liqueur," however, is always the same in the same manufactory. Indeed, it varies but little in the different high-class champagne manufactories, for it essentially consists of sugar-candy dissolved in fine old champagne, with a certain amount of pure, well-flavored cognac added. A few firms add a certain proportion of glucose or glycerine.

The *dosage* of inferior kinds of champagne is attended with little difficulty, from the fact that all that unrefined palates care for in sparkling wine is alcoholic strength and effervescing sharpness: two qualities that can be given to the poorest of champagnes with but little trouble or expense. What makes the *dosage* of high-class champagnes so extremely difficult is the fact that the *cognoscente* apprises the merits of his sparkling wine less by its alcohol and "fizz" than by its softness and bouquet, two combined qualities that cannot be artificially given to a poor wine, manipulate it as you may, and can yet be readily destroyed in a fine wine by the addition of either too much or too little *dosage* liqueur—just in the same way as, while a little hard riding suffices to spoil the paces of a thoroughbred, no amount of good horsemanship will ever give a rough cart-horse the soft, easy action of a palfrey. So well does the viticulturist know how easy it is to spoil the flavor of a fine champagne, that he takes the greatest care never to use anything but the purest cane sugar, and the very finest old liqueur cognac procurable, in making his *dosage* liqueur.

Strange though the fact may at first seem, it is nevertheless true that "nationality" is a most important factor in determining the amount of *dosage*; for the quantity of liqueur added has to be regulated according to the country to which the wine is exported, champagne drinkers in different parts of the world demanding entirely differently *dosaged* wines. This comes from the fact that the wine-taste, like almost every other form of human taste, is a mere question of habit; and habit, in

its turn, is simply the offspring of imitation. We like what others like. There are, of course, exceptions to every rule; but, broadly speaking, this statement is absolutely correct. How otherwise account for the Spaniard's love for rancid salad oil; the German's delight in stinking Limburger cheese; the Englishman's relish for putrid game; the Italian's enjoyment of garlic, and so forth? Moreover, the statement is confirmed by the fact that, although the newborn babe is only conscious of two flavors—sweet and bitter—smacking his lips with satisfaction at the former, and making a wry face at the latter, before three years have elapsed, if he has been in the habit of seeing his parents enjoying olives at dessert, he will smack his lips with equal pleasure at the first bitter olive put into his mouth. This is not idealism but reality; we have noticed it in the case of two children, a girl and a boy.* It will not surprise one to learn, then, that a champagne appreciated in one country may be despised in another. For example, Russians and Prussians, as well as Frenchman, look with contempt upon the sour stuff drunk in England under the belief that it is "dry," while we equally turn up our noses at what we please to call the sweet trash they enjoy.

As Russians, Prussians', Frenchmen's, and Englishmen's champagnes all come out of the same vats, the differences in their flavors are solely due to the *dosage* liqueur of the viticulturist. To give some idea of this it may be mentioned that, while the finest champagnes drunk in France have 8 per cent. of it added to the *vin brut* immediately after *dégorgement*, that for Russia has from 14 to 16; for Prussia, from 11 to 13; for America, from 8 to 10; and for England, from 2 to 4. This extremely low percentage for Britain is a thing of quite recent date, however, for up till about the sixties the

* Any one interested in *bizarre* tastes will find some quiet ones narrated in a chapter on Champagne, in a book by the writer, on "Diseases of the Liver," which are too medical for this paper. Suffice it to say that probably all human likes and dislikes, no matter whether of the palate, the eye, or the ear, are more the result of education than anything else.

best champagnes imported into England received exactly the same amount of *dosage* liqueur as the best consumed in France—namely, 8 per cent. And at that time these were spoken of as dry wines; for dry assuredly they were in comparison with the sweet Prussian and Russian varieties.

The word "dry," when applied to wines, is a misnomer, as it simply implies that the wine contains but little saccharine matter. Port wine, for example, becomes dry in this sense by keeping from twenty, thirty, or forty years; for in that time the greater part of the sugar it originally contained has become transformed into alcohol. Hence, what it has lost in sweetness it has gained in alcoholic strength, and not only so, but likewise in flavor; for by age are developed the fine aromatic ethers which give old wines their exquisite vinous flavors. One not unnaturally feels inclined to ask—Why did John Bull cease to import the same kind of champagne as drunk in France? A possible answer is not far to seek—Because he ceased to drink his champagne as an after-dinner wine. And no sooner did he drink it along with meats, vegetables, salads, and sour sauces, than it tasted much too sweet to his thereby vitiated palate, and a less saccharine wine was asked for. To which demand the manufacturer responded with alacrity, as nothing was easier or more to his advantage than to make champagne taste dry. This can be done in a variety of ways; for example, by adding salicylic acid, or by simply reducing the amount of liqueur added to the sour *vin brut* after *dégorgement*. This he can do without fear of detection, from the fact that not one Englishman in a thousand, unless he be in the champagne trade, can distinguish a sour sparkling wine from one that has become dry by being kept from nine to fifteen years. This saving of time is money in the pocket of the manufacturer. He derives yet another advantage in being able to pass off a sour as a dry wine, from the fact that the absence of bouquet is less appreciable in sour than in delicate soft wine. This game, however, cannot be played in France. So fearful, indeed, are some champagne manufacturers lest

any sour wine with their labels upon it should accidentally get upon the French market that they have special labels for it, on the corner of which either the words "Pour Angleterre" or "For England" are printed. For, as one of them smilingly remarked—"We Frenchmen don't turn our stomachs as you Englishmen do into pickle-jars, by drinking sour wine because it is labelled dry!"

The next point meriting attention is the widely spread though erroneous notion, that no champagne will keep good for more than fifteen years, and that it is at its best between seven and ten. Both ideas are false in as far as the higher classes of champagne are concerned. For we know, from personal experience, that Perrier Jouet's "cabinet champagne" of 1857 not only remained perfectly sound, but improved in flavor, for no less a period than thirty-five years, though some of the bottles were by that time nearly half empty from ullage, and their iron wires and silver foil had all rotted away, the corks being held in only by the strings. And what is more—the wine in the most ullaged bottles not only effervesced as briskly, but tasted as nice as that in the full ones. Be it remembered, this cabinet champagne was an exceptionally fine wine, one such as few Englishmen have ever had the good fortune to taste. Inferior kinds of champagne do not keep any more than inferior kinds of hock or claret.

In order that a champagne may keep, and improve by keeping for more than twenty years, not less than 8 per cent. of *dosage* liqueur must be added to it.

Another equally popular erroneous notion is that champagne becomes sweeter by age. So far from this being the case, it does exactly the reverse. The older the wine, whether champagne, port, sherry, burgundy, or hock, the more and more its saccharine ingredient disappears; from its being transformed into alcohol and alcoholic ethers. The reason why the old wine is supposed to get sweeter seems to arise from two causes; the first being the mellowing effects age has on all its rough constituents. For the effect of time on wine is like the effect of time

on a bright-colored oil painting. It tones it down. Secondly, when by any chance one comes across a bottle of champagne that has been in an English cellar for over a quarter of a century, it is most likely a specimen of the old 8 per cent. liqueured wine, which, though having become much less saccharine than it originally was, nevertheless tastes sweet by comparison, to a person accustomed to drink the harsh, sour, so-called dry wines of today. And from being ignorant of this fact, he erroneously supposes that the old wine has become sweeter by age.

While on the subject of wine mistakes it may probably be profitable to direct the attention of the reader to another error carefully fostered by British wine merchants—namely, that pure and unfortified light wines will neither bear transport into England nor keep good beyond a year or two in English cellars. Both statements are equally devoid of foundation; for any wine good enough to keep and improve by keeping in the land of its birth, will not only bear transport into this country, but equally well keep and improve here as on the Continent. Only poor acid wines bear neither transport nor keeping. It may be regarded as an axiom that no matter how light or thin a pure wine is, so long as it possesses a natural bouquet sufficient to please a refined palate, it requires no artificial fortification in order to bear transport into England, and if young, it will improve up to a certain point by age. The lighter and less saccharine the wine however is, the shorter time it continues to improve.

Although all know that most red wines lose their color as age advances, it is not so generally known that all white wines, on the contrary, get darker the older they become. So markedly is this the case with some, that a white wine fifty years old or more is sometimes of a nutty-brown tint.

We now come to the consideration of an interesting question—namely:

Does champagne cause gout by reason of the sugar it contains?

From the brief epitome that has been given of the manufacture of champagne it is seen that sugar is an indispensable element in its production—

from its birth to its maturity. It has likewise been pointed out that far sweeter champagnes are drunk on the Continent than in England. Nevertheless gout is a more common disease in this country than in any other. If, then, sugar be the cause of gout, as we are continually being told it is, one not unnaturally asks, "What is the secret of the immunity from gout among sweet wine drinkers of the Continent?" The answer is very simple. The widespread notion that sugar causes gout is a mere figment of the imagination. Sugar could never bring on an attack of gout even in a constitutionally predisposed individual; from the fact that uric acid—which is now conceded by all leading pathologists to be the peccant material of gout, as it enters into the composition of every gout-stone and is deposited in the form of urate of soda in every gouty joint—contains an element which does not exist in sugar. For uric acid is a compound of oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen, while sugar contains no nitrogen whatever. How, then, can uric acid be formed out of sugar, any more than the children of Israel could, during their bondage in Egypt, manufacture bricks from the mud of the Nile without straw? Although this is not a medical paper, it may perhaps be well to add that the idea that sugar produces gout is alike contrary to everyday experience and scientific observation. Because, were it true, children and women, who consume most sweet things, would be more subject to gout than men. Which they are decidedly not. And the women in the Eastern harems, who almost live on sweetmeats, would all be afflicted with gout in some form or another.

Besides which the urine of herbivora, whose food is richly sugar-forming, instead of being, as it is, alkaline, would be acid. Moreover, that a fit of gout cannot be induced by taking sugar was shown by Dr. Vaughan Harley's taking, while working at the Sorbonne, in Paris, 400 grammes (13 ounces) of sugar daily, until he completely upset his digestion, and totally failing to induce the disease, notwithstanding that he is hereditarily gouty. And while working in Professor Mosso's laboratory at

Turin he even took 17½ ounces of sugar in the twenty-four hours without producing a single gouty symptom.

Not only so, but hereditarily gouty patients who freely indulge in sweet foods, are usually found to be no more liable to gouty attacks than their relatives who abstain from sugar.

In corroboration of the fallacy of the sugar and gout idea it may be mentioned that the still more reprehensible dogma in a sanitary point of view that sugar ruins children's teeth is equally false. Indeed, how the idea ever came into existence is a mystery, seeing that the finest, whitest, and strongest teeth are found in the mouths of negroes brought up on sugar plantations, who from their earliest years upward, consume more sugar than any other class of people whatever. Those at all sceptical of the value of this fact have only to look round among their personal friends and see whether the sugar eaters or the sugar shunners have the finest teeth, and they will find—other things being equal—that the sugar eaters, as a rule, have the best teeth. The only possible way for accounting for this libel against sugar seems to be by supposing that it originated in the brain of one of our economically disposed great-grandmothers, at the time when sugar was two shillings a pound, in order to prevent her children gratifying their cravings for sweets at the expense of the contents of the sugar basin. This theory not being applicable to sugar and gout, however, it is probable that the first person who said that sugar caused gout was a crusty old gentleman fond of strongly spirituous wines, anxious to find an excuse for drinking them instead of the less alcoholic sweeter young ones. It is so comforting to be able to still the qualms of conscience by shifting the saddle on to the wrong horse.

While all experimental data point to the fact that alcohol and acids are the most potent exciters of uric acid formations, clinical observation has shown that the most alcoholic and acid wines are, as a rule, the chief generators of gout. Nay more, although many gouty people can indulge moderately in good

whisky with impunity, a single glass taken daily for a week will bring on an acute attack in some hereditarily predisposed individuals.

There are seven acids in vines: three natural—tartaric, malic, and tannic; and four developed by fermentation—carbonic, acetic, formic, and succinic.

Acetic acid is so powerful a producer of gout that the vinegar in a salad or a mint sauce will suffice to bring on an attack in some constitutionally predisposed individuals, in the same way, and for a precisely similar reason, as a glass or two of the acid *très sec* or *brut* champagnes do.

The value of a champagne, like the value of other wines, does not depend so much on alcoholic strength as on delicacy of flavor. For while alcoholic strength can be given to the poorest wine by merely adding spirits to it, the delectable bouquets derived from the grape cannot be got out of any of champagne's usual adulterants—namely, apple, rhubarb, plum, gooseberry, or tomato-juice—ferment them as you may.

Young men who prefer strength to flavor not only sometimes add brandy to champagne, but even drink it iced in the coldest weather. They do not know that it requires a temperature of 66 Fahr. to bring out in perfection the more delicate of the vinous aromas of sparkling wines. Lord Palmerston was about right when he said that he "looked upon the person who boasted that he liked *brut* champagne as either a fop or a fool." The French *cognoscente*, who knows a great deal more about champagne than we do, values it in proportion to its softness and bouquet, in exactly the same way as the *bon vivant* German appreciates his Rhein wines according to their *geschmack* and *wohlgeruch*, and gives prices for them which makes Englishmen open their eyes with surprise. Many labor under the delusion that all the best wines come to England; which, though perhaps true as regards port and sherry, is very far from being the truth as regards either French or German wines.

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CYCLING IN THE DESERT.

BY D. G. HOGARTH.

WHEN the Six Days were finished, say the Bedawin, and the Creator was composing Himself to sleep, a Man stood before Him, and said: "Thou hast apportioned this to one folk and that to another, but to us what? for, lo! we are still in the Desert." And Allah looked down on His new-made world, and saw that the Man spoke truly; for, indeed, He had forgotten one people. But being over-weary, and little disposed to disturb His order, He replied: "Behold, I give you nothing for your own, but whatsoever is the portion of other men that ye shall take when and where ye can." And Allah rested from the work of Creation, and to this day the Bedawin remain in the Desert, taking from other men what and where they may.

I repeated this ingenuous myth to an amateur Bedawi, who had protested with some heat that to take a bicycle into the Desert was wantonly to outrage its immemorial inhabitants. I begged along *toto calo*. These unsatisfactory odd-men-out of Creation had no more claim to the exclusive use of the Desert than myself. Whereupon, my sentimental salvation being manifestly past praying for, the objector fell back on contempt of an inexperience which could contemplate wheeling through the shifting sands. Now this was solid argument of fact. Had the objector tried himself? Heaven forbid! he was no bicyclist! Well, no more had I tried, but in my time I had journeyed along some main camel-tracks, for example the Palestine road, and noted that often a soft rock lies but an inch or two below the sand, and that where many spongy-footed beasts have passed, the path is at least as hard and as even as a close-cropped English lawn. Nor is the Desert, by any means, all sand. It has broad tracks of overlying shingle, and much out-cropping rock, and vast salt pans whose beds are encrusted with a hard deposit of glittering flakes. After all one could but fail, and I could plead better motive for risking the failure than a mere wish to do what no

one else had done. For a party of us were about to camp some miles out into the Fayûm Desert to dig in the remains of an old town, and whether to fetch money or mails, whether to prospect the neighborhood or to watch scattered diggers in distant tombs, some means of locomotion would be needed other than our own feet. It was not probable that we should be able readily to procure water or fodder enough for horses or donkeys, while as for the camel—the fast dromedary is a very costly beast and a sore temptation to nightly thieves, and the common hack of burden assuredly the slowest, most vexatious, most ineffably wearisome beast that ever man has elected to bestride! Faster than any dromedary, more manageable than the horse, needing neither to be watched nor to be fed, the bicycle suggested itself, and the bicycle in the event I rode.

At the Cairo railway station amusement was general. Bicycles had become common objects enough in the streets of the Ismailia Quarter, pashas were skimming about the Ghezireh Gardens, and even the native police were mounted on wheels, but as yet no one thought of taking "iron donkeys," into Upper Egypt. "*Qu'est ce qu'on va faire avec ça au Fayûm!*" sneered a smart *turbush*, as I disentangled an Arab porter from the spokes. He had been running the wheeled thing deviously toward the van, when lo! it had turned back on him—so he explained. In the end it did not go in the van at all, chiefly because of the reluctance of the guard to make accommodation. Perhaps he thought it an uncanny fellow passenger, perhaps he wished to be no more partner than he could avoid to such a farce as taking a bicycle to the Fayûm. So although it had been weighed—weighed first alone, then, fraud being suspected, weighed with me, then put aside while I myself was weighed alone and my personal kilos were deducted from the total—weighed, I say, and registered, and committed to the keeping of the

chef du train, it travelled nevertheless in a first-class compartment with myself, and all my other registered baggage as well—for what, said the official, was the use of putting one thing here, and another there?

From the moment of arrival at Medinet until three months later we left the district, that bicycle was a chief joy of the brown Fayûnis. The *fantasia* began at the railway station, where, as always in the East (where railways are), loafers do mostly congregate. A surging mob swept the mild-mannered constable through the doorway, and out into the street shouting rapturously "Ride, ride, O *howâgar*!"—untranslatable term of mingled respect and contempt applied to Europeans. Ride I did, and the shouts soon died away behind me, but catastrophes happened on all sides. Gasping women dropped their head burdens, children, riding buffaloes, found themselves suddenly on mother earth, and more than one camel, having tumultuously rid himself of his load, had to be adjured wildly by Allah and by his Prophet not to seek a watery grave in the Bahr Yusuf. But the merry *fellahin* took these little accidents kindly, and, neither then nor afterward, were other than delighted with the foot-wagon"—except on two occasions. Both of these chanced in the holy month Ramadân, when the body is weak with fasting, and the spirit strong and irritable. I was riding in the lawless north-eastern corner of the Fayûm, where a dyke-road bends at right-angles round a village, when among the huts and palm-trees I perceived a crowd of boys and young men cutting across the corner and picking up something as they ran. Fortunately the path was hard and the wind astern, and I rushed past the leaders just as they gained the road. A few spent stones trundled by me, a few curses came down the wind, and I was far out of their reach. I had the village *sheikh* warned subsequently, but perhaps not much harm was meant. Some woman, expectant of motherhood, may have complained that her hopes were blasted by the sight of the devil's carriage—such is the commonest charge made against Frank inven-

tions. In the East, as in the West, *cherchez la femme*!

A week or two later I chanced to come from the west into the chief town, Medinet, still in the holy month, on a Friday, at the hour of mid-day prayer. The devout Moslems were squatting in orderly rows in the streets, listening to recitation and exposition, and it occurred to me, finding the bazaar mostly closed and void, to ride right through its covered galleries rather than take a longer route round the town. The experiment was successful, for I passed out to the *riva* of the Bahr Yusuf without once dismounting, but not without being spat upon and cursed for a son of a Nazarene and worse; and I only hope that my lot in another world is not to be influenced by the wishes expressed that morning by the men of Medinet!

For the rest, it was all good humor. A little mockery of the pedalling feet, a huge joy when a sandy tract proved too much for the wheel. As time went on, the "iron donkey" came to be waited for in villages on the Tamiya road, and water-carrying, shepherding, ploughing, and threshing were deserted equally for the delights of racing the *howâgar*. The rogues would range themselves in line just where a deep or stony bit began, and painfully I had to plough along, a prey to their vociferous triumph, until suddenly the surface would harden, the wheel cease to drag, and the situation be saved at fifteen miles an hour.

Gliding over the undulations of the Fayûm dyke-roads, and threading the garbage of its village streets, I formulated certain laws which may be commended to the cycling community in Egypt. *Item*, it is worse than useless to sound bell or horn when peasants are in the road. Muffled as to his ears, and incredibly slow in interpreting sense-impressions, the *fellah* mostly turns too late, or wavers irresolute in the narrowest of the path. *Item*, give camels a wide berth, especially if loaded with anything lengthy, such as stakes or *dhouira* straw; for if you ride close you are only too likely to find your shattered self and your shattered bicycle, after an inappreciable interval,

in the adjacent canal. *Item*, give a yet wider berth to a vagrant buffalo calf. *Item*, give the widest berth of all to the leggy inconsequent Egyptian hen.

These rules borne in mind, progress is easy enough on the camel-paths, if dust and sand do not lie more than a couple of inches deep upon the firm surface; and the times that you make will be incomparably less over long distances than any four-footed Egyptian beast can accomplish. The seven hours that lay between our camp and Medinet—five miles of sheer desert, three of desert half reclaimed, some sixteen of dyke-road, in two places impracticable on account of sand—I could cover without great exertion in two hours and a half, the wind blowing across, west to east, as it will blow nine winter days out of ten in Egypt. And how vastly better entertainment is such a ride than hours spent on the backbone of a *fellah's* donkey, little larger than a large dog, or in enduring the primeval contempt of the "ship of the desert!"

It was not on the dyke-roads, however, so much as in the open Desert that I used my novel steed. There it ran over all sorts and conditions of ground; over pebbly stretches, where the round stones sink into their soft sand couch beneath the tire, over dust laid lightly on the native rock, through wind-blown sand-waves, if ridden slowly and held very straight, and at racing pace on the salt pans or hard, clayey deposit in the beds of torrent courses. Given a wind not directly adverse, nothing stopped the wheel altogether except loose sand laid deep, in which it "skidded" as in mud, or soil impregnated with alkali, where a treacherous film overlies a consistency of soft soap. Little by little I came to know by gentle grades of color what the going would prove ahead, and, turning this way and that, could often continue for mile after mile without needing to dismount, while camels that had started with me dropped painfully below the horizon.

In particular I made one long and somewhat foolhardy ride. It was toward the close of last January after six weeks' experience of Desert cycling. We were encamped in the Waste some

five miles, as the crow flies, above the northernmost of the Fayûm villages, Tamiya, and, having occasion to go to Cairo, I bethought me of a direct track called the Thieves' Road, which strikes up northeastward across the Desert, and after a course of some forty miles debouches into the Nile valley between the Pyramids of Saqqâra and Dahshûr. Of old much lifted cattle, paying toll of their number to the Waste all along the road, used to be hurried by this route to the Cairo mart; and honestly gotten herds still start from the Fayûm at noon, and, resting in a salt hollow some four hours south of Dahshûr, reach Cairo at evening of the second day. Could a bicycle go by this road? An Englishman who had ridden to Saqqâra on camel-back reported it all splendid travelling. The slave-trade scouts at Tamiya and the Desert police, who swooped down one day, thinking us to be digging for contraband salt, said it was soft and deep. Certain Bedawin of our own camp, familiar with the sight of the bicycle on the sands, averred that though the road was not good going, it was not therefore impassable, but that, if I went alone, of a surety I should be robbed. I ventured to believe their statement of fact, and chance the fulfilment of their prophecy, and overnight, having packed a valise, put my "Beeston-Humber" into as good trim as much previous desert travelling and frequent exposure to sand-storms would allow.

After weeks of southwesterly gales the morning broke still and overcast, promising one of those doubtful days of the Egyptian winter, which often bring up sand-storms after noon. The faithful Bedawin saw me preparing to start, and consulting, came up to lodge emphatic protest. "It is a bad road, and no man goes in the Desert alone," said they. But I believed less in robbers and more in the immunity of the Briton, especially if mounted on so uncanny a steed as a bicycle. "Is it bad because the sand is deep?" "The sand is deep—" said they. "Then, if it is all deep," I replied, "I shall come back." "He will be back within the hour," they muttered, squatting down again content. I took a revolver (use-

less encumbrance!) and a water-flask and rode away.

For some four miles I knew the track. It dropped from the gravelly ridge on which our tents were pitched, and struck northeastward over a flat stony stretch to cliffs which once bounded hereabouts the limit of cultivation in the Fayûm. Beyond these a soft slope led up to the first plateau of the true Desert, and, that climbed, I should be in the Unknown. I came up to the crown of the slope after half-an-hour's alternate riding and walking, very hot and none too hopeful, and, looking back, espied on the mound beside our camp a white speck, one of the Bedawin watching for my return. And for a time it seemed as if he would not have to watch long. The slope and a light wind were both adverse, and the sun was beginning to emerge fiercely from the melting clouds. All the plateau seemed deep in loose gray sand, divided here and there by knife-edges of rock, the cosmic bones, as it were, breaking through. The chain which divides the Fayûm basin from the Nile Valley rose far to the eastward, and equally far to the west groups of tumbled hillocks opened to admit a glimpse of the Lake. But for the remembrance of that white watching speck I must have thrown up the game after two miles; for these had to be walked every inch, though I made many and most heating attempts to sit my "skidding" steed. At last, un-
hoped-for joy! occurred an outcrop of clayey rock, and new hope dawned. Though the slope increased against me and the breeze freshened as I neared a chain of rocky hills, which bounded the view to the north, the going grew better and better. I kept high up to the left of my guide the deeply indented cattle-track, which showed far on into the distance, a yellow band on the brown monotone, and now and again I seemed to descry human figures waiting by the roadside, but always they were turned to pillars of rock ere I came by. Rapidly little defile succeeded to little defile until many miles had fallen behind me, and I began to feel to the full the oppressive stillness of the Desert, that embryonic effort of creation, on which flesh has never come

up. One must go, as I had done, quite alone, far out of sight of the sharp edge of the green lands, to realize its utter death. There is surely no such silence, even on the ice-fields of the Pole, and little by little it instils a vague uneasiness into the brain, such a disquieting dread as might creep over a man contemplating a landscape in the moon.

Neither there nor elsewhere, until I reached Dahshûr, did I see a living thing, man, beast, or bird. If, indeed, there were marauding Bedawin watching the road that day, they elected to leave unmolested so strange an object. In any case, I was suffered to pass on my solitary way, winding among the groups of hillocks whose undercut, striated flanks bore eloquent witness to the sand storms which now and again sweep through them. The occurrence of such a storm was what I had most to fear, for how afterward should I find my path? Sunstroke, also, or a mishap to the bicycle were possible evils of less moment, but formidable enough; and to add to these was the chance of robbers. It began to be borne in upon me with more insistence than was pleasant that the Bedawi's word was true, "No man should go alone in the Desert."

At last—and I must have traversed nearly half my road—I seemed to reach a watershed, but still looked ahead in vain for a glimpse of palms or pyramids. The prospect was changed indeed, but not for the better. At my feet the ground fell away to a broad sandy basin, and beyond that rose again to hills as high as those on which I stood. What good after all in laboring on? It would be a little ignominious to return, but it would be done in two hours. To proceed might be a matter of ten, perhaps of more. My mind was made up, but I cast a last look round the basin. A sharp triangular point arrested my eye among the jagged summits on the north. A second look, and the first impression was confirmed that this was no mountain-peak like the rest. Nature does not hew her hill-tops quite so clean. It could be nothing else than the apex of a pyramid, one of the royal tombs of Dahshûr.

All thought of return was banished on the instant by that triangle. What

I could see I could reach. I skimmed down the hill and found the basin more firm of surface than its color had promised, and for further comfort could note the eastern trend of the dry water-courses, for, at the worst, those would lead me to the cultivated lands. The basin proved, however, quite heavy and hot enough. Thirst began to recur persistently as I mounted and dismounted and mounted again, and the water had sunk very low in my flask before I gained the crest of the northern rim, and saw with joy, that, although the pyramid had come no nearer, there showed a glimpse of palm tops far away in the northeast. In front stretched another basin with water glistening in its lowest hollow and all its surface alkaline mud cracked with sun rays, or churned up by driven cattle during recent rains. Bad going this at best, for now the tires skidded on grease, now every part of the machine was jarred by lumps and holes; but, assured of my direction by the point of the pyramid, I ventured presently to lose the cattle track and strike over the lateral spurs. Often these were too steep to ride up, but never too steep to ride down, and at no despicable pace I skirted round the basin, and, having attained to the brow of the ridge beyond it, saw for the first time my pyramid to its base. A second triangle had sprung up on the left, and still to the left another, which, misty though the air had become, I could identify with the famous Step Pyramid at Saqqára. But all were still some miles away. The desert landscape had changed from hill-girt basins to a succession of billowy ridges, declining gently toward the Nile, and up each soft face I toiled to be rewarded by a delirious rush down the farther side and across the sandy intervening hollow and far up the next ascent. There was so little variety that minutes seemed hours, and I could hardly believe that my watch was not recording falsely, when at length I was stretched under the cool northern face of the first pyramid. A glance at the sun, however, vindicated the dial: from the camp to my resting-place, I had come in three and a quarter hours.

It will be long before I forget the joy of lying in that shade, serenely sure that the worst of the road was past, and that I could not fail to carry the venture through. And the view was so superb! Below me all the Nile Valley faded away beyond the familiar outline of Mokattam into the indefinite Delta. In all the middle distance lay the wonderful medley of the Memphite city of the dead, in which stood out above all other pyramids and *mastabas* the mysterious Step Pyramid which has exercised so much perverse ingenuity and addled so many brains. Westward rose ridge on ridge the slopes of the High Desert. A flock of goats began to pick their way over the nearest brow, followed presently by two Bedawi boys. I was just about to remount; they looked my way, hustled their charges together and disappeared incontinently. The pebbly plateau, which continues to within a little of Saqqára, afforded me better going than I had found yet—perhaps the improvement was in myself rather than the ground. Then ensued a toilsome interval of shifting sand and broken ground in the rifled necropolis, and shortly after mid-day I descended, a most unlooked-for apparition, on the clamorous crowd of parasites that besets the doorway of Mariette's house in Saqqára.

Two parties of Americans were lunching silently. Their well filled tables stirred my dormant hunger, and seeking out the old Sheikh, I begged a little food. By all laws of Bedawi hospitality he should have given bread and water at least without demur, but such laws lose their sanction among the degraded Arabs of the Pyramids. "This is no city," he said, shortly, "for you to ask and find food!" "But am I to come from the Fayûm—" I began. The Sheikh cut me short in amazement. "From the Fayûm? the *Fayûm*? When? How? Alone? Riding what?" I pointed to my sand-clogged steed. "And how long on the road?" he continued, when sufficiently recovered. "Four hours and a quarter." No adjuration came to the assistance of the old man, but he sent at once for bread, cheese, and water; and a dragoman, more considerate than his masters,

handed me the two most ambrosial oranges that I have ever eaten, or ever shall eat this side the grave!

Half an hour later I was descending the beggar-haunted dyke which leads to the railway at Bedrashin. To judge by the faces and words of the donkey-boys on the road and of the tillers in the fields, mine was here also the first bicycle. But how different from the good-humored chaff of the Fayûmi sounded the insulting jeers and the professional whines on this tourist track! Let no sightseer in Egypt abuse the class of Arab that pesters him wherever the steamers stop, for it is he himself that, with his indiscriminate largess and his foolish sentiment, has made them even as they are.

The forty miles over rock and sand had well-nigh worn me out, and, in common prudence, I should have waited for the evening train at Bedrashin. But four hours seemed very long to stay in a Greek wineshop, and after two glasses of *mastica* I asked for the Cairo road. The Greek for all answer pointed to the railway track. There was the foot road and the riding road. What else did I want? No one knew

any other way, so, without more ado, I put the bicycle between the rails and set my face northward against a stiff breeze. The going was very fair, now on one side, now the other, the iron sleepers being well covered, but the most shifting sands of the Desert would have been less irksome than the eternal perspective of those steel parallels! The one diversion was supplied by a locomotive, painfully dragging an endless file of freight wagons. It began to slow down and whistle at me from a distance of half a mile, and finally pulled up altogether ere I passed, apparently in doubt which side I should elect to take—or was it the driver's curiosity? What with the monotony, what with the pitiless persistence of the head wind, I was going very slowly when I came up with the smart dog-carts on the Kasr el Nil bridge, and, hot though the air was, my hands and feet were growing chill and numb. I doubt if I could have kept upright another half mile, and in the event it was many days before I ceased to feel the effects of six and a half hours' ride.—*National Review.*

A POLITICIAN'S ROMANCE.

BY R. C. SAVAGE.

RACHEL NEIL sat idle in her old-fashioned room in a quiet street—one of the few streets left in London where the houses date back to the early part of the eighteenth century, and witness silently to the deterioration of taste in building. Her rooms were at the top, and over a high stone wall on the other side of the road she could see a little garden where three trees made a brave show in summer, and stirred memories of the garden in Ireland where she had wondered and worshipped as a child, now lost forever. The room was rather like a cottage, but a cottage glorified. For too often the peasantry of to-day hang almanacs from the grocer of the nearest town, who advertises his teas at Christmastime by a crude chromo of some royalty, on their panelled walls, or mourning cards which, ad-

mirable as tributes to the wealth of the humble family in bereavements are yet unsuitable as adornments of the walls of antiquity. Now Rachel had a perfect sense of what was due to her sloping floor, wood panelling and formal Queen Anne window panes. Her furniture was old and plain, and her few prints matched it. They would not have stirred the envy of a collector, but they looked well enough in their old frames on the uneven walls, painted a warm red, which made a good background for Rachel's shining hair. That hair was her peculiar glory, and was almost an enemy to her well-featured earnest face, since no one could remember afterward what was the color of her eyes, or the shape of her nose, or if her mouth were a good or bad one. They only talked according to

their several ability of her hair. In sober truth it was as if nature had played the spider when Rachel came into the world, and had woven a mesh about her head to snare the sunlight of God and the souls of men "faster than gnats in cobwebs." And one of the gnats was Bellersham. It was by the merest chance that Rachel had met him, for the world in which a brilliant politician of Cabinet rank moves was a barred world to her. She lived alone and worked for her living. Her family had never been one of any distinction in the past, unless it is distinguished to have lived in poverty for many centuries on the same plot of ground. No Neil had ever been heard of in history. None of them had won lustre for their name by a good marriage, and Rachel's father was not guilty of a *mésalliance* contrary to the traditions of his house, when he married a Jewish woman of great beauty but of parentage which did not invite scrutiny. Miriam Chaim gloried in being a Jewess, and never lost in her Irish home a spirit of rebellion against Christians and the West, in which after a time Hugh Neil was scornfully included. The weak, good tempered Irishman soon found that he had bound himself to a firebrand, a woman imbued with an uncanny mediæval hatred of the powers which had made her people a degenerate race, and persecuted them through all the centuries. The poor brand soon burnt itself out, leaving Rachel as a spark to show it had been, and Hugh Neil married again, a Dublin girl, middle-class to her fingertips, who persuaded him to sell the tumble-down barn in Clare, and brought him a tribe of little Neils as the years went on. Then Rachel thought it was time to go out into the world. With the sale of Clandebarrow she seemed to lose her father, who was absorbed henceforth in the second Mrs. Neil's schemes—the brewery in Dublin, the villa in Kingstown—and forgot the windswept churchyard in stony Clare, where the wild daughter of the Hebrews lay buried. But that all happened a long while ago, and Rachel had been in London some years, struggling for success in the literary game at which there are too many players

nowadays, when Bellersham was introduced to her at an evening party at Lady Egeria Wyndham's. Lady Egeria dabbled in literature herself, and was pleased sometimes to patronize the workers. Still Rachel would never have been asked to this particular party if Lady Egeria had not wanted her hair for the "Living Pictures" she was getting up (shrewdly taking a leaf out of the book of the music-halls) to amuse her guests. Bellersham's marked admiration of her *protégée* that night disturbed her, and as the weeks went on, and she suspected that he contrived to meet her elsewhere, she felt it her duty to warn Rachel.

"She mustn't have her head turned by Cecil Bellersham," she thought, "and Cecil Bellersham mustn't be distracted from Maud Scarisbrick."

"We hardly ever see Mr. Bellersham now," said Lady Randlemere one day when Rachel was having tea with Lady Egeria. Lady Randlemere was a funny old frump, chiefly famed for her bonnets, which always looked for all the world like jocund turbans. "When he is not at the House, where is he? Randlemere says he can never find him disengaged, yet people tell me they don't meet him anywhere." Now Lady Egeria noticed Rachel's flush at the mention of Bellersham's name, the sudden moistness of her blue eyes and a tell-tale curve about her lips which would have been a smile had it dared. So she rattled off:

"Oh, he is in immense request, Julia, especially among the women! You and I are quiet people, you know, and don't run about to the slap-dash smart functions where his butterfly propensities take him. I hear he has two or three flirtations on hand, but he can't make up his mind which lady he adores most any more than he can settle which party he will eventually lead. He is so undependable. If he doesn't get steadier, and if he doesn't marry the right woman, he won't be in the next Conservative Cabinet." And then Lady Egeria adroitly led the conversation on to political matters, feeling, though she never looked at Rachel, that her shaft had gone home. That was yesterday, and to-day poor Rachel, who was all too morbidly alive

to Lady Egeria's innuendo, was waiting with a curious pain at her heart for Bellersham to come from the House, as he did almost daily, to have tea with her.

The waiting was a dreary business. Try as she would, she could not drive out a feeling of distrust. Was it true? Did Bellersham go from her to other women of more brilliant position and greater beauty and make them the confidences which she had dreamed were her inviolately solitary possession? He had told her once he could not take politics seriously. Perhaps he could not take friendship seriously either. Perhaps—Rachel's cheeks burned as she heard his step on the stairs—he was amusing himself, and would throw her aside when she had ceased to interest him.

"Dear, I am late," said Bellersham, and he kissed her flushed face. It was not the first time, but to-day it exasperated her.

"Don't kiss me," she cried almost angrily, "I thought your foible was originality, and it is certainly not original. You have often told me that what every one does is on the face of it to be avoided."

Bellersham looked at her curiously. He was too astute an observer not to see at once that something had troubled her, and put her on her guard. It annoyed him, for hitherto nothing had been more delightful to him than the simple, child-like way in which she had accepted his affection. She had never coquetted with him, and there had not been a shade of self-conscious embarrassment in her manner, when he had talked to her in the language of a lover.

"Rachel, you are vexed," he said quietly.

"I did not know it," answered Rachel, making herself very busy with the tea-things. "I suppose I have a right to be cynical sometimes. You often are, yet I don't assume you are out of temper because of it."

"All the same," said Bellersham, "I know something has troubled you. Why do you try to keep it from me? Is it a flash of the marvellous spirit which makes you turn a brave face to the world when you are harassed? But I am not the world. I want to

help you in your difficulties and sympathize with your sorrows. I hoped you would always confide in me. There is nothing I would not do for you!"

"That stock phrase!" exclaimed Rachel scornfully. "How much it says, how little it means! A man uses it to every woman to whom he wishes to be agreeable, but he would be very sorry if any one of them took him at his word. Keep that sentence for your other friends, who are sensible enough to know it means nothing. I am different and can't play at the game of high-sounding compliments. I tell you plainly that when you say there is nothing you would not do for me, I don't believe you! If I were to put you to the test!"

There was passion in Rachel's voice, her eyes were bright, and it was easy to see that the bitter contempt she affected was only a thin disguise of love. When she had finished speaking she went abruptly to the window and opened it, letting in the warm summer rain.

Bellersham got up and put his hand on her shoulder.

"You are wrong, Rachel. I don't use empty words to you. Do you know why?"

Rachel stirred uneasily under his hand, like a fretful child.

"Because," Bellersham went on eagerly, "you are the one woman in the world I love. I could not degrade my feeling for you by elaborate and meaningless compliments. Since I have known you all things and people have become insignificant and unreal. The political career which they say lies before me, but they overrate my capacities, might be snatched from me to-morrow—I should not care, if I had you. I despise all the pleasures which once tickled my appetite. The pleasure your companionship gives me, belittles them. Your friendship is the only possession for which I care a straw!"

Rachel's heart beat loud and fast. She was conscious of a sudden feeling of helplessness, as if she were drifting without sail or rudder on the fierce sea of Bellersham's emotion. She saw he was in earnest, yet she tried to doubt it.

"Don't talk rashly," she murmured,

with a great effort at self-repression. "It is cruel to me."

"Cruel!" cried Bellersham. "Call it cruel or what name you please, but it is true—I am not excited—I am only giving expression to the experience of months—I worship you!"

He was conscious this was banal, and though he was feeling deeply he stopped to condemn it. It is a humiliating fact, but love is a great leveller. A clever man finds himself on the same footing as a dull one for once.

"Oh, I have been so happy," said Rachel, overpowered by his vehemence. "Your friendship has been the only sweetness I have known since I was a child, and now it has come to an end. Yes, it must end, for it will be dangerous, now it is dishonored by passion. Your words cannot be unsaid. You must not come here again."

She stopped abruptly, for she felt if she said another word she would burst into tears. She had spoken quite truthfully. The idea that Bellersham could marry her had never entered her head at all, and mingled with the joy his confession of love had given her, was a sense of degradation. Gossip was forever assigning him this wife or that, and society paragraphs had gone so far as to formally announce his engagement to the daughter of the leader of the Conservative party, Lord Scarisbrick. Rachel had grown accustomed to look on Bellersham as a friend, and even when Lady Egeria had stirred up jealousy in her heart her point of view had not shifted. She had convinced herself that it was his friendship she was jealous of, not his love. To Bellersham her words were inexplicable. He thought they were in bad taste, and disliked their taint of exaggeration.

"I don't understand you, Rachel," he said quietly, "why talk melodramatically about dishonor? Of course, knowing me as you do, you can't mean what you have just said."

"I mean," interrupted Rachel grandiloquently, not daring however to look at his face, "that I believed a friendship between a man and a woman was possible, and that to-day I have learned I was wrong. It is a dreadful disappointment that ours should end, as people have warned me such friend-

ships always do, with the woman's degradation."

"My dear child," said Bellersham, trampling on his irritation, "you must be extraordinarily wrong-headed to see anything degrading in this. Or else I am a terrible blunderer. If there had been anything to make it impossible for me to marry you, anything which would have made it dishonoring for you to listen to my love, I should have kept silent, at all costs. A devotion like mine is not ended in an hour, Rachel. If you don't want to be my wife, you must still have my friendship, whether you like it or not, and you may be sure that I shall not renew any protestations of love. I was betrayed into telling the truth by a look of yours which made me dream you loved me. If that was presumptuous, forget the betrayal. But don't talk about our intercourse ending—don't deny me the delightful hours which you alone can give me, which prevent my life being all dust and red tape. I tell you my happiness depends on you."

"Dare I believe you?" said Rachel with flaming cheeks. Her powers of restraint reeled and she held out her arms. How often they had withered with emptiness! And now a world of splendor seemed to fill them as Bellersham drew her close.

"People will say you have married beneath you," she said hesitatingly.

"The people who will say that are not worth a thought," answered Bellersham with a glad laugh as he looked at the beautiful passionate face. "They would be dullards indeed, who, having seen you, did not recognize that you were one of the world's blood-royal."

"Ah—now you give me confidence! When you talk like that I become what you think me, and I am afraid of nothing. Oh, how lame! I want to say something you will remember."

"People never do say anything worth remembering when they are in love," Bellersham said, "so don't try. I shall always remember how you looked, and how your wonderful hair felt. There is more in that than in well-turned sentences."

"But if you feel great things, you like to express them well," Rachel objected. "I was just having rather a

grand sweeping feeling about riding on the wind, and conquering the stars which have fought against me so long."

"This comes of writing verse!" said Bellersham mischievously. "Well! I'll remember your wind and stars. There is something like them in you."

II.

Rachel was not happy even during the first fortnight of her engagement to Bellersham. She was passionately and absurdly jealous of the part of his life of which she knew nothing. Because she would not, or could not, understand the gravity of the political situation, she resented Bellersham's being at the House oftener than he was with her. She reproached him with coldness because he only found time to send brief notes in answer to her daily outpourings of all that was in her heart. It was natural to her to put no constraint upon her feelings or upon the expression of them, and because she had some poetic power she could not help showing talent in these wild letters, but she showed as well a relaxed self-abandonment which jarred on Bellersham's reticent nature. He sympathized deeply with her intellectual passion for the beautiful, to the reality of which some of her verse testified. It almost annoyed him to see it overgrown by a sensuous and sentimental passion for him. The very fact that she had character and ability made Bellersham dislike all the more her writing and talking as a weakling who was listless and unhappy all the hours which were not spent with him. He felt that the interests which had cheered her life before he came into it could not have been swept away in a few days. He remonstrated with her when she said she should never write again, and then she cried out that his love for her was a toy to play with when he was idle, while hers was her life itself. Against the flint of his reasonableness poor misguided Rachel scraped her sensitive skin again, and again.

"Have you told Lady Egeria you are going to marry me?" she asked suddenly one day when Bellersham was advising her more strongly than usual not to give up journalism.

"No," Bellersham answered quietly.

"From a political point of view it is unadvisable just now."

In a minute Rachel's hot jealousy was up in arms.

"How can I help hating politics," she said bitterly. "You are forever making them the excuse for treating me badly. I cannot see why they should prevent your telling an old friend that you are engaged. I often see Lady Egeria, and her inquisitive face when you are mentioned exasperates me! I am no diplomat, Cecil, and I can't pretend I don't see you. She worms it out of me, and then insults me by suggesting that it is 'not proper.'"

Rachel laughed, a hard little laugh, which touched Bellersham, and he repressed the sharp answer which he had thought for a minute her morbid sensitiveness deserved. She misunderstood his silence, and the tears thronged in burning battalions to her eyes.

"Why do you let me be exposed to this kind of thing," she cried out. "Is it honest and straightforward to keep our engagement secret? Women in your own rank of life would not submit to it. Why should I, because I am poor and unknown?"

Bellersham's lips trembled. Every scene of this kind with the woman he loved left its mark. He recognized with something like despair that a chasm of misunderstanding yawned between them, and that he was powerless to bridge it. He had laughed at her, reasoned with her, scolded her—all three courses had failed. If Rachel had not been absorbed in her own diseased fancies, she would have noticed the change which came over his face at her wild words. For a long time he stood motionless in front of the window, staring at the trees opposite. The silence of the quiet street was marked, not broken by the persevering twitter of the sparrows, and the distant hum of the busy life of a great city. At last he drew his hand across his forehead as though he were dreaming, and wanted to wake.

"You hurt me by not trusting me," he said wearily; "but you hurt yourself the most. Where there is no trust explanations do no good, and you will not understand this one, if you cannot

identify yourself with my work and my ambitions."

All tone had gone out of the voice which sometimes recalled the mellow fulness of a clarionet.

"I can," Rachel said sullenly, with her face still turned away; "but I want you to love me above your work, above your life, above all things."

"Instead, I love you *in* all things, which is better, Rachel, dear; that is the love which is made of stuff which endures."

She came toward him, and knelt at his feet, burying her head on his knee. For one moment she was overwhelmed by a passion of remorse for having unreasonably doubted him. Bellersham felt the change in her mood, and went on:

"Lady Egeria is admittedly the biggest gossip in London. If I told her about our engagement it would involve making it public. It is not diplomatic to do that until the autumn. It is difficult for you to follow the tortuous labyrinth of political connections, but I think I can make this clear without burdensome detail. Lord Scarisbrick will undoubtedly form the next Government, if the Conservatives come in again after the dissolution in the autumn. He is favorably disposed toward me, and there seems no doubt that he will offer me something in the Cabinet. Possibly I might go to the Home Office, although the old Tory stagers would be indignant. So far it is all political. Now this is where my private life comes in, and where *you* come in. Scarisbrick has a daughter, a wild young woman of the new school. He has got it into his head that it would be very suitable and appropriate if I married her. Unfortunately a princess with golden locks" (here Bellersham stooped and kissed Rachel's bowed head fondly) "holds me in thrall. Besides I know Maud Scarisbrick well, and she doesn't care twopence about me. She is practically engaged to Dingwall—"

"Dingwall, the novelist!" interrupted Rachel, looking up for the first time, her blue eyes shining. "Oh, Cecil, is he as splendid as his books?"

"Well, I always want a glossary for both," Bellersham answered, laugh-

ing; "if to be absolutely unintelligible is splendid, Dingwall is very splendid indeed. Scarisbrick is a bit of a martinet. He will be angry anyhow at his daughter not marrying as he wishes, but if he hears that I am engaged before he knows *she* is engaged, he will vent his disappointment on me. There are private eddies within the political eddies. My chances of office are small indeed if I offend Scarisbrick, who is about the only man who believes in me. Dear, I am sorry to bother your unpolitical mind with such a long story, but it is best you should be in my confidence, and know exactly why I do not tell the whole world at once that I am going to marry you next spring. Scarisbrick must believe that the blow to his hopes comes from Maud, not from me."

"I hope you hate her," cried Rachel vehemently. She remembered having seen Maud Scarisbrick at Lady Egeria's, and the memory was of beauty, and wit, and vivacity.

"Oh, dear no!" Bellersham answered lightly. "Maud and I are excellent friends, she is my political adviser."

This was the most ill-advised thing Bellersham could have said to Rachel, who was incapable of understanding politics at all, and who morbidly construed these words as a reflection on her. She said nothing at the time, but day by day she nursed her jealousy of his political life in which his "excellent friend," that other woman, could advise him, and of which she knew nothing. She had gloried in her ignorance at one time, and had begged Bellersham not to talk about politics, as she did not know the difference between a Liberal and a Conservative. With admirable inconsistency she was hurt and angry now that he never mentioned them. No doubt he would have done so at once if she had asked him, but she was foolishly proud and would not.

On the 20th of July it was Rachel's birthday, and Bellersham has made a point of coming to see her in the afternoon, although every moment of that day was important for him to be at the House. She was in a singularly sweet and winning mood, and not a remote discord sounded in their talk

until Bellersham got up and looked anxiously at his watch. Rachel's old clock was beautiful, but untrustworthy. "Good-bye, dear heart," he said, with real regret in his voice, "I must go now."

"Go!" cried Rachel, with exaggerated emphasis. "Go on my birthday! Oh, Cecil, you can't, you promised to dine with me somewhere and take me to a play. It will be cruel if you disappoint me."

"I ought to go back to the House," said Bellersham uneasily.

"The House! The House!" Rachel stamped her foot. "On the day you asked me to marry you, you said, 'There is nothing in the world I would not do for you.' It strikes me there is nothing you *would* do, if these wretched politics interfered."

"These wretched politics," said Bellersham sternly, and his face had grown pale, as hers flushed into passion, "are my career. I am not a man to use high-sounding phrases about ambition, but I am anxious to use every opportunity I have of getting on. I am thirty-seven and I have trilled away too much time already. This night is an important one in my life. It is for you to choose whether it works me good or harm."

"Don't talk so coldly, Cecil," Rachel said pleadingly. "Tell me about to-night."

"I am bound to be back at eight because we fancy the opposition mean to try and close the debate and snatch a division. Lord William Hunting will speak as long as he can, but there is no one to follow him if I am not there. If the opposition conspire to be silent the debate will collapse and the Government will be beaten."

"What then?" asked Rachel.

Bellersham looked at her to see if she were acting. But apparently the question was asked quite ingenuously.

"You are a clever woman, Rachel. Unless I am explaining very badly you must understand. If we are beaten to-night, although it will really be the fault of the disorganization of our voting, it will be said to be mine. As it is, my undependableness is a byword, and this will be the finishing stroke.

It might take me years to regain people's confidence."

"It is all very dull," yawned Rachel. But this time her indifference was affected. She was greatly excited, and almost insanely anxious to test her power.

"Dull or not," said Bellersham, "it is a serious emergency."

The world of politics, of political men and political battles, of divisions, secretaries, whips and Cabinet making had seemed far off, unreal and unimportant during the last hour. Rachel and her old French songs, which she sang to a spinet whose wiry concord was her sole relic of Clandebarrow, had put him under a spell. The emotional side of his nature had forgotten in the dreamland of her music and her beauty the reality of the ambitions of public life. Her selfishness did not strike him in the presence of her overpowering attraction. As she pleaded with him for her birthday treat, the division lobby became shadowy. The sinews of his will as a man of sense and a man of honor relaxed. He began to reproach himself for having given her so few pleasures. He began to underrate the importance of his being at the House, to wonder that he had ever thought anything could signify but this woman, whose loveliness thrilled his blood, whose society was the centre of his interest, the only thing about which it was possible to care.

"Well, I'll take you to dine at the Savoy," he said at last. "It is running a dangerous risk, but rather than disappoint you—"

Rachel flung her arms round his neck. Her eyes shone like stars. She was too drunk with triumph at having got her way to have any qualms about the risk.

"I must rush home and dress," Bellersham said, feeling at that moment no qualms either. But before he was half-way down the narrow stairs he began to be troubled.

As it was there was no serious harm done, but supposing it had really been a question of ruining his career, would Rachel still have behaved like an unreasonable child?

At the Albany he was met by a note

from the senior Government whip bearing outside the alarming words "Urgent—try Brooks' and then Albany." The politician woke again, as he tore it open. "Come at once," it ran.

"We are short-handed. Hunting can't go on much longer. Division must be saved." He sat down and tried to write to Rachel to explain that from being unadvisable, it had now become impossible for him to disobey orders. But the pen, which could rattle off an article for a monthly, in an inconceivably short time, and never felt a clog on it, when it drew up the skeleton of a speech, now halted, hesitated and was lost. A second mandate came in, "If the debate collapses now, we shall be beaten. There is not a moment to be lost," and Bellersham hurried away leaving the unfinished note to Rachel lying on the table.

As he came under the shadows of Westminster, the political danger alone occupied his thoughts. Would he be in time? He sprang out of the cab and hurried along the corridor, feverishly afraid that he might hear the clatter of that ominous electric bell announcing a division. No! Hunting was still on his legs. The danger was over.

"In half-an-hour there will be plenty of our people here," whispered a conspiring whip. "Not one of the opposition will speak. You must go on, until we fill up."

Bellersham was not used to speaking to empty benches. He could have laughed as he caught the chairman's eye in the desert. At the end of the half-hour, although the subject was not one which particularly interested him, he was still speaking fluently, and was apparently unexhausted. The manœuvre of the opposition had failed, for when Bellersham sat down urgent messages had rallied the Government's scattered forces. Provincial opposition speakers had been induced to hold their peace for nothing. The division resulted in a victory for the Government. Bellersham's name was on every one's lips in the lobby. It was past ten before he could get away from congratulations. Once outside parliamentary precincts, Rachel rushed back upon his mind. It was late to go and see her.

He has always resisted the temptation of calling on her at an hour which might give rise to scandal. But the thought of the weary hours she must have spent waiting for him, with no message to explain his absence, stirred him into a remorse which overcame his scruples. For a long time he rang at her door in vain. Then at last the little servant who had admitted him often before, answered the ring. She had a candle in her hand, and had obviously huddled on her clothes again in a panic of hurry. The darkness of the hall behind her overwhelmed Bellersham with a sudden fear.

"I want to see Miss Neil on a matter of great importance," he said roughly, and he pushed past her.

It was customary for him to go up unannounced.

"She's gone away, sir," said the maid.

"Gone away! What do you mean?" shouted Bellersham. "Why I was here at seven. She was not going away then."

"No, sir," half sobbed little Ellen. She was a drudge, a true London cub, untidy, with a perpetual cold in her head, but she cherished a feeling for Rachel which had in it the elements of worship.

"Something must 'ave 'appened. She packed 'er box all in a 'urry, and I was to order a kebab, and she went off cryin'. I could see, though she pretended to be laughin' at me."

There was something in the servant's simple words which tore Bellersham's heart.

"Do you know where she's gone?" he asked in a dull voice.

"No, sir, except it was Euston she drove to."

"I will go up," said Bellersham after a silence. "She may have left a note for me."

But she had not.

When Big Ben boomed out seven, and Bellersham did not come, a fever of unrest burned in Rachel's brain and body. Roving about her tiny room, as ill-luck would have it, she was arrested by a blue book which he had left lying on the table. She opened it angrily. It represented to her his harsh Parliamentary mood. She opened it, alas!

at a page where a letter to Bellersham in a large bold hand had been used for a marker.

July 20th.

"Dearest Cissy," it ran, "of course you are coming down to Richmond to-night, to my dinner. Back on the top of a 'bus 6d. all the way. Surely you can get away from the Westminster—(the next word was illegibly written, and Rachel's jaundiced fancy construed it as "woman") for once? *Toute à toi.*"

MAUD."

Rachel sank heavily into a chair, staring wildly. It seemed to her as though her reason were palsied, for she could not steady it to think. It was a sultry night, and as the minutes wore on, and footsteps in the quiet street came out of the silence, passed her door, and went into it again, she grew physically feverish and ill. There was a noise in her ears like the tapping of a creeper on the window-pane on a gusty night. Eight o'clock! He was not coming then. She took a bit of paper and wrote a few words, but her hand trembled so violently that the lines ran together—all crooked down the page. Maud Scarisbrick's note caught her eye. Every word struck into her fevered brain like a heavy nail. A sensible woman would have thought it over, and remembered that it was entirely contrary to Bellersham's character to practise a deceit of this kind. A sensible woman would have recalled what she had heard of Maud Scarisbrick, and putting it together would have argued that she was the sort of woman who calls a dozen men her "pals," and writes in a strain of intimacy to them all. A sensible woman would have understood that some graver political emergency must have arisen, which explained Bellersham's failure to keep faith. But this was a woman who was at all times captious and unreasonable, and when her passions were inflamed, almost insane. She had lived an irresponsible life which had aggravated her natural temptation to act on wild impulses. In her blood was the blood of outcasts and rebels. In such a nature there was no chance for common-sense to assert that she was doing Bellersham a shameful injustice, by

rushing to the conclusion that he had deceived her all along, and that he did not mean to marry her. She was bitterly disappointed, and in her frenzy she hated him. She turned with relief to a dream of Ireland, and a quiet life there away from this cruel London which had stabbed her so often. She did not pause to reason, or deliberate or forgive. For the sake of another woman Bellersham had given her this agony. That was the only clear thought in her poor disordered mind. Like an arrow to the bow of her fiery Eastern blood, she took her flight. And, with the iron sticking stubbornly in her soul, she believed she was acting for his happiness—always the last infirmity of morbid minds.

For three days Bellersham heard nothing. He shunned his work, he shunned his friends. His face was never seen at the House of Commons, nor at his clubs. He walked the streets day and night objectless and despairing. His inactivity stung him, yet he did not know what course to take to find Rachel. He heard rumors that the Government was gaining ground, and read with a sneer on his lips, that he had saved it from death. On the fourth day Rachel wrote. Bellersham recognized the beautiful handwriting on the envelope, and tore it open deliriously. He had not believed that anything could be worse than the suspense of the last few days yet as he read he could have cried out for his painful ignorance again. This damning certainty that she was lost to him forever, froze his blood. The uncertainty had racked him in a flame. The definite news stretched him on "fields of thick-ribbed ice."

The letter was very short.

"I went away because I was miserable. I could not bear the idea of seeing you again after that night. There is another woman in the world whom you want to marry. I found that out, and there is another man in the world whom I ought to marry—I have found that out. He has been faithful to me for six years. He is not clever or interesting, but he will love me, and I turn to the quiet humdrum life with him with immense relief. I am tired

of excitement. If one wants happiness, one must be content with homely things. Don't try to find me, for by the time you get this I shall be married.
R. N."

It was a baffling letter. Poor Bellersham tried to blame the writer. He tried to think harshly of the woman who could lightly leave him without a word, and bind herself irrevocably to some one else. But all his thoughts revolved on the axis, "I have lost her, and she is Rachel!"

III.

He had tracked her at last. And in a dingy room in a dingy house in Clonmel they stood face to face. It was only a week since Bellersham had got the letter, yet by the change in his face it might have been years. One of his most striking characteristics had been an air of glowing health and vitality. It had always been in his favor, for men and women, marvelling at the brilliancy of his looks, were ready to believe in the brilliancy of his mind. A week's anxiety had extinguished the lamp. Eyes and skin were lustreless. The boy in Bellersham was dead.

"I am too late. You are married, Rachel."

"Yes, I am married."

"Who is your husband?" asked Bellersham with an effort. Until he heard it from her own lips he had not believed it possible.

"He is a lawyer here. He loved me when I was very young. When I left London, I came straight here, and asked him if he still wanted to marry me. Although it was a long time since we had met, he never hesitated. There must be some good in a man who is as faithful as that." She spoke jerkily.

"You will be happy then?"

"Yes," but as she said it, she raised her eyes, and there was a heartrending look in them, which taught Bellersham that not even yet had he drunk his cup of misery to the dregs.

"Oh, my love!" he cried passionately. "What have you done? Your life is wrecked, and so is mine. If you did not love me I could bear it, but you do, you do, Rachel!"

He caught her in his arms and held her while she sobbed.

"It was all my wickedness," she said, suppressing her tears. "I saw a letter from Maud Scarisbrick which made me think you had gone to her instead of coming to me that night. I made myself believe that you had been making love to me to amuse yourself, that you— I was mad with my wretchedness. I could not stay and face it. Oh, don't be hard on me. I was mad, dear. If you had left one word, one single word—"

"Yes," cried Bellersham bitterly. "Reproach me, I deserve it. I won't reproach you. What use are reproaches now? If they could undo what's done, I would pour them out until my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. I would listen to them though they stung and lacerated. But they can't alter it. Nothing can. You are married."

As she heard the cruelly inevitable words from his lips, Rachel shivered. It seemed to her that she had never realized it till now.

"Well." He spoke wearily. "There is nothing more to be said or done. Good-bye, Rachel."

"Good-bye."

He turned at the door and looked back at her, standing expressionless in the drab little room, upholstered in the hideously respectable fashion of twenty years ago. He thought of her exquisite taste, and how it would all jar on her, when she woke. He thought of her beauty wasted on this petty country town. He thought of her brilliant gifts which here must surely run to waste. He thought of the little gray-bearded homely man he had met on the steps outside, whom instinct told him now, was the husband. He thought of all these things, and then of what might have been. Ah, how terrible it was! With a quick exclamation he strode across the room and clasped her to his heart. She submitted, but her body felt chilly unresponsive.

"If you are unhappy, dearest, you must tell me. Only believe, if it does not add to your burden, that I shall always love you. That vow has been broken very often. I shall not break it. Every year you shall know that I love you still."

Rachel was paralyzed, and could not speak. He waited for a word in vain. It was an unsatisfactory parting.

And on the stairs he brushed past the gray-beard, a dried-up little lawyer, in snuff-colored clothes of a strange cut. He thought he heard a voice in the hideous accent of North Ireland, offering him "refreshment." But he took no notice.

That was the first of August. And on that day every year, Rachel got a box of roses, and in the middle of them

a slip of paper on which was written these words, "I love you still, C. B."

In time they were a Prime Minister's roses, and the woman who kissed them passionately was a poet whose identity was a secret, but whose verse was recognized far and wide to be of strange beauty and power.

Yet the world, which knows so much, did not know that the poet had made the statesman, and the statesman had made the poet.—*Temple Bar*.

TH' PLOUGHIN' O' TH' SUNNY-FIELDS.

BY M. E. FRANCIS.

"How does feyther find hissel' to-neet?"

Mrs. Rainford, who had been bending over the fire, slowly stirring the steaming contents of a small black pot, tapped her wooden spoon against the side, and turned round.

"Eh, mich same as he allus is," she responded, wearily. "Sometimes a bit better, an' sometimes a bit war. It took me all my time to keep him abed when he heered you'd started ploughin' th' Sunnyfields. Eh, he were that takken to I 'ad to be vexed wi' him at th' last. He allus reckoned bein' at th' ploughin' o' yon hissel', thou knows—it's bin pasture iver sin' gron' feyther's time—"

"Well, it wanted turnin' up bad enough as how 'tis," interrupted her husband, with a roll of his bullet-head. He had been practically master of the Gate Farm for more than six months now, and did not see why his father-in-law should interfere with his arrangements. Old Joe Orrell was indeed the nominal proprietor of the place, but quite incapable of managing his own affairs, having been ill, off and on, all the winter, and indeed kept to bed for a fortnight now.

At this moment a kind of husky roar was audible from above. Mary Rainford jerked her thumb over her shoulder and turned her head on one side. The roar was repeated.

"'Ark at feyther," said the woman. "He's shoutin' for thee, Tom. Thou'd

best nip up—it starts him coughin' awful when he gets excited."

Tom went creaking up the stairs willingly enough; he was a good-hearted fellow at the core, and anxious to humor the old man in everything that he considered reasonable. Mary paused to pour out a mugful of the gruel she had been preparing, and then followed. Old Joe Orrell was sitting up in bed, his broad bony shoulders showing square through his flannel shirt, his eyes bright under their shaggy brows, one huge hand gripping the bedclothes.

Tom stood still just inside the door, and nodded.

"Well," he said, "an' how are yo', feyther? Yo' look a deal livelier this arternoon."

Joe stared at him fixedly for a minute or two.

"Thou's started ploughin' up Sunnyfields, I 'ear," he growled. "Thou met ha' waited a bit, I think. I reckoned to be at it mysel' this spring."

"Well, but yo' aren't able to, yo' see'n," replied Tom, mildly.

"I'm noan bahn to stop 'ere mich longer, though. How long dun yo' reckon to keep me shut up? I'm about tired of it, and so I tell yo'. I'll be about when warm weather cooms."

Tom gazed at him with a certain stolid compassion, and Mary, standing immediately behind him, heaved a deep sigh and slowly shook her head. Joe glanced at them sharply and resentfully.

"I see: yo' count to ha' me under ground afore owl's long," he observed; "but I tell yo' I wunnot dee just yet—so theer!" He sank back on his pillows. "I'm noan bahn to get out of yo'r road as soon as all that cooms to, Mester Tom," he continued, half jocularly.

"I dunnot want yo' to get out of no roads," returned Tom, visibly moved; "a long life and a merry one to yō. mon! But business is business, yo' known, and Sunnyfields has got that poor and mossy there isna welly pasture for a goat on 'em."

"Eh, thou'rt a gradely farmer, thou art!" put in his father-in-law, sarcastically. "Thou'lt make a fortin soon, for sure! Wonderful clever thou art, Tom Rainford! Eh, thou'lt happen mak' shift to drive a straight drill afore thou's done."

"Ho, ho, ho!" came in stentorian tones from the stairs, and a broad red face appeared over Tom's shoulder. "Thou'rt in th' reet on't, mon! I can always tell when yo'r Tom's been ploughin'. The drills goes wrigglin' an' womblin' across the field till they look mich same as snigs."

Tom laughed uneasily, and with a protesting "Nay, nay," moved to one side to make way for the new-comer. This was Joe's special crony, Richard Woodcock, a big burly patriarch well on in the seventies, with a face so red that it positively seemed to glow from out its framework of white whisker, and a figure so broad that he was obliged to turn sideways to enter the door. The boards creaked as he crossed the room to Joe's bed. Taking up his position at the bottom, he leaned over the wooden rail and nodded. Joe nodded back. Richard, putting his hand in his pocket, produced a serviceable black pipe, which he silently proceeded to fill and light. Joe, catching Mary's eye, pointed to a similar pipe on the chimney-piece, and, drawing a tobacco-pouch from under his pillow, nodded again, commandingly.

"Yo'd happen best sup your gruel first," insinuated Mary, approaching with the mug aforementioned.

"Gruel!" said Joe, glancing indignantly toward Richard. "Gruel for a mon o' my ycars, and as wake as I feel

mysel'! Theer, Dick, thot's how us owd folk gets put upon! Tom, theer, 'ull be sot down to a gradely bit o' beef in a two-three minutes, an' our Mary 'ull gi' him his quart o' beer reet enough; but theer's nobbut gruel for feyther."

"Ah," groaned Richard, commiseratingly, with a sigh which seemed to come from the very depths of his capacious waistcoat. Tom retired discreetly down-stairs; the dispute over Joe's gruel was of nightly occurrence, and he wished to avoid being drawn in by either party.

"Well, yo' known," said Mary, persuasively, "doctor's orders mun be obeyed, else he'll be bargin' at us. An' th' gruel's lovely, feyther! eh, the groats—I never see sich fine ones!"

"I never mak' mich count o' groats nobbut i' black-puddin's," retorted her parent. "Eh! I could fancy a black-puddin' rarely. I could do with summat a bit tasty if I could get it—but this here nasty sickly stuff—Eh! It fair turns my stoomach!"

Richard groaned again, and withdrawing his pipe from his mouth, pointed with the stem at Mary.

"Th' poor owd lad's welly clemmed," he observed, indignantly. "Clemmed he is! He wants nourishin' food—thot's what he wants. A bit of beef-steak wi' th' gravy in't—"

"Or a sassage," put in Joe, peering at his daughter from under his eyelashes to see how she took the suggestion.

"Or happen a pork-pie," resumed Farmer Woodcock, with a magisterial air. "Summat as 'ull ston' to him i' th' long weary neets as he lays awake coughin'."

"Well! doctor said," responded Mary, in a plaintive tone, for she was wounded at the implied reflection on her filial piety—"doctor said as he weren't to have nowt nobbut slops. 'Nothin' solid at all,' says he; 'no beer unless yo' want t' kill him straight off. Th' only stimulant mun be a tablespoonful or two o' brandy now an' then.'"

"Well, then," said Joe, somewhat reviving, "go an' fetch it now, theer's a good lass. Happen a drop or two in this here sloppy stuff 'ud mak' it slip down a bit easier—an' fetch a glass an'

a sup of hot water for Dick here at same time. Coom then," he added, turning toward his crony with a brightening face as she retired, "we'll have soom mak' of a do to 'earten oursel's up a bit 'as how 'tis."

Mrs. Rainford presently returned with a black bottle and a tumbler half full of hot water, and after measuring out a portion for each, again withdrew, closing the door after her. Old Dick followed her with his eyes.

"I know'd hoo'd tak' bottle wi' her!" he remarked, in dudgeon.

"Eh, hoo's noan the lass hoo used to be," returned Joe, falling to at his gruel with an aggrieved expression.

"It's my belief," pursued Richard, drawing a chair forward and seating himself, "as thou'd be a deal better wi'out so mich coddlin' an' doctorin'! Why, thou hasna bin out o' doors all winter, hasto?"

"Nawe," responded Joe, shaking his head. "I've bin fastened i' chimney-corner ever sin' Christmas."

"I dunnot mak' so mich count o' Dr. Thring," pursued Richard. "I soomtimes think he doesn't understand thy constitution. Eh, he is but a yoong whipper-snapper when all's said an' done! He hasn't 'ad the experience, lad. Eh, poor owd Dr. Wells, *he* were the mon fur my money! Never know'd nought when he coom, an' larn't it all practisin' o' th' cottage-folk. I've 'eard him say so hissel' mony a time. 'That's the way to larn,' he'd say, so jov'al-like, 'buy yo'r experience for yor'sel,' he'd say."

"Ah, he were a man o' the reet mak'," agreed Joe. "Allus that friendly an' pleasant, ready for a joke wi' ony one, an' thankful fur a glass o' summat warm jest same as oursel's. I mind him here when our missus were layin'-in' wi' our Mary, theer he sot i' th' nook suppin' at's tumbler, and lookin' round now an' again—'Cheer up, woman,' he'd say; 'it's a poor 'eart as niver rejoices,' says he."

"Ah!" resumed Richard, admiringly, "I have seen poor owd Dr. Wells as fuddled as I met be mysel'—mony a time I have! Allus so hearty-like! One o' th' better mak' *he* was, an' niver one 'or physickin' an' clemmin' a mon. I mind when my owd feyther were

agate o' deen' he coom an' stood a'side o' bed. 'Mon,' says he, 'yo'r time's up. I can do nought to mend ye,' says he. 'But mak' the best of a bad job! Con yo' fancy a mutton-chop?' An' my feyther shook's 'ead; he were past it, thou knows. 'Coom then,' says doctor, 'happen yo' could do wi' a drop o' beer?' An' my feyther made a shift to nod. 'Reet,' says doctor. 'Sup it up like a mon an' then fall to at your prayers,' says he."

"'Thot's th' mak' o' doctor that 'ud do a body good," observed Joe, regretfully; "but this here Mester Thring, eh, I welly lose patience wi' him. He coom yesterday, and oppened my shirt, and went thumpin' an' feelin' o' me till I were tired, and then he whips out soom mak' o' trumpet lookin' thing wi' two handles 'as he stuck in his ears till his face looked fur all the world same as a Toby-mug, an' he listened at my breast, an' he sighed, an' took handle out o's ears, an' says he, 'Mester Orrell, yo'r 'eart's wore out!' 'How con you tell thot?' says I, a bit rough-like, fur I were vexed wi' th' chap. 'We doctors 'as our ways o' knowin',' says he, lookin' very solemn. 'I fear I cannot do mich fur ye. Yo'r heart's the size of two,' he says. 'Did yo' see it,' says I. 'Nay,' he says, an' he laughs a bit. 'Well, then,' I says, 'seein's believin'!' 'Ho, ho, ho! He couldn't say mich to thot!'"

"Nay," responded Richard, much tickled at his friend's astuteness. "'Secin's believin',' says thou, didn't thou? An' so 'tis, mon. Why, how could a body tell what mak' o' heart thou had, wi' nobbut feelin' o' th' outside? I allus thought Dr. Thring weren't up to mich, and now I am sure on't. But thou was in th' reet to ston up to him. If I were thee, Joe, I wouldn't be put upon no longer—I wouldn't be kept to bed if I felt mysel' able to get up, and I'd tell thy Mary straight out, if hoo were my lass, as I'd noan be put off wi' gruel and sichlike when there was owt else to be had."

Joe's wrinkled face flushed, and he rolled his head uneasily from side to side.

Richard gazed at him sternly through the clouds of tobacco-smoke which now encircled his ruddy countenance.

"I'd ha' thought thou'd 'ave had a bit more sperrit," he observed presently.

"Gruel isn't like to put mich sperrit into a mon," retorted Joe. "An' when me an' our Mary has words it starts me coughin', thou knows, an' my 'eart begins o' thumpin' till I am welly smooored."

Farmer Woodcock appeared unconvinced. "Well, if Mary were *my* lass," he was beginning, when a rush of hammering feet upon the stairs outside interrupted him, and the door bursting open, three or four sturdy little folks came rushing into the room.

"Coom now," said old Richard, with a good-natured change of tone, assisting the smaller fry as they clambered over his legs and made straight for their grandfather's bed, "Coom! What's all yo'r hurry? Gronfeyther's noan bahn to run away fro' yo'! Theer he lays, fast on's back, and like to stay theer for all as we know. Up hoo goes! Now, Teddy! Thot's a bonny mak' o' whip thou's gotten, Joey!"

"Teddy an' me's been playin' we're ploughin'," cried Joey, junior, marching up and down the room and cracking the implement in question. "Gee back, Blossom!"—with great energy—"Coom up, Prince! Haw!"

Old Joe chuckled in his bed, raising himself on his elbow and craning forward his neck, the better to view his grandson's performance.

"Chip o' th' owd block, eh?" he laughed, winking with both eyes together at his crony. "'Ark at him."

"Eh! he do favvor thee, Joe," replied Richard, admiringly. "He do, fur sure! He's coomin' on wonderful! Niver saw a little lad shap' so weel in all my life—"

"My daddy's ploughin' up Sunny-fields," announced Joey, pausing opposite Farmer Woodcock, and opening his round blue eyes very wide. "Goin' to mak' a good job of it, he says—"

"Yigh, thy dad's a gradely mon," growled Joe, rolling back on his pillows. "All 'at thy dad says mun be reet, munnot it? Thy dad's gaffer now, and gronfeyther's fast on's back, as Mester Woodcock says."

The two smaller children, crawling about the bed, were prattling mean-

while of their doings out of doors. Joe absently stroked their tangled locks, and all at once put his horny hand under the chin of the little roly-poly girl and turned up her face.

"An' what says our little wench?" he asked tenderly, and fell to patting the dimpled cheek, fresh and cool from the evening air.

"Daffies is ablow, grondad, daffy-dillies all yaller! An' Teddy an' me found some primroses this arternoon!"

"An' we saw the lickel lambs," put in Teddy; "they was jumpin' an' playin'!" immediately proceeding to simulate the lambs' antics till his grandfather's bed shook again.

The old man laughed, but with a puzzled look. "Lambin'-time a'-ready!" he said, gazing inquiringly at Richard.

Richard removed his pipe, stared stolidly at his friend, and put it back again without replying.

Joey now came prancing over to the bed.

"Daisy's cauve is sich a pretty one, grondad; it's a wy-cauve, an' it's red wi' a little white star on its for'yead—"

Joe sat up. "Why, Daisy is noan due yet, sure? It's noan of Daisy's cauve, lad. Daisy wunnot cauve till end of March."

"The lad's in the reet on't," said Richard, indorsing Joey's shrill protest. "This here's the twenty-sixth o' March, thou knows. Yigh, March is going out like a lamb for sure."

"Eh dear o' me!" groaned the old man; "so it is. Eh, I reckoned to be about afore this."

"Thou'll be about soon enough," growled Richard, "once warm weather cooms, thou knows."

Joe patted the little round cheek nearest him and sighed. The children chattered on. All their talk was of the budding life without: of posies in the grass, and blossom on the hedge, and chickens and downy ducklings in the yard; of how Rob was sowing "wuts" yonder in the five-acres, and Will'um of the Lone End, an' Gronny Makin was sot in the back-kitchen cuttin' up "sets." Even in the stuffy little room, amid the reek of brandy and tobacco-smoke, there seemed to be a kind of atmosphere of spring.

Joe listened in silence, fingering his empty pipe, and sighing. At last Richard, extending an immense forefinger, pointed inquiringly, first at the pipe, and then at the well filled pouch beside it. But his friend shook his head.

"I donnot seem to want it to-neet," he said.

Richard gasped—

"Mon, thou'lt never rest wi'out thou smokes thy pipe," he said, in alarmed tones.

"I hannot th' 'eart fur't," persisted Joe.

"Coom, this 'ull never do! Here, little uns—be off wi' yo'! Gronfeyther's had enough o' yo' now."

"Nay, let them bide," said gronfeyther. "I'll happen not ha' them so long. Weel, Teddy, an' how many chickens is yonder, saysto?"

He scarcely appeared to hear the answer, and presently Richard, much distressed in his mind, went ponderously down the stairs in search of Mary. The latter agreed with him that Joe's refusal to smoke his pipe was a very bad sign. So much alarmed indeed was the good woman that, after the children were duly fed and tucked up, she prepared with the most solemn of faces to sit up with her father during the night. Joe did not seem to find it easy to compose himself, in spite of his daughter's repeated adjurations that he would "try to settle off." At last, however, he fell into an uneasy doze, and though poor hard-working Mary made strenuous efforts to keep awake, her heavy eyelids drooped at last, and she too slept.

The dawn was breaking when Joe awoke. He sat up and glanced uneasily at Mary. Her head had fallen back, her sturdy outstretched legs were wide apart, and her portly bosom rose and fell, accompanied by a continuous sound of snoring, like the rumbling of a distant cannonade. Joe rubbed his chin—the bristles of his beard rasping his fingers—and nodded to himself.

"Hoo's dropped off, poor lass!" he muttered. "Welly tired out, I reckon. I could a'most wish I were out of her road for good—what wi' shiftin' me, an' physickin' me, an' sittin' up o' neets, hoo mun be half killed."

The row of empty medicine-bottles on the chimney-piece next caught his eye.

"Lord, to think as I 'ave 'ad to sup all as was i' yon! Why, it's a wonder I am wick at all."

He clenched his fist, and thumped the bedclothes with a gathering sense of ill-usage. How could he ever get well if he was kept in bed during the beautiful spring weather, while every one else was out an' about, and Mester Tom gaffering the men, and giving his orders as free as if the place belonged to him?

"They tellen me nought," he muttered to himself. "I niver know what's doin' wi'out one o' th' childer lets summat out."

His face worked a little at the recollection of his grievances. All the winter he had sat in the ingle-nook while other folks came and went, the laborers clumping in at meal-time with the smell of the soil clinging to their garments. Occasionally with a nod and a grin for "owd mester," they had talked of the jobs actually in hand, and "owd mester" had sometimes disapproved of his son-in-law's arrangements, and sometimes exhausted himself by giving advice; so that Tom and Mary deemed it best to discourage such communications, and indeed since Joe had been confined to his room, all intercourse with the outer world was necessarily stopped. Had it not been for a chance word let fall by his daughter that morning, he would never even have known of the ploughing of the Sunnyfields.

The light brightened and grew, spreading out fan-like on the white walls, and reaching to the low ceiling; a branch of the little monthly-rose tree flapped against the window; louder even than Mary's snores came the trill of a lark. It was broad day, and no one yet was stirring about the place—not the clink of a pail, not the clatter of a clog.

Pretty times these! A nice hand Tom would make of his farming, if this was how he started! If Joe were not tied there like a log, he would soon make them tumble out of their beds and bustle about—he had a great mind, as it was, to go and pull the long ears

of that great lazy ne'er-do-weel, his son-in-law. What a start it would give him!

Out of bed came one long lean leg, then the other. Joe gasped a little as his feet touched the floor: he had not left his bed for more than a fortnight, and felt, as he would have expressed it, "a bit wummicky." There was also a queer sense of oppression about his chest, but he congratulated himself on the fact that his cough had altogether ceased. Joe crossed the room, pausing to peer through the unshuttered window. What a glorious morning! golden and silver with sunshine and dew. What a sky! cloudless save for the rosy and purple streaks at the horizon. The new-budded trees were stirring in the morning breeze; yonder in the field the dairy-cows were trooping through the glistening grass to the gate, awaiting milking-time. This was a morning truly for folks to lie abed, with such a piece of business awaiting them too as the breaking up of the Sunnyfields! Eh, if Joe were only able to go out—

A sudden idea struck him. Why should he *not* go out? Why should he lie there just because Mary and the doctor said so? Mary was not likely to know better than her own father when all was said and done; and as for the doctor, "young whipper-snapper," as Richard said, who was he to be ordering about a man of seventy-six? Why, what Joe wanted was a good brisk walk, with a beefsteak and a tumbler of something hot when he came in.

"He doesn't understand my constitution," said Joe, emphatically; "that's where it is—and I'll ston' no more o' this mak' o' work!"

Creaking across the floor he went, moving unwieldily on tiptoe. There were his clothes in the cupboard—the familiar folds and creases of the well-worn garments greeting him like smiles on the face of an old friend. His fingers were stiff and trembling; but for all that, it did not take more than two or three minutes to don them. Next came the socks; his clogs and wide-awake were in the hall below; out of the room now, and down the stairs. "Lord!" how that lazy Tom snored! Joe could even hear him through his

closed door. There were the clogs, and yonder the hat; cautiously Joe withdrew the bolts of the back-door, standing at last under the free air of heaven. He made one or two faltering steps forward, and paused, hat in hand, his head tilted a little backward so that the breezes lifted his ragged gray hair. His eyes were sparkling, his lips parted in a long breath of rapture.

"Coom, now, I'm a mon again!" he muttered, and thumped his chest. "Ay, I can feel mysel' wick."

The old yard-dog came limping to his feet, fawning on him with extravagant joy. Joe stooped and patted him. "Ay, Laddie, there's life i' th' owd mon yet! we're noan done for yet, neither of us! Coom, we'll have a bit of a do together afore onybody else is stirrin'."

He crossed the yard with feeble heavy steps, and opened the stable door. A gust of warm air greeted him, the familiar aroma being as incense to his nostrils.

There they stood, the great sleek beasts—Blossom and Daisy and Prince and Di'mond; thriving and hearty, every one, their shaggy manes plaited, their broad backs groomed till they shone, a simultaneous rattling and banging of ropes and weights sounding as they lifted their heads to look round at the new-comer. Joe made straight for his favorite mare, bestowing one or two resounding caresses on her round dappled flank; then going close up to her he fairly took her head in his arms.

"Eh, Blossom!" he said, "thou'rt here, arto? Coom, arto fain to see mes-ter? I welly believe the poor owd lady knows me! Theer, Blossom, theer!"

Keeping one arm still round the creature's neck, he laid his cheek against her soft nose, whimpering a little, and uttering inarticulate phrases of endearment as the mare whinnied back. But recovering himself after a moment or two, he brushed his coat-sleeve across his eyes, and began to unfasten the animal's headstall.

"Thou an' me's bahn to do a bit o' wark afore breakfast," he observed. "Eh, an' Prince too. Ay, lad, we's addle our mate this mornin'."

One by one the horses came clattering forth, harnessed, ready for the plough.

Joe followed, staggering but determined, and Laddie brought up the rear, sniffing uneasily at his master's heels, and turning up his old white muzzle inquiringly from time to time, as though to intimate his suspicion that something was amiss. But Joe's face beamed again with the rapture and triumph of his new-found freedom, and when the little company had crossed the yard, and passed through the gate, and found themselves fairly in the sandy lane which led to the Sunny-fields, he uttered a quavering whoop of joy.

"Coom, Blossom, lass, we'n stolen a march on 'em for once 'as how 'tis! We'll put 'em all to shame yonder! Ho! ho! theer'll be a bonny to-day when our Mary wakens and finds 'at I've flitted! My word, Tom will be ashamed to look me i' th' face, I should think, when he sees me worthin'! It'll larn him to lay abed, th' lazy lout! Now, Prince, step out, lad! eh, I could wish owd Richard could see me! How th' owd lad would stare! He'd scarce know what t' mak' on't."

He walked a little faster now, upheld by his inward excitement, and further exhilarated by the brisk keen morning air. The hedgerow beside him, white in patches with blossoming blackthorn, or sown with little folded green-tipped leaf-buds, was all asheen with glistening drops. Birds rose twittering from it as he passed; yonder on a newly fledged elder sapling a thrush was singing: a delicious smell of moist and fresh-bruised grasses greeted his nostrils as the heavy feet of Blossom and Prince fell rhythmically on the strip of sod that bordered the lane. The ditch alongside was golden with marshmallows flaming in the morning sunshine. Beyond the hedge lay the Sunnyfields, the yellowish mossy surface of the wide expanse veiled, as it were, in parts, with ethereal grayish green. The unreal aspect thus produced by the heavy dew was broken here and there by streaks of darker green, where the rabbits or pheasants had left tracks. At one end of the field two long narrow brown stripes marked the scene of Tom's labors of the preceding day. Joe glanced at them contemptuously from time to time, and when they

reached the gate, and entered the field, he paused, the better to consider them.

"Jist the same as Richard said," he observed with a disgusted air, "not a straight line between 'em! Coom, Prince an' Blossom, we's show 'em what we can do. Coom, we's start o' this side o' field so's Tom can see a bit of the better mak' o' work."

There lay the plough under the hedge. With a good deal of panting, and at the cost of more fatigue than he would have cared to own, Joe fastened the horses to it and began operations.

"Now then! steady! off we go."

Off they went, the ploughshare cutting into the sod with unerring accuracy, Joe plodding behind, crooning some old time ditty for very lightness of heart. The farther end of the field was reached, and Blossom and Prince strained their huge limbs as the plough creaked round. Now down they came, cutting a parallel line a few paces from the other; then they turned once more, Joe's feet sinking deep into the uncovered earth. He was not singing now, for his breath came rather short, and it required all his energy and resolution to withstand a gathering sense of weakness. The end of the field was regained, however, and, throwing down the reins, he drew himself up and looked back, rubbing his hands and chuckling faintly. There was a furrow! clean and shapely—and straight as a dart.

"Theer, Mester Tom, match me thot if thou con! Coom, Blossom, we's rest a bit, and then we'll be gettin' on again."

He walked to the horses' heads, flinging an arm about the neck of each. Laddie, who had been pacing up and down in his wake, now squatted on his haunches, surveying the scene with a grave and judicial air. Suddenly he sprang forward. Joe's head had sunk on his chest, his hands were slipping slowly from the supporting crests, and all at once he fell heavily to the ground almost under Blossom's feet.

* * * * *

Old Richard Woodcock, comfortably jogging along the road an hour or so later, became suddenly aware that an old colliè dog was limping after his low trap, uttering snuffling barks and

whines as though to attract his attention.

"Well, an' what dosto want, eh?" he said, looking back lazily. "Poor fellow, thou'rt lame enough! Wilto have a ride?"

But the dog, turning, hobbled a few steps in the contrary direction, and with a piteous backward glance whined again.

"Why, it's Laddie, I believe—Laddie o' th' Gate Farm! What brings thee here? Hasto lost thy road? Coom, jump in wi' thee, an' we's bring thee awhoam again."

He pulled up, patting his knee and whistling; but Laddie did not approach.

"Well, then, stay theer if thou wonnot," ejaculated Richard irritably; and he whipped up his pony, leaving the dog standing mournfully in the road, its tail drooping, its face wistful.

Farmer Woodcock glanced back and shook his head.

"Soombry's bin ill-usin' yon poor beast," he muttered. "I've a mind to go round by Orrell's an' tell Joe about it. It's a shame—ás faithful as it's allus bin!"

He turned back, Laddie hobbling eagerly forward, and preceding the gig for some little way; but when they reached the lane which led to the Sunnyfields the animal again paused, barking.

Richard, looking over the hedge, discerned the plough and team of horses motionless in the far corner: no driver was to be seen.

"Well, to be sure! Did anybody iver hear owt so knowin'? The poor brute's fur tellin' me as horses is left stonnin' 'ere wi' nobry to see to 'em. He knows th' owd gaffer 'ud niver ha' had sich doin's. It 'ull be yon wastril, Will'um o' th' Lone End—Mester Tom's too lazy t' be agate himsel' so early—it 'ull be Will'um, for sure, on the fuddle again! Theer, Laddie, we's see to't, mon! Hie thee yon, an' ston' by they 'orses till soombry cooms. Ha, ha! how th' poor owd fellow hobbles off! Now he's lookin' back. Reet, mon, I'm bahn to fetch soombry."

He drove on, smiling to himself, and, turning into the yard of the Gate Farm, hallooed sturdily for Tom.

But his face changed when Mary, rushing out pale and distracted, announced that her father was nowhere to be found; and Tom, coming up breathless from the stack-yard, added that he had hunted everywhere he could think of about the place, and could not find a trace of him.

"He cannot ha' gone far," wept Mary. "As wake as a kitlin he was—it's more nor a fortnet sin' he took to 's bed, an' he hasn't bin out o' th' 'ouse all winter."

Old Dick flung the reins on the pony's back, and climbed out of the trap, his face redder than ever with consternation.

"Eh!" he said, "e—e—ch! Poor owd lad! Wheer con he ha' gotten to? I allus thought yo' was too 'ard wi' him—yo' kept him shut up too fast. He's bruk loose fur onst—that's what he's done!"

Just then "Will'um o' th' Lone End," with his eyes starting out of his head, but otherwise to all appearances as sober as ever he had been in his life, came running from the stable, announcing that Blossom and Prince were stolen. It never occurred to the honest fellow to connect their disappearance with that of his master; but Richard Woodcock clapped his hands together.

"Why!" he cried, "th' owd lad's takken them—thot's what he's done. He's takken them off to Sunnyfields!—I see 'em mysel' theer a two-three minutes ago. He's started ploughin'—eh, he's a gradely owd chap! he *would* 'ave a finger i' th' poy, see'n yo'? Thot's where he is—an' Laddie wi' him. Laddie coom runnin' arter my trap—quite takken-to, poor dog! he knowed his mester oughtn't to ha' bin theer, an' he coom runnin' and yowlin' arter me to fetch me to him. Ah, I see Blossom an' Prince mysel'."

"Eh, but did yo' see feyther?" cried Mary; "it's enough to gi' him his death, it is. Did yo' noan see nobory theer, Mester Woodcock?"

No, Richard had certainly not seen anybody. The jubilant expression left his face, and he looked from one to the other with a kind of fear. All began running, by a common impulse, in the

direction of the Sunnyfields, Mary leading the way.

"Yon's th' 'orses," gasped Tom, breathlessly, "an' yon's Laddie."

"Eh—what!—what's thot o' th' ground theer?" cried the woman, straining her eyes.

Almost under the horses' feet lay a dark heap, which Laddie sniffed and pulled at, but which did not move, even when every now and then Blossom, craning forward her long neck, touched it with her pendulous underlip.

Mary stopped suddenly, clutching her husband's arm, and Richard pushing past her, hastened forward.

"Mate!" he cried, and fell a-sobbing.

There lay his old crony, prone on the upturned soil, his gray head pillowed on the dewy sod, and a smile of triumph still on his upturned face; and yonder stretched his last furrow, clear-cut and straight, cleaving the field from end to end.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.*

BY LESLIE STEPHEN.

FEW modern writers have roused a stronger feeling of personal affection than O. W. Holmes. His friends, known and unknown, have naturally looked forward to a life which might be complementary to the autobiography implicitly contained in his writings. Mr. Morse, to whom it has fallen to supply this want, apologizes by anticipation for partially disappointing their expectations. They will ask, he thinks, for more correspondence, and his answer is the very conclusive one that more correspondence is not forthcoming. Dr. Holmes, it appears, disliked letter-writing; and, although he systematically replied to hosts of unknown admirers, wrote comparatively little to his own circle of intimates. The unknown admirers appear to have kept his answers to themselves, considering them as autographs or literary curiosities not to be dignified as "letters." I certainly regret with Mr. Morse that more of these documents have not been sent to him. He might have formed from them a book which I have often desiderated—a model letter-writer for the use of editors. It would have been exceedingly welcome. The problem how to tell a young author plainly that

his rhymes are rubbish, and yet give no pain to an innocent aspirant, has weighed upon the souls of many sitters in the critical chair. A young author once showed me letters from two of the most distinguished men of the time, one of whom, while not committing himself, somehow suggested that he might be addressing the coming Shakespeare; while the other roundly declared that most lads had put better work in their waste-paper basket. They meant much the same thing, and Dr. Holmes' was one of the few men who might have fused the two letters and combined the courtesy with the wholesome truth. I, for one, should have been glad to have had the secret communicated, or, at least, a few examples given of the method. It is some comfort to one who has failed to be told that even Holmes' good-nature was sometimes requited with abuse. In any case, as Mr. Morse had not the materials, his excuse is unanswerable. One good result is that the life is given in two volumes of modest size; and for the record of so simple a history that seems to be ample. We do not, perhaps, know very much more than an attentive reader could infer from Dr. Holmes' own writings; but the facts are brought together in a definite and authentic shape, and combined in a simple and agreeable narrative.

Every reader of the *Autocrat* has his own distinct image of the author. As

* *Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes*. By John T. Morse, Jun., author of *The Life of Abraham Lincoln*, etc. With Portraits, Facsimiles, and other Illustrations. 2 vols., crown 8vo, 900 pp., cloth extra, gilt top, 18s. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

he remarks himself in a characteristic passage, there are three people on each side of every dialogue; the real John, and John's ideal John, and Peter's John; and no doubt there may be a real Holmes, different both from the Holmes of Holmes' own imagination and the reader's Holmes. There are, however, very few people of whom one believes that the three have a more substantial identity. The true man, as every one remarks, shows himself with all his idiosyncrasies in every page of his writing. This suggests certain difficulties for the writer. Mr. Morse observes that the true Holmes was a New Englander "from the central thread of his marrow to his outermost rind." That is undeniable; but Mr. Morse proceeds to answer that nagging critic, who is invisibly present whenever one writes, and who hereupon suggests that Holmes was provincial. Mr. Morse replies that no creative writer, except Shakespeare, who has been cosmopolitan has also made himself a "place in the hearts of mankind." I should myself begin by denying that Shakespeare was an exception. Nobody, surely, ever reflected more fully and faithfully the great imaginative movement of his own time; and if we knew the people of Stratford-on-Avon and the frequenters of the Globe Theatre as we know the people of Scott's Edinburgh, I suspect that we should recognize the Shallows and the Falstaffs of the plays as clearly as we recognize Scott's friends in the Waverley Novels. Or to drop Shakespeare, who is apt, I sometimes fancy, to intrude a little too often, was there ever any one who was at once more full of personal and local idiosyncrasies, and, at the same time, more thoroughly "cosmopolitan," than Montaigne?—one of the numerous list of authors to whom, as Mr. Morse reminds us, Holmes has been compared. A man surely need not cease to be cosmopolitan because he is provincial, any more than he ceases to be an athlete because he plays the game of his country—cricket in England and baseball in America. What interests us in the sport is the display of strength and activity which may be shown in one game as well as another. The great writer is great because he

displays a powerful intellect or a vivid imagination, and does not cease to be great because he applies his reasoning to particular questions or casts his imagery into the artistic mould of the day. There are obvious dangers in "provincialism." A man shut up in a village may be ignorant of the thoughts that are stirring outside; he may express himself in a dialect unintelligible to the larger world, or his mind may be atrophied for want of collision and excitement, and he may therefore limit himself to trifles interesting to a petty circle alone. But every man has got to be incarnate at a particular time and place, and to apply his mind to the questions which are stirring there. Holmes was not the less a New Englander because he was also an individual; nor the less a citizen of the great world because he belonged to this particular province. The New England of his day, whatever its limitations, was seething with important movements as interesting, in slightly different applications, on this side of the Atlantic as well as on the other; and the fact that Holmes looked at them from a New England point of view does not show that he did not appreciate their wider significance.

His characteristic nationality has, however, one result; namely, that in criticising Holmes one seems to be criticising New England or the United States. That is always a little awkward for an Englishman. To speak of Americans is to steer between opposite difficulties. One fears to fall into the old tone, when poor Mrs. Trollope and the critics of her day roused all the wrath of the democrat under the sneers of kid-gloved gentility, while, on the opposite side, there are certain commonplaces about Shakespeare and community of race, which are not precisely true, and are apt to be flung back contemptuously in one's face. There is a more personal difficulty for such Englishmen as have received the hospitality of the society which Holmes frequented. Those to whom the name recalls the actual presence or the vivid memory of Emerson and Hawthorne and Longfellow and Lowell, can hardly trust themselves to speak with due critical coolness. A writer, especially one

who has many recollections, which, for good reasons, he is unwilling to manufacture into "reminiscences," almost feels his tongue tied. I think of a young gentleman who, in the heat of the Civil War, was most courteously welcomed by the men I have mentioned, and who is half afraid to give full utterance to feelings which might seem overstrained, and yet equally anxious not to appear deficient in warmth of gratitude. I will, however, venture to make a few of the remarks about Holmes which are suggested by this biography; though I am not quite sure whether the vividness of certain very pleasant memories is a qualification or the reverse.

I have said that Holmes' career was singularly simple. He was born in 1809, and passed a long life almost continuously at Boston and the immediate neighborhood, his only long absence being caused by two years of medical studies at Paris. On returning he set up as a physician without obtaining much practice. He married in 1840, in 1847 became professor in the medical school at Harvard, and held the office for thirty-five years. He retired in 1882, at the age of seventy-three, and survived as a venerated and happy old man till 1894. His works are not voluminous; and, though he had published some of his best verses before he was thirty, he was nearly fifty before he began the series of essays which really made him famous. Few popular authors have had a narrower escape from obscurity. He would, in any case, have been remembered in his own circle as a brilliant talker, and there would have been some curiosity as to the writer of the *Last Leaf* and two or three other poems. But had it not been for the judicious impulse given by his friend Lowell which induced him to make his appearance as the "autocrat," his reputation would have resembled that of Wolfe, of "not a drum was beat" celebrity. Who, it would have been asked, was the author of the few lines which we all know by heart? and we should have turned up the article devoted to him in a biographical dictionary. But he would not have revealed himself with that curious completeness upon which all his

critics have remarked. He often heard, as he says in an interesting letter, that he "had unlocked the secret of some heart which others, infinitely more famous, infinitely more entitled to claim the freedom, have failed to find opening for them." He cannot help believing that "there is some human tone in his written-voice which sometimes finds a chord not often set vibrating." The secret of this gift is not hard to penetrate, though this biography will enable readers to understand it a little more fully. He remarks in the same letter that his life was "rather solitary than social;" and the society which he did frequent was not in one of the greatest centres of intellectual movement. In certain ways, too, even Bostonians must admit that the social atmosphere was of a kind to nip some of the luxuriant growths congenial to older abodes of art and letters. Holmes' attachment to his surroundings was as keen as if the conditions had been of the most genial. Indeed, he illustrates what has become a commonplace. Americans, as Colonel Chester proved, often take with special enthusiasm to genealogy; although the interest of the study would at first sight appear to be less in a country where the claims of long descent are supposed to be ridiculous. This perhaps illustrates the principle which accounts for Scottish skill in gardening. The materials to be mastered are not so multitudinous, and when you cannot trust to nature your own energy may be stimulated. So Holmes cherished whatever could be called historically interesting in his own country, because the supply of the appropriate material was so limited. Men who live in the shadow of Westminster Abbey or go to universities which the great men of many centuries have filled with associations, are apt to become a little bored with the topic. Holmes loved the old "gambrel-roofed house" in which he was born all the more because a house which existed at the time of Washington represented exceptional antiquity in America. The deluge of growing civilization sweeps away such relics of the past so rapidly that their scarcity gives them exceptional value. The buildings of Andover Academy and of

the Harvard University are not, in themselves, comparable to Eton or to King's College, Cambridge. But they represent the only persistent threat of historical continuity in the country, and the affection which they excite is proportioned, not to their absolute grandeur or antiquity, but to the degree in which they have to satisfy whatever instinctive affections there may be in their alumni. Holmes certainly loved his old home, and cherished his school and college associations as ardently as if he had been born in a Norman manor-house or played his boyish games under the statue of Henry VI. As he grew up his patriotism did not diminish in intensity. All that happened was that he became qualified to catch its comic aspects. When the "young fellow they call John" laid down the famous proposition that "Boston State House is the hub of the solar system," and adds that "you couldn't pry that out of a Boston man if you had the tire of all creation straightened out for a crowbar," the autocrat accepts the "satire of the remark," and admits that the "axis of the earth sticks out visibly through the centre of each and every town and city." But he does not pretend to conceal that the sentiment, outrageous if literally accepted, tickles his fancy agreeably. When we drink a man's health after dinner, we often express an estimate of his virtues which we might sometimes shrink from maintaining in cold blood. Yet our sentiment may be essentially genuine, though we have dropped some implied qualifications. Holmes as a man shares the young fellow's enthusiasm, though he wishes us to understand that he is aware in cold blood that it is not quite the whole truth. The little deformed gentleman in the *Professor* gives a still more vigorous mouthpiece of the same sentiment. "A new race, and a whole new world for the newborn human soul to work in! And Boston is the brain of it, and has been any time these hundred years! That's all I claim for Boston, that it is the thinking centre of the continent and therefore of the planet!"—in which respect its superiority to Philadelphia and New York is easily demonstrated. The little gen-

tleman is one of Holmes' most spirited characters, and makes a very convenient organ for the utterance of opinions not to be turned into serious dogmas—but also not to be overlooked. Boston is an ideal as well as a real city; it represents "the American principle," whatever that may precisely be. It is the three-hilled city as opposed to the seven-hilled city or reason against Rome. Democratic America has a different humanity from feudal Europe "and so must have a new divinity." Religion has to be "Americanized," and Boston is in the van of the struggle.

This might suggest a good many remarks for which Holmes would, perhaps, leave his deformed gentleman to reply. He has not committed himself to an unreserved support of a personage who reflects only one of his moods. One point, however, has to be noticed. Holmes, like others, had revolted against Calvinism as represented by the Westminster Confession. Many pages in his essays are directed against the old-fashioned creed; and, as we are told, made him the object of warm denunciations by the orthodox. Young people, Mr. Morse informs us, were forbidden to read the *Autocrat*, and *Elsie Venner* was regarded as a dangerous manifesto. This, it must be admitted, sounds strange at the present day. Were any books ever more obviously harmless? People who remember certain English controversies about Maurice, which happened a little before the appearance of the *Autocrat*, may succeed in understanding why, in the country of the Puritans, Holmes should have passed for a heresiarch. Yet it now requires an effort to put one's self in that position, and certainly Holmes' remarks would now hardly excite a shudder in the best-regulated families. Still they represented what seems to have been the most important passage of his mental history. The old Puritanism, one may guess, appeared to him in a new light when he had sat at the feet of Parisian professors. The old Boston, at any rate, was not quite the "hub of the universe" in the physiologist's point of view; and he fancied, when the old and the new currents met, a good deal of the sediment of

old-fashioned dogma would be precipitated. Still, the old problem which Calvinism had answered in its own way came up in a new form. The doctrine of hereditary sin might be abandoned, but the problems of scientific "heredity" took its place. Jonathan Edwards' discussions of moral responsibility have a serious meaning when they are dissociated from the ghastly visions of hell-fire. Holmes gave more place to these controversies than some of his readers liked; and I need say nothing as to the merit of his own conclusions. They interest us chiefly because they gave rise to that provoking book, *Elsie Venner*. I call it "provoking" merely because it will not square nicely with any orthodox canons of criticism. In the first place, it has an air of being didactic, or is a book with a tendency, or, in the old-fashioned phrase, is a novel with a purpose. I confess that I should have no objection to it upon that ground. I always found *Sandford and Merton* a delightful work in my childhood, and I partly preserve that degrading taste. I like books with a moral. Some authors, it is true, are cramped by their morals, and occasionally tripped up into flat absurdity. Still, a writer often gets a certain unction from the delusion that he is preaching as well as story-telling; and so long as any one is working with a will, and defying the critics and all their ways, he has the root of the matter in him. Holmes, it must be remarked, did not suppose that he was proving anything in *Elsie Venner*; he recognized the truth of the axiom propounded in the *Rose and the Ring* that blank verse is not argument; and the imaginary behavior of an impossible being cannot possibly lead to any conclusion. When we meet a being who is half woman and half a snake it will be time to settle the moral code for judging her. Holmes, in fact, says in his prefaces that he only took an imaginary case in order to call attention to the same difficulty in the common course of things. To that I can see no objection. Clearly, every great tragedy involves some interesting question of casuistry; and casuistry may repay the debt by suggesting a good plot for a novel. The only question is, whether

the extravagant hypothesis, be it purely fantastic or contrived to illustrate a point in ethics, has really been turned to good account. Here I confess to a conflict of feeling which, I suspect, is shared by others. The book makes me read it just whenever I take it up, and yet I am never satisfied. Perhaps it is that I want more rattlesnake; I want to have the thrill which my ancestors felt when they told legends of were-wolves; I wish the snake-woman to be as poetical as Coleridge's Geraldine, to tremble while I read, and to be encouraged in my belief by such an infusion of science as will reconcile me to the surroundings of the nineteenth century in New England. That is, no doubt, to wish at the lowest that Holmes could have been combined with Hawthorne—not to suggest the creator of Caliban—and that their qualities could have coalesced with as little interference as those of Elsie and the snake. So much is suggested that one wants a more complete achievement. The fact is simply, I suppose, that Holmes had not the essential quality of the inspired novelist. He did not get fairly absorbed in his story and feel as though he were watching, instead of contriving, the development of a situation. That, for example, is the way in which Richardson declares himself to have written, and which partly explains the fascination to our forefathers of his moralizing and long-winded narratives. Holmes is distinctly a spectator from outside, and his attention is too easily distracted. I do not, in the least, object to a novelist discoursing or supplying comments if it be his natural vein; I am not simple-minded enough to care for the loss of the illusion. But the novelist should not give an analysis in place of a concrete picture, or wander into irrelevant remarks. Now, Holmes' intellect is so lively and unruly that the poor snake-lady gets too often squeezed into the background. He is struck by the peculiarities of New England villages, their houses, or their "côlations," or their "hired men," and is immediately plunged into vivacious descriptions and disquisitions. We have to change moods too rapidly; to feel on one page a shudder at the uncanny being, with something not

human looking out of her eyes; and, on the next, to be laughing at the queer social jumble of a village gathering. If, in spite of these artistic defects, the book somehow takes so firm a grasp of one's memory, it is the stronger proof of the excellence of the materials which form so curious a mosaic. After all, the writer never goes to sleep, and that is a merit which redeems a good many faults of design.

One condition of the excellence of the *Autocrat* and its successors is of course that in them this irrepressible vivacity and versatility finds in him a thoroughly appropriate field. They have, as we see at once, the merits of the best conversation. Mr. Morse, in speaking of this, assures us that Holmes' talk was still better than his writing. We have unfortunately to take such statements on faith. No one, except Boswell, has ever succeeded in the difficult task of giving us a convincingly accurate report of conversation, or rather of something better than a report—a dramatic presentation of the position which would be lost in a detailed account. Would the talk at the "club" have been as impressive as it appears if we could have it reproduced by phonograph? Locke, it is said, once wrote down the actual words of Shaftesbury and some great men of the day, to show them how trivial it looked on paper. The moral was, if I remember rightly, that they ought to talk about the origin of ideas instead of discussing their hands at cards. But I fear that the test, if applied to the very best of talk, would have a depressing effect. The actual words would be depressingly flat when dribbled out at a century's distance. The brilliant things, even of the most brilliant talker, are exceptional flashes; they are the few diamonds among a mass of pebbles, and generally want a good deal of polishing before they get moulded into the famous gems which we admire. The actual talk includes all the approximations and the ramblings round about the point. The "master-bowman," as Tennyson puts it, may come at last and hit the target in the centre; but even he generally wastes a good many arrows in the process. Then, of course, half the effect of most

good talk is dramatic; its success depends not only upon what is said, but upon what is omitted and upon the mental attitude at the moment of the other players in the game. As Holmes says himself, "the whole force of conversation depends on how much you can take for granted"—that is, in your hearers. I have no doubt of the excellence of Holmes' talk; but it was, I guess, partly due to the fact that it was part of a spontaneous concert. Talking is, as Holmes said, "one of the fine arts," and it is one which requires above all things a harmonious co-operation. The hearers must join themselves, and must also act as an effective sounding-board. They must catch the ball quickly, and return it nimbly, or the best performer will flag.

Holmes found his best co-operators in his famous "Saturday Club." He was always referring to it fondly, and Mr. Morse produces various testimonies to its merits. Lowell said that he had never seen equally good society in London. Colonel Higginson observes that Holmes and Lowell were the most brilliant talkers he ever heard, but suggests a qualification of this comparison. They had not, he says, "the London art of repression," and monopolized the talk too much. They could, he intimates, overlook the claims of their interlocutors. He once heard Lowell demonstrating to the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* that *Tom Jones* was the best novel ever written; while Holmes was proving to her husband, the divinity professor, that the pulpit was responsible for all the swearing. Dr. and Mrs. Beecher Stowe, it is implied, must have been reduced to ciphers before they could be the passive recipients of such doctrine. In spite of this, I can easily believe that the Club deserved its fame. The "art of repression," I fancy, is very often superfluous in London. Conversation in ever-shifting crowds requires stimulation more often than restraint, and it is sometimes as hard to set talk going in the fortuitous concurrence of human atoms at a large party as to start a real exchange of ideas in an excursion train. The best talk that I have ever heard has certainly been in obscure corners, where a few friends meet habitually,

and distribute their parts instinctively. A society which included all the best scholars and men of genius within reach of Boston had abundance of the raw material of talk. They might be compared in point of talent even with the men who met Johnson at the "Turk's Head," and certainly had as great a variety of interests in men and books. They had, it would seem, fewer jealousies, or, as the sneerer would put it, were readier for "mutual admiration;" and such admiration, when it has a fair excuse, is the best security for forming the kind of soil in which the flower of talk grows spontaneously.

Talk, said Holmes, is "to me only spading up the ground for crops of thought." He was half the time "interviewing himself" and looking for his own thoughts, "as a school-boy turns his pockets inside out to find what is in them." The *Autocrat* is the outcome of this investigation. It might have been more amusing to watch the actual process; but a reader may be content to get the fine extract. Holmes, as he intimates himself, was his own Boswell. He had a quaint satisfaction in following the career of Johnson, whose age differed by exactly a century from his own, and missed an old companion when he outlived his parallel. It would be absurd to make a comparison, as a Johnson fused with a Boswell would have been a singularly different person. Indeed, the most obvious peculiarity of Holmes' mind is one to which his ponderous predecessor could make no pretension. Johnson went into conversation like a gladiator into the arena; and if Holmes could have met him the pair would have been like a Spanish bull encountered by a dexterous picador. Holmes would have been over his head and behind his back, and stabbing him on the flank with all manner of ingenious analogies, and with squibs and crackers of fancy instead of meeting the massive charge face to face. To invent an imaginary conversation between the two is altogether beyond my powers, and I can only hope that it is taking place somewhere in Elysium. Holmes' most peculiar excellence is foreshadowed in a passage which Boswell quotes from Barrow's sermons as applicable to Wilkes.

"Facetiousness," as Barrow says, among other things, "raiseth admiration as signifying a nimble sagacity of apprehension, a special felicity of invention, a vivacity of spirit and reach of wit more than vulgar; it seeming to argue a rare quickness of parts, that one can fetch in remote conceits applicable: a notable skill that he can dexterously accommodate them to the purpose before him; together with a lively briskness of humor, not apt to damp those sportful flashes of imagination. Whence in Aristotle—" but there I had better stop. Barrow probably knew Holmes as pre-existing in one of the ancestors who transmitted to him the power of "fetching in remote conceits." The *Autocrat* might suggest a series of riddles or problems for some future examiner in English literature. Why is controversy like the Hydrostatic Paradox? Why is a poem like a meerschau? What is the "very obvious" resemblance between the pupil of the eye and the mind of the bigot? In what respects may truths be properly compared to dice and lies to marbles? Why should a trustworthy friend be like a cheap watch? How does the proper treatment for Guinea-worm illustrate the best mode of treating habitual drunkards? The answers to these and many equally ingenious parallels illustrate Holmes' power of perceiving analogies; and show, too, how his talent had been polished in the conversational arena. The commonest weakness of popular writers in the eyes of severe critics is that they resemble barristers addressing dull juries. Such a one feels that he must not simply state a reason, but pound it into a thick head by repetition. If a joke seems to be answering, he makes it again and again till the stare of puzzled suspicion that the man may be not quite serious passes into the broad grin of steady conviction that he is actually making a joke. The instrument upon which Holmes had performed, the circle of congenial friends, was, of course, far more responsive. Still an after-dinner criticism requires to be played with and flashed in different lights if it is to win the ear of the party. In that act of dexterously manipulating a subtle analogy, playing with it long enough to excite attention,

and yet not so long as to bore the intelligent, Holmes had certainly become a master.

Wit of this kind has a close affinity to logic; and Holmes is the man of science playing with a weapon available for more serious purposes. According to himself, he played with it a little too much in his professional capacity. A man who could say that the "smallest fevers would be thankfully received" had not the excessive gravity which we desire in our medical advisers. In some hands the danger would be rather that the wit would be too heavily weighted with the logic. Holmes succeeded in making his logic sparkle and play over the surface of his sentiment; and achieved the feat happily described by his friend Thomas Appleton—famous for many good sayings—by the remark that he had "put the electricity of the climate into words." The force which may crush a fallacy can also coruscate like mild summer lightning. This logical tendency makes a characteristic difference between Holmes and Charles Lamb, the most obvious parallel to him in our own language. Holmes, as became a quick logician, was an unequivocal lover of clearness and common-sense. He may play with an extravagance, as in the case of Boston, but he is anxious always to show that he sees its extravagance. Lamb loves the quaint and grotesque for its own sake; falls in love with his prejudices; delights in yielding to them unreservedly, and caressing them and flouting the reasonable matter-of-fact person, the solid Scot who demonstrates that an absurdity is absurd. He may be quite reasonable at bottom, but he will not condescend to interpret his meaning to the hopelessly commonplace. So, for example, he dilates upon his "imperfect sympathy" with the Jews. He has, "in the abstract, no disrespect for them. They are a piece of stubborn antiquity compared with which Stonehenge is in its nonage." But he adds, "old prejudices cling about me. I cannot shake off the old story of Hugh of Lincoln." Holmes meets some Jews "at the pantomime" and remembers the same legend:—

"Up came their murderous deeds of old,
The grisly story Chaucer told;
And many an ugly tale beside,
Of children caught and crucified."

But Holmes makes this merely a pretext for a reproach to narrow prejudices, and for pointing out the superlative claims of the race upon the regard of Christians. No doubt Lamb would have been heartily pleased with Holmes' application of the story; but for his own part is content to allow his readers to find out that he is not an embodiment of stupid antipathies. This is, perhaps, to say that Lamb's humor was more thoroughly ingrained in his character; and the effect appears in their literary tastes. Lamb delights in the quaintness and mysticism of the seventeenth century; likes to lose himself with Sir Thomas Browne in an *O Altitudo*; and so loves the splendid audacities of the old dramatists that he half loves even their extravagance. Holmes, on the other hand, though born when Lamb was thirty-five, adheres to the tradition against which Lamb and his friend had revolted. His real affinities are with the wits from Addison to Goldsmith, the believers in reason and common-sense, who had sharpened their brains, as he had done, in small social gatherings. He liked to call the hotel where his club met after Will's Coffeehouse sacred to Dryden; and he seems to have regarded Emerson and his disciples much as his English predecessors looked upon the "enthusiasts" of their day. One of his most characteristic letters is a very courteous reply, written in 1846, to a remonstrance from Lowell, who had complained that he did not attack war and slavery in his poems. He does not differ from Lowell in his judgment of those evils; but he must follow his natural bent, and was glad to leave these burning problems to more eloquent advocates. It is quite clear, in fact, that his natural predisposition made believers in what we call "fads" uncongenial. He saw their absurdities, their one-sided extravagances, and their appeals to a kind of inspired authority from the common sense point of view. Their vehemence and their blindness to the

practical shocked his taste and kept him for the time at arm's length. And so, in spite of his thorough patriotism, he was, in some directions, a conservative and even an aristocrat. He was for "Americanizing" religion — for that meant making religion reasonable; but not for Americanizing literature, for the phrase had been used to mean vulgarizing. "I go politically for equality," says he, "and socially for the quality." He wished, in short, to preserve the traditions of refinement and harmony, suavity and tact, which can, as he held, only be produced in two or three generations lifted above squalor and the hardening influences of coarse manual labor. In literature, therefore, he was naturally a purist; he was simply disgusted when it was proposed to make a literary declaration of independence by introducing broad jokes in slang suited to a western backwoodsman. He shuddered at the thought of a possible President of the Republic saying "häow" instead of "what," or "urritation" for "irritation." Some lovely woman, he hopes, will playfully withdraw the knife which the great man is about to use as a fork, or sacrifice herself by imitating his use of the implement—"how much harder than to plunge it into her bosom like Lucretia!" The true canons of good literature as of good behavior are founded upon the eternal laws of good sense and good feeling: and therefore a revolt against them is not the way to independence, but to degeneration. Holmes, of course, maintained that refinement was compatible with democracy, and that a thorough American might also be the most polished of gentlemen. But he had the keenest contempt for the confusion of mere eccentricity with originality, or the theory that man gains real self-respect by forgetting his manners. When the Civil War broke out, Holmes most heartily adopted the patriotic view of the situation, and spoke, too, in the language of a thorough political republican. He uses the familiar shibboleth without hesitation. His old sympathy with abolitionists had been tempered by his fear that their excessive devotion to a good cause might, as he told Lowell, precipitate a

frightful future of "war and bloodshed." Now the sympathy could have full play, and the enthusiast be at one with the man of reason and common-sense.

Whether, as Holmes hoped, democracy will prove to be the reign of reason and of true refinement of respect for man as man, and also of respect for the traditional culture is not a question to be asked here. The shorter and more answerable problem concerns his own character. Holmes shocked the orthodox by some of his theories: and perhaps, if he had fully perceived or uttered some of their consequences he would have shocked them more. He might have been respected: but to the ordinary reader he would have appeared as a scoffer, or at least as a blast from the nipping northeast air, blighting the fairest flowers of old tradition. One can perhaps fancy Holmes under other surroundings, producing a book not unlike *Candide*, incomparably witty, but not exactly conciliatory to the other side. But with all his power of ridicule Holmes had not a touch of the satirist about him. He shrinks from painting even his enemies in too black colors. He can denounce bigotry, but he always prefers to point out that the bigot in theory may be the kindest of men in practice. In one of his early bits of pure fun, he tells how his servant was thrown into fits by reading some of his merry lines:—

"Ten days and nights with sleepless eye
I watched that wretched man;
Since then I never dare to write
As funny as I can."

Certainly he never wrote as sharply as it is abundantly plain that he could. He always remembered that the other person was a human being. It was very shocking to burn the witches, but he could not find it in his heart to sentence the burner to his own flames.

If Holmes, that is, had revolted from his early teachers, he had never become bitter. This was, perhaps, because he never grew to manhood. He requests all but youthful readers to abstain from one of his papers, and explains that "youthful" includes some "from the age of twelve to that of four-score years and ten." Youth is "something in the soul which has no

more to do with the color of the hair than the vein of gold in a rock has to do with the grass a thousand feet above it." No one has ever insisted upon that text so emphatically and persistently. The "poems of the class of 1829" have no doubt been surpassed in the highest qualities by some autobiographical series that might be mentioned, but, besides their merits as occasional verse, they have an almost unique personal interest. Every year from 1851 till 1889 sees the laureate of the old set of friends proclaiming—as long as it can be done by even a poetical fiction—that they are still "boys," and when even the fiction would be too sad, still claiming undying youth for the old affection. So, as he says in 1884, after setting forth a characteristic analogy :—

"So, link by link, our friendships part,
To loosen, break, and fall,
A narrowing zone; the loving heart
Lives changeless through them all."

Although when Lamb wrote his pathetic *Old Familiar Faces*, bewailing the loss of school-friends, he was a little over twenty, his mood seems appropriate to one who, in the decline of life, feels his solitude to be almost unbearable. Humor which reveals the seamy side of life generally goes with a melancholy temperament, and Lamb's sweetness is generally toned by the sadness, due both to circumstance and to disposition. It is Holmes' special peculiarity that the childish buoyancy remains almost to the end, unbroken and irrepressible. He could hardly indeed have sympathized with the doctrine that heaven lies about us in our infancy, for we do not cherish that—illusion is it? or faith, till we are forced to admit that we can only see the light of common day. Holmes never seems to have lost the early buoyancy—only to have acquired new toys; even physiology which he studied seriously enough, and which is not generally regarded as amusing, supplies him with intellectual playthings, quaint fancies, and startling analogies to be tossed about like balls by a skilful juggler. The early poems, written in the pure extravagance of boyish fun, like the *Spectre Pig* and *The Mysterious Visitor*, show characteristics which

may be overlaid but are never obliterated. I don't know that any of his poems are more thoroughly himself than the early lines on a portrait :—

"That thing thou fondly deem'st a nose,
Unseen though it be,—
In spite of all the world's cold scorn,
It may be much to thee."

The inimitable *One-Horse Shay* was written when he was near fifty, and the *Broomstick Train*, almost equally full of fun, when he was over eighty, and had sorrows enough to quench most men's last sparkles of vivacity. No human being ever fought more gallantly with the old enemy who defeats us all in the end.

Holmes' boyishness appears in his quaint love of athletic sports, more eccentric in America when he wrote than it seems to be at present: his love of boxing and rowing and walking. We can almost believe the Autocrat when he says that he was tempted to put on the gloves with the "Benicia Boy," though that hero was of twice his weight and half his age. His exuberant feelings betray him into some bacchanalian lyrics, for which he half apologizes. He goes back in spirit to the jovial old British squires who once possessed his punch-bowl :—

"I tell you there was generous warmth in good
old English cheer,
I tell you 'twas a pleasant thought to bring
its symbol here!
'Tis but the fool that loves excess; hast
thou a drunken soul,
The fault is in thy shallow brain, not in my
silver bowl."

This, indeed, may remind us that the everlasting "boy" in Holmes is not to be confounded with the young of the human species as known to us by actual experience. The real boy is sometimes a brute, who loves boxing and the punch-bowl after the manner of brutes. Holmes' boyishness means the actual possession of such qualities as are attributed to boys—rashly sometimes—by loving mothers; the perfect simplicity, the confiding trustfulness of a nature which has not been soured into cynicism; and the confident assumption that their own happiness implies the general goodness of all their fellow-creatures. Holmes' early revolt against Calvinism had left to him, as

I have said, the belief that a Calvinist was a really good man with an offensive dogma floating on the surface of his mind. His heretical outbursts may be taken in good part by the judicious, because they remind even the orthodox not so much of the assaults of a determined enemy as of the naïve irreverence of a child who expresses in pure simplicity his view of some accepted dogma. He may have hit upon a really grave objection, but it implies no personal antipathies. This, as it requires no wizard to say, is the secret of the method by which Holmes unlocked the doors of so many hearts. The tenderness and simplicity combined were irresistible passports to admittance; even his logic appeared in the form of a dazzling display of wit; and the pathos touches us because it is presented without the slightest tinge of affectation. Nobody can be at once more feeling and more free from sentimentalism. His compliments, always delicately turned and sometimes exquisite, often remind me of Boswell's portrait of Garrick "playing round" Johnson with a "fond vivacity" and looking up in his face with a lively archness, till the old gentleman was warmed into "gentle complacency." If Garrick was presumably a better actor, he could not have been more dexterous in administering praise.

But I need not try to expound what every one perceives who has read his poems, such especially as the famous *Last Leaf* and *Dorothy Q.*, and the *Chambered Nautilus*. The last of these, I humbly confess, does not quite touch me as it should, because it seems too ingenious. Like Blanco White's famous sonnet, it rather tempts me, at least, to think what reply I could make to the argument. But the *Last Leaf* might be made into the text of all that I wish to say. The exquisite pathos of the verse about the mossy marbles linked to the fun of the irresistible though sinful "grin" is the typical instance of Holmes' special combination of qualities. He is one of the writers who is destined to live long—longer, it may be, than some of greater intellectual force and higher imagination, because he succeeds so admirably in flavoring the milk of human kindness with an element which is not acid and yet gets rid of the mawkishness which sometimes makes good morality terribly insipid. This biography, in spite of the scantiness of material, falls in at every point with the impression derived from the books, and leaves us with the satisfactory conviction that we have no errata to correct in our previous judgment.—*National Review*.

ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE.

BY HENRY HARRIES.

DURING the past couple of years the general public, as well as the strictly scientific members of the community, have been greatly interested in the success which has attended the attempts made by Professor Dewar, at the Royal Institution, to liquefy and solidify atmospheric air. The difficult and costly operation is one which has engaged the closest attention of physicists for generations, and numerous have been the experiments in our own country and abroad to bring the question stage by stage nearer and nearer the hoped-for solution. However, the nineteenth century was nearing its close before it

was rendered possible for the unaided human eye to look upon the air we breathe in the form of a tangible body—something much more substantial than "the airy nothing" in which we are enveloped—something which is as obvious to our senses of sight and feeling as a lump of coal, and can just as easily be weighed on an ordinary balance. Of course we all know, or ought to know, that in spite of its invisibility and great tenuity, and of our own unconsciousness of continuously bearing upon our bodies many tons of it, the atmosphere, as it exists freely in Nature, is a ponderable gas. Two and a

half centuries before Professor Dewar presented us with blocks of solid air, means had been devised for weighing it in its normal, free state, and there are now few parts of the world, at sea as well as on land, where the operation of weighing the air is not performed regularly and systematically every day.

To the earlier philosophers the investigations connected with our atmosphere presented insuperable difficulties, for the all sufficient reason that they had not the advantages we possess in the matter of delicately constructed instruments to aid them in their researches. All they could do was to make what to us now may seem the wildest of wild guesses as to the nature and properties of the subtle medium surrounding our globe. We pass down the long vista of ages to find that in olden days the most learned men in each successive generation groped about in the darkness; the desire then, as it is now, and as it will continue to be till the end of time, being to "rifle Nature even to her very nudities." They did their best, each in his own way, to offer more or less feasible explanations of the phenomena which they and others witnessed; but practically nothing more than theorizing was accomplished until the middle of the seventeenth century.

Like so many other important scientific discoveries, that of the unearthing of the fact that the atmosphere has weight may be regarded as brought about by accidental and very simple circumstances. The immortal Galileo was ignorant of the physics of the atmosphere until quite the closing years of his eventful life. Workmen in the employ of the Duke of Tuscany, having occasion to pump water to a considerable height, found to their great surprise that, do what they would, and work as hard as they could, the water simply refused to ascend in the pipe to a greater height than about 32 feet. Ascertaining that the pump was free from all faults of construction, they, in their perplexity, decided to appeal to the famous philosopher Galileo to learn what could possibly be the explanation of such an extraordinary fact. His answer was a measure of his knowledge of the subject at that time. He

assured his questioners that the water rose to a height of 32 feet and no higher because Nature abhorred a vacuum, but that this horror was limited and did not operate above 32 feet! Before his death, in 1642, he seems, however, to have thought over this curious problem a good deal, and to have arrived at the conclusion that the atmosphere has weight, and that it must play some important part in the operation. No doubt he communicated his views on the subject to his favorite disciple, Evangelista Torricelli, who is found soon after the master's death to be trying to discover how to obtain the weight of the air. Toward the end of the year 1643 he mentioned to his colleague Viviani that he was conducting some experiments with quicksilver—*esperienza dell' argento vivo*—and in the following year, in two letters written at Florence, on June 11 and 28, 1644, he informed his friend Ricci, at Rome, of the success which had attended his investigation, diagrams being given to show the construction of the instrument.

From these communications it is evident that Torricelli had devoted much thought to the solution of the difficulty. Finally he had taken a glass tube, about a yard long, hermetically closed at one end, open at the other, and filling it with mercury, plunged the open end into a bowl of the same liquid. It was then seen that the mercury in the tube was sinking gradually, and it continued to do so until the top of the column was at about 30 inches above the level of the contents of the bowl, when the descent stopped, and the mercury was apparently at rest. There was, therefore, a space between the mercury and the sealed end of the tube which contained nothing, not even air. Torricelli's first idea seems to have been that the instrument was a means of obtaining just what Nature was supposed to abhor—a vacuum—and the empty space thus obtained has ever since been known as the Torricellian vacuum. But another point immediately presented itself to him as requiring some explanation. Here was the best part of a yard of a heavy fluid suspended in mid-air without any visible support—there was no deception,

no sleight of hand to confuse him and to draw his attention from the main fact. What could it all mean? Watching the column carefully, he found that, although to the casual observer it was perfectly still, it was in reality perpetually on the move, rising and falling, but at an exceedingly slow rate, the ascent or descent varying in rapidity from time to time. After meditating on this interesting feature for some time, he rightly conjectured that it was to be explained by changes in the air, which he supposed to be sometimes heavy and dense, at other times light and rarefied. He also reasoned from it that our globe is enveloped in an ocean of air exerting a certain amount of pressure, being heaviest in the lowest strata, at the earth's surface, where he computed it to be 400 times lighter than water. (It is about 800 times lighter.) We are also left in no doubt that he had detected another element of disturbance influencing the length of the mercurial column, for he noticed that it was affected by changes of temperature as well as changes of weight, so that, as a matter of fact, he determined the fundamental principles upon which the construction of this invaluable instrument depends.

To say that the news regarding this grand discovery spread like wildfire would be an exaggeration. Nowadays the philosopher has but to casually mention that he has advanced some particular subject by a single step, and next morning practically the whole civilized world, from China to Peru, sits down to breakfast provided with a more or less complete account of the new topic in the daily newspapers. Two and a half centuries ago, however, the world was content to jog along at an infinitely slower pace than this. A description of Torricelli's strange device does not appear to have reached Pascal, at Rouen, until the year 1646. The young Frenchman immediately set himself to study the whole question, and he was soon in a position to carry out a series of experiments in the presence of a number of *savants* who were firm believers in the idea of Nature's horror of a vacuum. Producing two long tubes, each closed

at one end, he filled one with water, the other with wine. Inverting them and immersing the lower ends in water and in wine respectively, the assembled critics beheld the water sink until the top of the column came to about 32 feet from the level of the water in the vessel below, while the column of wine, being the lighter fluid, ceased falling at a point about two feet higher than the water. The experiments clearly established, in Pascal's opinion, the truth that the air alone maintained the columns of various liquids in suspension; that 30 inches of mercury, 32 feet of water, 34 feet of wine, and so on, were of equal weight, each being exactly balanced by the superincumbent atmosphere.

But those were not the days when scientific truths could be accepted without something more than a mild protest. Religious people were shocked at the manner in which philosophers trifled with the profound secrets of Nature. The leading Church authorities saw, or pretended to see, in that innocent but excellent instrument principles subversive of religion, and they condemned the Torricellian vacuum as altogether repugnant to Nature. At least to his own satisfaction, Linus proved that the space was not a vacuum, attributing the suspension of the mercury to an invisible film or thread of mercury depending from the dome of the tube, which, although so infinitely fine, was strong enough to support the whole 30 inches below. Kircher also joined in the fray, advancing other and equally absurd reasons for dismissing with contempt the theories in support of the vacuum, which he considered to be prejudicial to the orthodox faith. For a time, therefore, it was difficult to get any one to believe in the success of the new instrument.

Pascal's experiments aroused intense hostility among the French clergy, and "all the prejudices of a bad philosophy and all the virulence of error were summoned to the attack" by Father Noel, who wrote a scathing denunciation of the entire business. To Pascal, however, the whole thing was so genuine that the more his work was condemned the more determined was he to discover some more convincing proofs.

He argued that if the air really supported the mercury, then, as there must be less air at the top of a mountain than at the base, the column would sink in the tube much lower at the summit than on the lowland at the foot. The idea was put to the test as soon as he could induce his brother-in-law, Perier, to assist him. On September 19, 1648, Perier, provided with a tube of mercury, made the ascent of the Puy-de-Dôme, over 3,000 feet above Clermont. By the time the summit was reached the quicksilver had gradually dropped until it was more than 3 inches lower than at starting, but on descending again to Clermont it regained its original level. This interesting experiment was several times repeated by ascending and descending the mountain on different sides, the results being always the same. After this proof, so entirely in favor of his views, Pascal was content to give practical demonstrations of the truth of his theory by experiments on a much smaller scale, a church steeple being utilized to show that the mercurial column sank or rose in the tube according as it was carried up from or down toward the earth. By these simple means his opponents were completely silenced, for it became obvious to the meanest intellect among them that the far-fetched ideas they had advanced as explanations of why the mercury remained suspended were untenable against the doctrines propounded by Pascal.

Apparently the first instrument of the kind known in Germany was at Regensburg, in 1654; and four or five years later some of the members of the scientific club then in course of formation, and subsequently known as "the Royal Society of London for the Improving of Natural Knowledge," were delighted to become possessed of one. It was one of the founders of the Royal Society, the Honorable Robert Boyle, who, on carefully studying the new instrument, gave it the name *barometer* (from the Greek *baros*, weight, and *metron*, measure), because it measured the weight of the superincumbent atmosphere.

It did not take long for those who watched the behavior of the instru-

ment closely to discover that, even when it was kept in a fixed position, the mercurial column was practically never at rest, rising and falling just as in the experiments on the slopes of the Puy-de-Dôme, but not to the same extent. The weight of the atmosphere at any one spot was therefore taken to be a very variable quantity, and after a little experience observers came to connect these irregular fluctuations of the mercury with the changes which were taking place almost simultaneously in the weather. Speaking generally, the decline of the column was marked by damp southerly breezes, and its elevation by dry northerly breezes. This discovery soon led to the barometer being popularly recognized, not as "the air-weigher" but as "the weather-glass," or simply "the glass." However, the relationship which exists between atmospheric pressure and our daily weather changes will not be dealt with in this article. Quite apart from the purely meteorological aspect, there are many other very interesting features connected with the subject which are not by any means familiar to the public at large.

First of all, let us get some idea as to the weight of the atmosphere. From what has already been said as to the origin of the barometer, there should be no difficulty in understanding that the principle underlying the construction of the instrument is that the free and unfettered air balances a column of mercury varying in height according to the circumstances of the moment, but whose average elevation at the level of the sea is 30 inches. But we know, because we can ascertain directly, that 30 cubic inches of mercury weigh close upon 15 pounds avoirdupois, and therefore we say that, under normal conditions, the pressure of the atmosphere is 15 pounds on every square inch, an amount which does not at first sight strike the casual reader as deserving of much consideration. If, however, instead of taking such a tiny space as a square inch for our base, we adopt some larger area, even the dullest intellect is immediately struck by the importance of the point, for the facts at once begin to assume gigantic proportions. Thus, on a

square foot the weight of the air is little short of a ton; on a square yard it exceeds $8\frac{1}{2}$ tons; and on a square of $10\frac{1}{2}$ feet side it is 100 tons. Extend the calculation to an acre, and to a ten-acre field, to the area of your own parish, town, or county, and then see how bewildering the results are. What is known as Inner London, an area of 122 square miles, supports an aerial pressure of 3,250,000,000 tons, or considerably over 600 tons to each inhabitant. The metropolis, however, is only the thousandth part of the area of the United Kingdom, the superincumbent atmosphere over the entire country weighing the mere bagatelle of 3,200,000,000,000 tons. To arrive at some approximate conception of the immensity of such a weight, we will assume the air over our islands to be converted into coal in the bowels of the earth. Our coalfields now yield about 180,000,000 tons of coal annually and give employment to 600,000 workmen. To bring to the surface the whole of the air which we have supposed turned into coal would occupy this vast army of miners a matter of 18,000 years!

But the British Isles, again, form only a very small fraction of the surface of the globe, the aggregate weight of the atmospheric envelope surrounding the world being about 5,000 billions of tons, which has been represented as the weight of a solid leaden ball having a diameter of 60 miles. Such figures are really beyond the human comprehension; we become confused and bewildered in contemplating them. Their magnitude will be vaguely comprehended from the following significant figures. Our atmosphere is composed almost exclusively of nitrogen and oxygen—76.9 per cent. of the former to 23.1 of the latter, with "very minute" proportions of carbonic acid, water vapor, and argon. Now the scarcely measurable quantity of aqueous vapor floating in the air has, for the whole world, a gross weight of about 55,000,000,000 tons, a prodigious quantity, which we refer to as only part of a "very minute" fraction of the entire atmosphere.

Thus far we have looked upon the air as being equally distributed all

round the world, balancing 30 inches of mercury at every spot on the earth's surface. We must now go a step further, and consider the atmosphere as it is in its natural state. It is well known to every reader of the daily papers who takes the smallest interest in the weather reports that the barometer is perpetually in motion, at one time rising, at another falling; rising in one locality, falling in another; and that the aerial envelope is consequently never uniform in weight over any considerable portion of the earth. If we take a map, say of Europe, and place on it in proper position the barometric readings, reduced to sea-level, at a large number of well-distributed stations, and at a set hour on any day, we shall find that the values group themselves into more or less well-defined areas—perhaps over Russia all would be high, and those over the British Isles an inch or two lower; or it may be the other way about; or the highest readings may be grouped over Central Europe, and very low ones be found in the extreme west and extreme east; or low readings over the central countries may be flanked on either side by much higher values. Changes are continually in progress, and there is an endless variety of combinations, so that no two successive days present identically the same picture. Although people are familiar enough with the names "cyclone" and "anti-cyclone," few can explain their precise signification. Here it will be sufficient to state merely that cyclonic areas are areas of low barometric pressure, and anti-cyclones areas of high pressure.

As the weight of the air when the mercury stands at a height of 30 inches is 15 pounds per square inch, it will be evident that a cubic inch of mercury weighs half a pound; so that if the barometric column rises or falls 1 inch we know that the weight of the atmosphere increases or decreases by half a pound. Now, the absolutely highest and lowest barometer readings, corrected and reduced to sea-level, which are on record, have occurred in Asia. On January 14, 1893, the register at Irkutsk, in Siberia, touched 31.792 inches, while at False Point, on the coast of Orissa, on September 22, 1885,

the reading was 27.124 inches. These extremes are nearly $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches apart, and represent a possible change of atmospheric weight of more than 2½ pounds on the square inch. Within the British Isles the extreme values thus far have been 31.09 inches at Ardrossan on January 9, 1896, and 27.24 inches at Omagh, Tyrone, on December 8, 1886, showing a range of 3.85 inches, equal to nearly 2 pounds per square inch.

When applied to extensive regions, these figures really indicate tremendous weights moved about the earth's surface. As an illustration of the important shifting of weights which is ceaselessly in progress, we will compare the anti-cyclone of January 9, 1896, with the cyclone of December 8, 1886. In the former the average of the barometer readings over the whole of the United Kingdom was 30.96 inches, and in the latter 28.05 inches, a difference of 2.91 inches. Now if we covered the land area with a layer of mercury 2.91 inches in thickness, such a coating would weigh 308,000,000,000 tons. Barometric fluctuations of an inch in extent are comparatively frequent in this country, and an inch of mercury means 108,000,000,000 tons of air more or less, as the case may be, over the kingdom.

There are good reasons for believing that the earth—"this too, too solid earth" as many of us suppose it to be—feels these enormous changes of weight, and responds to them much in the same way as an orange would respond to the pressure and the withdrawal of a finger. It must be remembered that the surface of the globe is dotted all over with moving cyclones and anti-cyclones differing in weight to the extent of many hundreds of thousands of millions of tons, so that the idea that the earth's outer crust is about as unstable as a jelly is not so absurd as it might appear at first sight. Professor G. H. Darwin, after some careful experiments conducted at Cambridge, has calculated that even if the earth were so solid as to have the rigidity of glass, it would still mean that with a barometric range of only 2 inches we should be at least 3 or 4 inches nearer the centre of the earth

when the mercury is at its highest than when it touches its lowest point. The experiments of the late Dr. von Rebeur Paschwitz strongly confirm Professor Darwin's conclusions, for they show that even when the barometer rises such a short distance as one-twenty-fifth part of an inch there is a perceptible deflection of the plumb-line. In the determination of the geographical position of places observers have been puzzled at the discrepancies in the results obtained at different periods, but it now seems to be recognized that they must be largely attributed to the tilting of the ground in one direction or another, according to the disposition of atmospheric pressure, and that this is sufficient to introduce a difference of several miles in the results. It is true we are not conscious of this sinking and elevating process; it takes place at such a very imperceptible rate, perhaps occasionally 2 or 3 inches in twenty-four hours, but delicate and carefully balanced astronomical and seismological instruments tell us very clearly that the ground is never at perfect rest; it has, in fact, been likened to a jelly. Whether the variations of barometric pressure contribute directly to the production of earth tremors and earthquakes has not been definitely determined, although the connection is more than suspected. Thus in Japan, where the barometric fluctuations are more frequent and of greater extent in winter than in summer, earthquakes are fully twice as numerous in the former as in the latter season.

It is probably easier to understand that water would be influenced by changes in the weight of the superincumbent air. Our tide-tables predict the height of the tide every day, but under normal barometric conditions, the actual height being regulated by circumstances, so that corrections are necessary according as the barometer is above or below the average. In the official "Channel Pilot," published by the Admiralty, it is said of Dover Harbor that "it is on record that during equinoctial spring tides with a high barometer and strong northeasterly wind, the tide at high water has receded $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet below the datum of low water, ordinary springs." Under the

great anti-cyclone of January, 1882, the Mediterranean at Antibes was lowered about a foot, M. Faye attributing this to the exceptionally high pressure. Curiously enough, inland lakes were similarly depressed at this time, Constance being lower than at any time during three-quarters of a century previously, the result being that lacustrine habitations were laid bare, and nephrite axes and other ancient objects were brought to light.

The most interesting and important feature of the meteorology of the North Atlantic Ocean is the great anti-cyclone which lies over the Horse Latitudes practically all the year round. No doubt this permanent area of high atmospheric pressure accounts for the saucer-like depression of the surface of the ocean known as the Sargasso Sea, a region where large quantities of so-called Gulf weed accumulate, very little of the fucus escaping into higher levels. One of the derelict ships about which so much has been heard of late in and out of Parliament was the schooner *Fannie E. Wolston*, abandoned off Cape Hatteras on October 15, 1891. Drifting down into the Sargasso Sea the helpless wanderer simply moved hither and thither within this shallow depression for more than three years before she finally disappeared.

In ballooning we have a practical illustration of the decrease of atmospheric pressure with elevation. No aeronaut would dream of filling a balloon to its utmost capacity with gas before starting on an expedition, for this would mean certain destruction. Rising higher and higher into much more attenuated air, the contained gas expands as the resistance of the atmosphere decreases, and if by miscalculation too much gas has been stored in the interior, the balloon will burst unless the aeronaut takes the necessary precaution of opening the escape valve occasionally. Parachutists afford us examples of another phase of the importance of atmospheric weight. A man drops free from a balloon at a great height from the ground, but instead of descending at a frightful velocity and being dashed to pieces, he holds above his head a strongly constructed umbrella, and the resistance of the air

is so great that the descent becomes a most leisurely performance.

An interesting phenomenon related to the weight or density of the air is the variation in what is known as its diathermancy, or heat passing through it without being appreciably absorbed. The greater the tenuity of the air, the more nearly diathermanous is it. Supposing the sun's rays to be directed down a deep mine-shaft, the air at the bottom would absorb more heat directly from the rays than the air at the surface, and the latter absorb more than the air at the top of a mountain, a fact which has nothing to do with the climate of a place. Thus, in the soft, warm weather of the Riviera, at sea-level, the solar rays are much less fierce than they are in the freezing atmosphere of Davos Platz, at an elevation of over 5,000 feet. When the solar radiation thermometer rises to 130 degrees in London, we consider it a scorching day, but at Leh, in Ladakh, at a height of 11,000 feet above sea-level, and with the weight of the air about 6 pounds per square inch less than it is in the metropolis, the sun's rays, falling on the thermometer, send it up above the boiling-point of water. Many thousands of people visit the Alps every holiday season and are surprised to find how quickly, unless gloves and veils are used, the hands and face are scorched in the sunshine, but they are quite unconscious of any change in the weight or tenuity of the air, which is the principal contributory factor in encouraging the blistering effects of the solar rays.

Another physical fact depending upon barometric pressure is the temperature at which water boils. The less the weight of the air, the more readily does the vapor escape from the water, and the sooner is the point of ebullition attained. It is usual with us to say that the boiling point of water is at 212° Fahrenheit, but this is so only at the normal pressure indicated by 30 inches of mercury in the barometer. So long as the barometer remains at this height no amount of firing and stoking will alter the boiling-point a fraction of a degree; but increase or reduce the pressure, and the boiling-point is immediately increased

or reduced. Taking the extreme barometric limits for the British Isles already quoted, it is found that in Scotland, in January, 1896, water had to be raised to a temperature of 214° before ebullition was complete, while in the north of Ireland, in December, 1886, it only required to be raised to 207° . Ben Nevis being our highest mountain, 4,406 feet, the barometer there is nearly five inches lower than it is on the Caledonian Canal at the base, and the boiling-point on the summit is consequently lowered to an average of about 204° ; on the top of Mont Blanc it is 185° ; and at 20,000 feet and upward, in the Andes and Himalayas, 175° and under. As the boiling-point is dependent upon pressure, it has often been used as a ready means for ascertaining the heights of places visited by travellers. However, the lowering of the boiling point is not without its inconveniences, for at altitudes of 8,000 feet and upward eggs, meat, potatoes, and such things cannot be boiled. Darwin relates, in this connection, an incident during his travels in the Andes sixty years ago, when an attempt was made to boil potatoes for the party. The fire was kept going all the afternoon and evening, all through the night, and away into next day, but it was useless; the potatoes simply could not boil—it was a physical impossibility in the rarefied atmosphere of the elevated situation.

Sound travels better and farther when the barometer is high than when it is low.

Nor is the variation of atmospheric pressure without direct influences on mankind. Of late years many medical men have devoted a considerable amount of attention to the density of the air as a valuable therapeutic agent in the treatment of disease, and the more advanced have urged that practitioners should regularly study the daily official weather reports so as to know the disposition of cyclones and anti-cyclones over our own and neighboring countries, and to note the corresponding changes in the condition of their patients. As Dr. Lauder Brunton remarked on this point in his address to the North London Medico-Chirurgical Society, in December, 1891,

“We may well fancy that the day is not far distant when warnings will be published in the newspapers, not only to seamen of approaching storms, but to invalids and people in general of the meteorological changes which will induce pain in some and nervous excitability in others, with perhaps an added hint that extra flannel should be worn by the former, and bromide of potassium, or some other nervine sedative, taken freely by the latter.”

For some diseases physicians now prescribe compressed air baths, the treatment consisting of an occasional brief imprisonment in an air-tight room into which air is pumped until the barometer rises to 50 inches, or a pressure of 25 pounds per square inch, as against 15 pounds in the open. In this dense atmosphere the lung capacity is increased, breathing becomes easier, and respiration deeper and slower, while a very curious result is an increase in the shrillness of the voice, singers being able to rise a tone or two higher than under the ordinary conditions of existence.

Other patients are ordered to live in a more attenuated instead of in a denser atmosphere, and for this no specially constructed chamber is necessary. Invalids of this class go to reside in sheltered nooks high up in the mountains—in the Alps, the Rockies, the Andes, etc.—where the barometer is always several inches lower than it is at sea-level. In these elevated resorts the invalids find the natives provided with much larger chests than the lowlanders, and that this peculiarity is due more to the tenuity of the atmosphere than to the mode of life of the people is demonstrated by the gradual distension of the thorax of visitors who remain a few months, the chest measurement increasing by as much as 3 inches in some cases. On descending to the plain, however, the thorax, under the increased pressure, gradually contracts to its original dimensions.

When the increase or decrease of atmospheric pressure is confined within moderate limits, we are practically unconscious of any unpleasant consequences resulting therefrom. We seldom experience such a long spell of

high barometer as we had in January and February, 1882. At the time it was noted that complaints of headache were exceedingly frequent throughout the country, doctors attributing it to the unusual weight of the air. Under extremes of pressure, however, the consequences are not only very disagreeable, but oftentimes dangerous. In the construction of the Tower and Forth Bridges, the Blackwall Tunnel, and other great engineering feats, it has been necessary for much of the work to be done in compressed-air shafts or cylinders, known as caissons, sunk in the water or the ground. Into these chambers air is forced until it is of sufficient density to support a column of mercury 120 inches or even 150 inches high—that is, equal to four or five normal “atmospheres.” Elaborate precautions have to be taken in passing the workmen in and out of these structures, otherwise distressing effects are felt by even the strongest and healthiest. Spite of all the care taken, many men contract what has now come to be recognized as “caisson disease,” resulting from congestion of the brain and spinal cord. There are excruciating pains from the knees upward, headache and vertigo, and occasionally paralysis of various parts of the body. Divers suffer from similar complaints through working in compressed air under great depths of water.

Some readers will recollect the very important part played by the mere resistance of the atmosphere in insuring the safety of the five miners who, in April, 1877, were imprisoned in the Tynewydd Colliery, South Wales, through the inundation of the mine. Fortunately the water rose so suddenly that the mouth of the heading was closed before the air could escape, and the men found themselves immured in a compressed-air dungeon, the great density of the air keeping the flood water at a distance. All were saved after eight days of ceaseless hewing at the solid rock by the rescuing parties.

Balloonists and mountain-climbers find they have special difficulties brought about by breathing the very thin atmosphere of the higher regions. Many accounts are on record describing the experiences of travellers at

great elevations—how they have suffered from drowsiness, fatigue, difficulty in breathing, intense thirst, exhaustion, mountain-sickness, and so on. Some have described the symptoms as being of a more painful nature than even angina pectoris. With novices mountain sickness may come on at almost any elevation; no doubt, as in sea-sickness, the constitution of the individual has much to do with its early or late attack. Mr. Whymper, one of the most hardened of mountaineers, suffered from a severe attack in the Andes when he had attained an elevation at which his barometer had descended to the low level of 14 inches, representing an atmospheric pressure of only 7 pounds on the square inch. Of course, the climbing of mountain slopes and precipices involves much bodily exertion, and this probably intensifies the depressing sensations. Balloonists, however, are not free from the discomforts and dangers incident to an existence in a greatly rarefied air. In the balloon ascent of September, 1838, Messrs. Green and Rush felt no great inconvenience in attaining an altitude of 27,000 feet—probably because there was no time to feel the full effect of the changes, for they had shot up 11,000 feet in the short space of seven minutes—but immediately Mr. Green attempted to exert himself he found that his respiration became hurried. Just twenty-four years later Messrs. Glaisher and Coxwell attained the greatest elevation ever reached by man, the balloon going up to an estimated height of 37,000 feet. At 19,000 feet they were panting for breath, at 29,000 feet their sight was failing, and later insensibility stole over them. It is a marvel how they came back again, alive and well, to what we have hitherto known as *terra firma*.

Both under excessively high and low pressure persons are liable to bleed at the nose and ears.

Enough has been said in the foregoing to show the thoughtful reader that to treat the barometer merely as a weather-glass, placing it on a level with a piece of seaweed or with the pair of figures whose movements depend upon the dryness or dampness of a piece of catgut, looking upon its fre-

quent variations as having no other meaning than indicating some change of wind or weather, is to restrict its usefulness within very narrow limits indeed. The interest in this remarkable, although simple, instrument will

be greatly increased if it is always borne in mind that the "barometer" is still what it was when that name was first given to it by Boyle—not a weather glass, but a weight-measurer.—*Longman's Magazine.*

ART AND LIFE.

BY VERNON LEE.

III.

"To use the beauties of earth as steps along which he mounts upward, going from one to two, and from two to all fair forms, and from fair forms to fair actions, and from fair actions to fair notions, until from fair notions he arrives at the notion of absolute beauty, and at last knows what the essence of beauty is; this, my dear Socrates," said the prophetess of Mantinea, "is that life, above all others, which man should live, in the contemplation of beauty absolute. Do you not see that in that communion only, beholding beauty with the eye of the mind, he will be enabled to bring forth not images of beauty, but realities; for he has hold not of an image, but of a reality; and bringing forth and educating true virtue to become the friend of God, and be immortal, if mortal man may?"

Such are the æsthetics of Plato, put into the mouth of that mysterious Diotima, who was a wise woman in many branches of knowledge. As we read them nowadays we are apt to smile with incredulity not unminged with bitterness. Is all this not mere talk, charming and momentarily elating us like so much music; mere beauty which, because we like it, we half voluntarily confuse with *truth*? And, on the other hand, is not the truth of æsthetics, the bare, hard fact, a very different matter? For we have learned that we human creatures shall never know the absolute or the essence, that notions, which Plato took for realities, are mere relative conceptions; that virtue and truth are intellectual abstractions, while beauty is a complex physical, or mainly physical, quality;

and every day we are hearing of new discoveries connecting our æsthetic emotions with the structure of eye and ear, the movement of muscles, the functions of nerve centres, nay, even with the action of heart and lungs and viscera. Moreover, all round us schools of criticism and cliques of artists are telling us forever that so far from bringing forth and educating true virtue, art has the sovereign power, by mere skill and subtlety, of investing good and evil, healthy and unwholesome, with equal merit, and obliterating the distinctions drawn by the immortal gods, instead of helping the immortal gods to their observance.

Thus we are apt to think, and to take the words of Diotima as merely so much lovely rhetoric. But—as my previous chapters have indicated—I think we are so far mistaken. I believe that, although explained in the terms of fantastic, almost mythical metaphysic, the speech of Diotima contains a great truth, deposited in the heart of man by the unnoticed innumerable experiences of centuries and peoples; a truth which exists in ourselves also as an instinctive expectation, and which the advance of knowledge will confirm and explain. For in that pellucid atmosphere of the Greek mind, untroubled as yet by theoretic mists, there may have been visible the very things which our scientific instruments are enabling us to see and reconstruct piecemeal, great groupings of reality metamorphosed into *Fata Morgana* cities seemingly built by the gods.

And thus I am going to try to re-instate in others' belief, as it is fully re-instated in my own, the theory of higher æsthetic harmonies, which the prophetess of Mantinea taught Soc-

rates: to wit, that through the contemplation of true beauty we may attain, by the constant purification—or, in more modern language, the constant selecting and enriching—of our nature, to that which transcends material beauty; because the desire for harmony begets the habit of harmony, and the habit thereof begets its imperative desire, and thus on in never-ending alternation.

Perhaps the best way of expounding my reasons will be to follow the process by which I reached them; for so far from having started with the theory of Diotima, I found the theory of Diotima, when I re-read it accidentally after many years' forgetfulness, to bring to convergence the result of my gradual experience.

Thinking about the Hermes of Olympia, and the fact that so far he is pretty well the only Greek statue which historical evidence unhesitatingly gives us as an original masterpiece, it struck me that, could one become really familiar with him, could eye and soul learn all the fulness of his perfection, we should have the true starting-point for knowledge of the antique, for knowledge, in great measure, of all art.

Yes, and of more than art, or rather of art in more than one relation.

Is this a superstition, a mere myth, perhaps, born of words? I think not. Surely if we could really arrive at knowing such a masterpiece, so as to feel rather than see its most intimate organic principles, and the great main reasons separating it from all inferior works and making it be itself—could we do this, we should know not merely what art is and should be, but, in a measure, what life should be and might become: what are the methods of true greatness, the sensations of true sanity. It would teach us the eternal organic strivings and tendencies of our soul, those leading in the direction of life, leading away from death.

If this seems mere allegory and wild talk, let us look at facts and see what art is. For is not art—inasmuch as it is untroubled by the practical difficulties of existence, inasmuch as it is the

free, unconscious attempt of all nations and generations to satisfy outside life, those cravings which life still leaves unsatisfied—is not art an exquisite, sensitive instrument, showing in its delicate oscillations the most intimate movements and habits of the soul? Does it not reveal our most recondite necessities and possibilities, by sifting and selecting, reinforcing or attenuating, among the impressions received from without; showing us thereby how we must stand toward nature and life, how we must feel and be?

And this most particularly in those spontaneous arts which, first in the field, without need of adaptations of material or avoidance of the already done, without having to use up the rejected possibilities of previous art, or awaken yet unknown emotions, are the simple, straightforward expression, each the earliest satisfactory one in its own line, of the long unexpressed, long integrated, organic wants and wishes of great races of men: the arts, for instance, which have given us that Hermes, Titian's pictures and Michael Angelo's and Raphael's frescoes; given us Bach, Gluck, Mozart, certain serener passages of Beethoven, music of yet reserved pathos, of braced, spring-like strength, learned, select: arts which never go beyond the universal, averaged expression of the soul's desires, because the desires themselves are sifted, limited to the imperishable and unchangeable, like the artistic methods which embody them, reduced to the essential by the long delay of utterance, the long—century long—efforts to utter.

Becoming intimate with such a statue as the Olympia Hermes, and comparing the impressions received from it with the impressions both of inferior works in the same branch of art and with the impressions of equally great works—pictures, buildings, musical compositions—in other branches of art, becoming conversant with the difference between great art and poor art, we gradually become aware of a quality which exists in all good art and is absent in all bad art, and without whose presence those impressions summed up as beauty, dignity, grandeur, are never

to be had. This peculiarity, which most people perceive and few people define—explaining it away sometimes as *truth*, or taking it for granted under the name of *quality*—this peculiarity I shall call for convenience' sake *style*; for I think we all admit that the absence or presence of *style* is what distinguishes bad art from good. *Style*, in this sense—and remember that it is this which connoisseurs most usually allude to as *quality*—*style* may be roughly defined as the organic correspondence between the various parts of a work of art, the functional interchange and interdependence thereof. In this sense there is *style* in every really living thing, for otherwise it could not live. If the muscles and limbs, nay, the viscera and tissues, did not adjust themselves to work together, if they did not in this combination establish a rhythm, a backward-forward, contraction-relaxation, taking-in-giving-out, diastole-systole in all their movements, there would be, instead of a living organism, only an inert mass. In all living things, and just in proportion as they are really alive (for in most real things there is presumably some defect of rhythm tending to stoppage of life), there is bound to be this organic interdependence and interchange. Natural selection, the survival of such individuals and species as best work in with, and are most rhythmical to, their surroundings—natural selection sees to that.

Now in art that which takes the place of natural selection is man's selection; and all forms of art which man keeps and does not send into limbo, all art which man finds suitable to his wants, rhythmical with his habits, must have that same quality of interdependence of parts, of interchange of function. But in the case of art, the organic necessity refers not to outer surroundings, but to man's feeling; in fact, man's emotion constitutes necessity toward art, as surrounding nature constitutes necessity for natural productions. Now man, accustomed to organic harmony, to congruity of action because his own existence, nay, the existence of every cell of him, depends upon it; man, who

is accustomed to *style* because it is only thanks to *style* that he exists, cannot do without congruity in the impressions he receives from art, cannot do without *style*. Man is one complete microcosm of interchange, of give-and-take, diastole-systole, of rhythm and harmony; and therefore all such things as give him impressions of the reverse thereof, go against him, and in a greater or lesser degree threaten, disturb, paralyze, in a way poison or maim him. Hence he is forever seeking such congruity, such *style*; and his artistic creativeness is conditioned by the desire for it, nay, is perhaps mainly seeking to obtain it. Whenever he spontaneously and truly creates artistic forms, he obeys the imperious vital instinct for congruity; nay, he seeks to eke out the insufficient harmony between himself and the things which he *cannot* command, the insufficient harmony between the uncontrollable parts of himself, by a harmony created on purpose in the things which he *can* control. To a large extent man feels himself tortured by discordant impressions coming from the world outside and the world inside him; and he seeks comfort and medicine in harmonious impressions of his own making, in his own strange inward-outward world of art.

This, I think, is the true explanation of that much-disputed-over *ideal*, which, according to definitions, is perpetually being enthroned and dethroned as the ultimate aim of all art: the ideal, the imperatively clamored-for mysterious something, is neither conformity to an abstract idea, nor conformity to actual reality, nor conformity to the typical, nor conformity to the individual; it is, I take it, simply conformity to man's requirements, to man's inborn and peremptory demand for greater harmony, for more perfect co-ordination and congruity in his feelings.

Now, when mankind are, in the exercise of the artistic instincts, partially obeying some other call than this one—the desire for money, for fame, or for some intellectual formula—things are quite different, and there is no production of what I have called *style*. There is no *style* when even great peo-

ple set about doing pseudo-antique sculpture in Canova-Thorwaldsen fashion because Winckelmann and Goethe have made antique sculpture fashionable; there is no *style* when people set to building pseudo-Gothic in obedience to the Romantic movement and to Ruskin. For neither the desire for making a mark, nor the most conscientious pressure of formula, gives that instinct of artistic congruity which marks even the most rudimentary artistic efforts in the most barbarous ages, when men are impelled merely and solely by the æsthetic instinct. Moreover, where people do not want and need (as they want and need food or drink or warmth or coolness) one sort of effect, that is to say, one arrangement of impressions rather than another, they are sure to be deluded by the mere arbitrary classification, the mere *names* of things. They will think that smooth cheeks, wavy hair, straight noses, limbs of such or such measure, attitude, and expression, set so, constitute the Antique; that clustered pillars, cross vaulting, spandrels, and Tudor roses make Gothic. But the Antique is the particular and all permeating relation between these items; and Gothic the particular and all permeating relation between those other ones; and unless you aim at the *specific emotion* of Antique or Gothic, unless you feel the imperious call for the special harmony of either, all the measurements and all the formulas will not avail. While, on the contrary, people without any formula or any attempt at imitation, like the Byzantine architects and those of the fifteenth century, merely because they are obeying their own passionate desire for congruity of impressions, for harmony of structure and function, will succeed in creating brand-new, harmonious, organic art out of the actual details, sometimes the material ruins, of an art which has passed away.

What I have tried to analyze and explain we shall find, by a mere synthetic intuition, in all great art, and most of all, of course, in the very greatest art, in the works of the greatest masters of the greatest artistic periods, in the paintings of Giorgione, Titian, Michael Angelo, Leonardo; in the music of

Bach, Gluck, Mozart, and the happier Beethoven; most typically, perhaps, in such a statue as the Olympia Hermes. If we walk round that statue, allowing by this means the statue, so to speak, to assume its attitude, and—by the indications of muscles which have just fallen into use, and muscles which are just going to leave it—to perform its action, we shall realize that connection, interdependent of parts, that rhythm of interest and importance, which, preventing the spectator from becoming absorbed in any one detail, forcing him to follow the whole life of the figure, makes not only the work itself, but the mind perceiving it, to participate in the fulness of life.

Moreover, if we become intimate with this statue, and intimate in so far with the thoughts and emotions it awakens in ourselves, we shall find that it possesses, besides this congruity within itself which assimilates it to all really living things, a further congruity, not necessarily found in real objects, but which forms the peculiarity of the work of art, a congruity with ourselves; for the great work of art is vitally connected with the habits and wants, the whole causality and rhythm of mankind; it has been adapted thereto as the boat to the sea, as the sea itself to its rocky bed.

In this manner can we learn from art the chief secret of life: the secret of action and reaction, of causal connection, of suitability of part to part, of organism, interchange, and growth.

And when I say *learn*, I mean learn in the least official and the most efficacious way. I do not mean merely that, looking at a statue like the Hermes, a certain fact is borne in upon our intelligence, the fact of all vitality being dependent on harmony. I mean that perhaps, nay probably, without any such formula, without the intellectual perception of any such fact, our whole nature becomes accustomed to a certain repeated experience, our whole nature becomes adapted thereunto, and acts and reacts in consequence, by what we call intuition, instinct. It is not with our intellect alone that we possess such a fact, as we might intel-

lectually possess the fact that twice two is four, or that Elizabeth was the daughter of Henry VIII., knowing casually what we may casually also forget; we possess, in such a way that forgetting becomes impossible, with our whole soul and our whole being, re-living that fact with every breath that we draw, with every movement we make, the first great lesson of art, that vitality means harmony. Let us look at this fact, and at its practical applications, apart from all æsthetic experience.

All life is harmony; and all improvement in ourselves is therefore, however unconsciously, the perceiving, the realizing, or the establishing of harmonies, more minute or more universal.

Yes, curious and unpractical as it may seem, harmonies, or, under their humbler separate names — arrangements, schemes, classifications, are the chief means for getting the most out of all things, and particularly the most out of ourselves.

For they mean, first of all, unity of means for the attaining of unity of effect, that is to say, incalculable economy of material, of time, and of effort; and secondly, unity of effect produced, that is to say, economy even greater in our power of perceiving and feeling: nothing to eliminate, nothing against whose interruptions we waste our energy, that is, our power of being impressed in the progress of struggling.

Where there exists harmony one impression leads to, enhances another; we, on the other hand, unconsciously recognize at once what is doing to us, what we in return must do; the mood is indicated, fulfilled, consummated; in plenitude we feel, we are; and in plenitude of feeling and being, we, in our turn, *do*. Neither is such habit of harmony, of scheme, of congruity, a mere device for sucking the full sweetness out of life, although, heaven knows, that were important enough. As much as such a habit husbands, and in a way multiplies, life's sweetness; so likewise does it husband and multiply man's power. For there is no quicker and more thorough mode of selecting among our feelings and thoughts than submitting them to a

standard of congruity; nothing more efficacious than the question: "Is such or such a notion or proceeding harmonious with what we have made the rest of our life, with what we wish our life to be?" This is, in other words, the power of the *ideal*, the force of *ideas*, of thought-out, recognized habits, as distinguished from blind helter-skelter impulse. This is what welds life into one, making its forces work not in opposition but in concordance; this is what makes life consecutive, using the earlier act to produce the later, tying together existence in an organic fatality of *must be*: the fatality not of the outside and the unconscious, but of the conscious, inner, upper man. Nay, it is what makes up the *ego*. For the *ego*, as we are beginning to understand, is no mysterious separate entity, still less a succession of disconnected, conflicting, blind impulses; the *ego* is the congruous, perceived, nay, thought-out system of habits, which perceives all incongruity toward itself as accidental and external. Hence, when we ask which are the statements we believe in, we answer instinctively (logic being but a form of congruity) those statements which accord with themselves and with other statements; when we ask, which are the persons we trust? we answer, those persons whose feelings and actions are congruous with themselves and with the feelings and actions of others. And, on the contrary, it is in the worthless, in the degenerate creature, that we note moods which are destructive to one another's object, ideas which are in flagrant contradiction; and it is in the idiot, the maniac, the criminal, that we see thoughts disconnected among themselves, perceptions disconnected with surrounding objects, and instincts and habits incompatible with those of other human beings. Nay, if we look closely, we shall recognize, moreover, that those emotions of pleasure are the healthy, the safe ones, which are harmonious not merely in themselves (as a musical note is composed of even vibrations), but harmonious with all preceding and succeeding pleasures in ourselves, and harmonious, congruous, with the present and future pleasures of others.

The instinct of congruity, of subordination of part to whole, the desire for harmony which is fostered above all things by art, is one of the most precious parts of our nature, if only, obeying its own tendency to expand, we apply it to ever wider circles of being; not merely to the accessories of living, but to life itself.

For this love of harmony and order leads us to seek what is most necessary in our living: a selection of the congruous, an arrangement of the mutually dependent in our thoughts and feelings.

Much of the work of the universe is done, no doubt, by what seems the exercise of mere random energy, by the thinking of apparently disconnected thoughts and the feeling of apparently sporadic impulses; but if the thought and the impulse remained really disconnected and sporadic, half would be lost and half would be distorted. It is one of the economical adaptations of nature that every part of us tends not merely to be congruous with itself, to eliminate the hostile, to beget the similar, but tends also to be connected with other parts; so that, action coming in contact with action, thought in contact with thought, and feeling in contact with feeling, each single one will be strengthened or neutralized by the other. And it is the especial business of what we may call the central consciousness, the dominant thought or emotion, to bring these separate thoughts and impulses, these separate groups thereof, into more complex relations, to continue on a far vaster scale that vital contact, that trying of all things by the great trial of affinity or repulsion, of congruity or incongruity. Thus we try ourselves; and by the self-same process, by the trial of affinity and congruity, the silent forces of the universe try us, rejecting or accepting, allowing us, our thoughts, our feelings to live and be fruitful, or condemning us and them to die in barrenness.

Whither are we going? In what shape shall the various members of our soul proceed on their journey; which forming the van, which the rear and centre? Or shall there be neither van, nor rear, nor wedge-like forward flight?

If this question remains unasked or unanswered, our best qualities, our truest thoughts and purest impulses, may be hopelessly scattered into distant regions, become defiled in bad company, or, at least, barren in isolation; the universal life rejecting or annihilating them.

How often do we not see this! Natures whose various parts have rambled asunder, or have come to live, like strangers in an inn, casually, promiscuously, each refusing to be his brother's keeper: instincts of kindliness at various ends, unconnected, unable to coalesce and conquer; thoughts separated from their kind, incapable of application; and, in consequence, strange superficial comradeships, shoulder-rubbing of true and false, good and evil, become indifferent to one another, incapable of looking each other in the face, careless, unblushing. Nay, worse. For lack of all word of command, of all higher control, hostile tendencies accommodating themselves to reign alternate, sharing the individual in distinct halves, till he becomes like unto that hero of Gautier's witch story, who was a pious priest one half of the twenty-four hours and a wicked libertine the other: all power of selection, of reaction, gone in this passive endurance of conflicting tendencies, all identity gone, save that of a mere feeble outsider looking on at the alternations of intentions and lapses, of good and bad. And the soul of such a person—if, indeed, we can speak of one soul or one person where there exists no unity—becomes like a jangle of notes belonging to different tonalities, alternating and mingling in hideous confusion for lack of a clear thread of melody, a consistent system of harmony, to select, reject, and keep all things in place.

Melody, harmony: the two great halves of the most purely æsthetic of all arts, symbolize, as we might expect, the two great forces of life: consecutiveness and congruity, under their different names of intention, fitness, selection, adaptation. These are what make the human soul like a conquering army, a fleet freighted with riches, a band of priests celebrating a rite. And this is what art, by no paltry formula,

but by the indelible teaching of habit, of requirement, and expectation, become part of our very fibre—this is what art can teach to those who will receive its highest lesson.

Those who can receive that lesson, that is to say, those in whom it can expand and ramify to the fulness and complexity which is its very essence—for it happens frequently enough that we learn only a portion of this truth, which by this means is distorted into error. We accept the æsthetic instinct as a great force of Nature; but, instead of acknowledging it as our master, as one of the great lords of life, of whom Emerson spoke, we try to make it our servant. We attempt to get congruity in the details of our every-day existence, and refuse to seek for congruity between ourselves and the life which is greater than ours.

A friend of mine, who had many better ways of spending her money, was unable one day to resist the temptation of buying a beautiful old majolica inkstand, which, not without a slight qualm of conscience, she put into a very delightful old room of her house. The room had an inkstand already, but it was of glass, and modern. "This one is in harmony with the rest of the room," she said, and felt fully justified in her extravagance. It is this form, or rather this degree, of æstheticism, of finer perception, which so often prevents our realizing the higher æsthetic harmonies. In obedience to a perception of what is congruous on a small scale we often do oddly incongruous things: spend money we ought to invest, give time and thought to trifles while neglecting to come to conclusions about matters of importance; endure, or even cultivate, persons with whom we have less than no sympathy; nay, sometimes, from a keen sense of incongruity, tune down our thoughts and feelings to the flatness of our surroundings. The phenomenon of what may thus result from a certain æsthetic sensitiveness is discouraging, and I confess that it used sometimes to discourage and humiliate me profoundly. But the philosophy which the prophetess of Mantinea taught Socrates settles the matter, and solves satisfactorily

what in my mind I always think of as the question of the majolica inkstand.

Diotima, you will remember, did not allow her disciple to remain engrossed in the contemplation of one kind of beauty, but particularly insisted that he should use various fair forms as steps by which to ascend to the knowledge of ever higher beauties. And this I should translate into more practical language by saying that, in questions like that of the majolica inkstand, we require not a lesser sensitiveness to congruity, but a greater; that we must look not merely at the smaller, but at the larger items of our life, asking ourselves, "Is this harmonious? or is it, seen in some wider connection, even like that clumsy glass inkstand in the oak panelled and brocade hung room?" If we ask ourselves this, and endeavor to answer it faithfully—with that truthfulness which is itself an item of congruity—we may find that, strange as it may seem, the glass inkstand, ugly as it is in itself, and out of harmony with the furniture, is yet more congruous, and that we actually prefer it to the one of majolica.

And it is in connection with this that I think that many persons who are really æsthetic, and many more who imagine themselves to be so, should foster a wholesome suspicion of the theory which makes it a duty to accumulate certain kinds of possessions, to exclusively seek certain kinds of impressions, on the score of putting beauty and dignity into our lives.

Put beauty, dignity, harmony, serenity into our lives. It sounds very fine. But can we? I doubt it. We may put beautiful objects, dignified manners, harmonious colors and shapes, but can we put dignity, harmony, or beauty? Can we put them into an individual life; can anything be put into an individual life save furniture and garments, intellectual as well as material? For an individual life, taken separately, is a narrow, weak thing at the very best; and everything we can put into it, everything we lay hold of for the sake of putting in, must needs be small also, merely the chips or dust of great things; or if it have life, must be squeezed, cut down, made so small before it can fit into that little recepta-

cle of our egoism, that it will speedily be a dead, dry thing: thoughts once thought, feelings once felt, now neither thought nor felt, merely lying there inert, as a dead fact, in our sterile self. Do we not see this on all sides, examples of life into which all the dignified things have been crammed and all the beautiful ones, and which yet, despite the statues, pictures, poems, and symphonies within its narrow compass, is yet so far from dignified or beautiful?

But we need not trouble about dignity and beauty coming to our life so long as we veritably and thoroughly *live*; that is to say, so long as we try not to put anything into our life, but to put our life into the life universal. The true, expanding, multiplying life of the spirit will bring us in contact, we need not fear, with beauty and dignity enough, for there is plenty such in creation, in things around us, and in other people's souls; nay, if we but live to our utmost power the life of all things and all men, seeing, feeling, understanding for the mere joy thereof, even our individual life will be invested with dignity and beauty in our own eyes.

But furniture will not do it, nor dress, nor exquisite household appointments; nor any of the things, books, pictures, houses, parks, of which we can call ourselves owners. I say *call* ourselves: for can we be sure we really possess them? And thus, if we think only of our life, and the decking thereof, it is only furniture, garments, and household appointments we can deal with; for beauty and dignity cannot be confined in so narrow a compass.

I have spoken so far of the conscious habit of harmony, and of its conscious effect upon our conduct. I have tried to show that the desire for congruity, which may seem so trivial a part of mere diletante's superfineeness, may expand and develop into such love of harmony between ourselves and the ways of the universe as shall make us wince at other folks' loss united to our gain, at our deterioration united to our pleasure, even as we wince at a false note or a discordant arrangement of colors.

But there is something more impor-

tant than conscious choice, and something more tremendous than definite conduct, because conscious choice and conduct are but its separate and plainly visible results. I mean the unconscious way of feeling and organic way of living: that which, in the language of old-fashioned medicine, we might call the complexion or habit of the soul.

This is undoubtedly affected by conscious knowledge and reason, as it undoubtedly manifests itself in both. But it is, I believe, much more what we might call a permanent emotional condition, a particular way of feeling, of reacting toward the impressions given us by the universe. And I believe that the individual is sound, that he is capable of being happy while increasing the happiness of others, or the reverse, according as he reacts harmoniously or inharmoniously toward those universal impressions. And here comes in what seems to me the highest benefit we can receive from art and from all the activities, however little manifested, in visible or audible works, which, as I have said before, are in art merely specialized and made publicly manifest.

The habit of beauty, of style, is but the habit, engrained in our nature by the unnoticed experiences of centuries, of *life* in our surroundings and in ourselves; the habit of beauty is the habit, I believe we shall find, by scientific analysis of Nature's ways and means, of the growing of trees, the flowing of water, the perfect play of perfect muscles, all registered unconsciously in the very structure of our soul. And for this reason every time we experience afresh the particular emotion associated with the quality *beautiful*, we are adding to that rhythm of life within ourselves by recognizing the life of all things. There is not room within us for two conflicting waves of emotion, for two conflicting rhythms of life, one sane and one unsound. The two may possibly alternate, but in most cases the weaker will be neutralized by the stronger; and, at all events, they cannot co-exist. We can account only in this manner for the indisputable fact that great emotion of a really and purely æsthetic nature has a morally

elevating quality, that as long as it endures—and in finer organizations its effect is never entirely lost—the soul is more clean and vigorous, more fit for high thoughts and high decisions. All understanding, in the wider and more philosophical sense, is but a kind of becoming: our soul experiences the modes of being which it apprehends. Hence the particular religious quality (all faiths and rituals taking advantage thereof) of a high and complex æsthetic emotion; whenever we come in contact with real beauty, we become aware, in an unformulated but overwhelming manner, of some of the immense harmonies of which all beauty is the product; of which all separate beautiful things are, so to speak, the single patterns happening to be in our line of vision, while all around other patterns connect with them, meshes and meshes of harmonies, spread out, outside our narrow field of momentary vision, an endless web, like the constellations which, strung on their threads of mutual dependence, cover and fill up infinitude.

In the moments of such emotional perception, our souls also, ourselves, become in a higher degree organic, alive, receiving and giving out the life of the universe; come to be woven into the patterns of harmonies, made of the stuff of reality, homogeneous with themselves, consubstantial with the universe, like the living plant, the flowing stream, the flying cloud, the great picture or statue.

And in this way is realized, momentarily, but with ever-increasing power of repetition, that which, after the teaching of Diotima, Socrates prayed for—"the harmony between the outer and the inner man."

But this, I know, many will say, is but a delusion. Rapture is pleasant, but it is not necessarily, as the men of the Middle Ages thought, a union with God. And is this the time to revive, or seek to revive it, when science is forever pressing upon us the conclusion that soul is a function of matter—is this the time to revive discredited optimistic idealisms of an unscientific philosophy?

But if science become omniscient, it will surely recognize and explain the

value of such recurring optimistic idealisms; and if the soul be a function of matter, will not science recognize but the more, that the soul is an integral and vitally dependent portion of the material universe?

Be this as it may, one thing seems certain, that the artistic activities are those which bring man into emotional communion with external Nature; and that such emotional communion is necessary for man's thorough spiritual health. Perception of cause and effect, generalization of law, reduces the universe indeed to what man's intellect can grasp; but in the process of such reduction to the laws of man's thought, the universe is shorn of its very power to move man's emotion and overwhelm his soul. The abstract which we have made does not vivify us sufficiently. And the emotional communion of man with Nature is through those various faculties which we call æsthetic. It is not to no purpose that poetry has forever talked to us of skies and mountains and waters; we require, for our soul's health, to think about them otherwise than with reference to our material comfort and discomfort; we require to feel that they and ourselves are brethren united by one great law of life. And what poetry suggests in explicit words, bidding us love and be united in love to external Nature; art, in a more irresistible because more instinctive manner, forces upon our feelings, by extracting, according to its various kinds, the various vital qualities of the universe, and making them act directly upon our nerves: rhythms of all sorts, static and dynamic, in the spatial arts of painting and sculpture; in the half spatial, half temporal art of architecture; in music, which is most akin to life, because it is the art of movement and change.

We can all remember moments when we have seemed conscious, even to overwhelming, of this fact. In my own mind it has become indissolubly connected with a certain morning at Venice, listening to the organ in St. Mark's.

Any old and beautiful church gives us all that is most moving and noblest—organism, beauty, absence of all

things momentary and worthless, exclusion of grossness, of brute utility and mean compromise, equality of all men before God ; moreover, time, eternity, the past, and the great dead. All noble churches give us this ; how much more, therefore, this one, which is noblest and most venerable !

It has, like no other building, been handed over by man to Nature ; Time moulding and tinting into life this structure already so absolutely organic, so fit to live. For its curves and vaultings, its cupolas mutually supported, the weight of each carried by all ; the very color of the marbles, brown, blond, living colors, and the irregular symmetry, flower-like, of their natural patterning, are all seemingly organic and ready for vitality. Time has added that, with the polish and dimming alternately of the marbles, the billowing of the pavement, the slanting of the columns, and last, but not least, the tarnishing of the gold and the granulating of the mosaic into an uneven surface : the gold seeming to have become alive and in a way vegetable, and to have faded and shrunk like autumn leaves.

The morning I speak of they were singing some fugued composition, by I know not whom. How well that music suited St. Mark's ! The con-

stant interchange of vault and vault, cupola and cupola, column and column, handing on their energies to one another ; the springing up of new details gathered at once into the great general balance of lines and forces ; all this seemed to find its natural voice in that fugue, to express, in that continuous revolution of theme chasing, enveloping theme, its own grave emotion of life everlasting : Being, becoming ; Becoming, being.

It is such an alternation as this, ceaseless, rhythmic, which constitutes the upward life of the soul : that life of which the wise woman of Mantinea told Socrates that it might be learned through faithful and strenuous search for ever widening kinds of beauty, the " life above all," in the words of Diotima, " which a man should live." The life which vibrates forever between being better and conceiving of something better still ; between satisfaction in harmony and craving therefor. The life whose rhythm is that of happiness actual and happiness ideal, alternating forever, forever pressing one another into being, as the parts of a fugue, the dominant and the tonic. Being, becoming ; becoming, being ; idealizing, realizing ; realizing, idealizing.—*Contemporary Review*.

TRESPASSING ON THE TSAR.

A CRIMEAN EXPERIENCE.

BY YEGOR YEGOREVITSCH.

" You had better get out here," said the Countess, as the britzka came out on the edge of the Crimean plateau, above the broad belt of undercliff which sloped away below us, a confusion of gray rock and green forest, to the distant blue rim of the Black Sea.

" You English like walking ; besides, I want some wild peonies, which you can bring to the Villa W——. We lunch at two. Then this view has always the same effect on strangers ; you will be silent or sentimental the rest of the way, and it is an hour's drive down."

I thought marooning in a Crimean forest a severe penalty even for such offences against the social code ; but I knew the Countess too well to object, though our acquaintance only dated from that morning, when she had rescued me from the posting master at Simpheropol. He had asked me for a drink out of my railway reading-lamp, under the impression it was a flask. Being a nervous Englishman, I had not the courage to refuse, nor the Russian to explain. Besides, I thought it could not be nastier than vodka ; but it was, and he gave me in charge for

an attempt to drug him, though the paraffin had certainly not acted as a sedative. If the Countess had not appeared, and settled everything out of hand by offering me a lift over the mountains to Yalta, I might have become an international incident.

"That path will take you straight down to the coast," continued the Countess. "You had better not leave it, because of the Jewish vineyards; the elders sit on stages in the middle and shoot. Oh, no! they don't ask you to go, because, of course, no one would do anything a Jew asked him. The Count—he is procureur of the district—was so puzzled last week because an elder's gun burst when firing at a trespasser, and he was killed. The widow and six children—Sad? Oh, you don't understand. It was the Jew that was killed. Well, they all came and accused the trespasser of murder; but the Count let him off Siberia, because he agreed to marry the widow. Yes, I think the poor fellow was wrong to do so. But then, if the worst came to the worst, it would only be Siberia again, and it's only ten years for a Jewess. You will keep on the path, unless you meet people with packs, especially if they look like Greeks; they are always dangerous when smuggling. And if you come to a house keep away if it looks like a Tartar farm, for the men are abroad all day, and the women shut up, and the dogs go about in packs. Once they ate a Turk, all but his boots; and when the relatives claimed them the Tartar said they were his, because he owned the dogs, and the Turk belonged to them and the boots to the Turk; so the Count had them given to the pack, and restored them to the original owner. Then when you come to the coast follow the track along the cliffs, and it will bring you to the Villa W—. Don't go the other way, or you will come to Livadia, the Emperor's villa. There are three cordons of soldiers round it, and the neighborhood is very unhealthy, especially for strangers. It is really very dangerous the way you Englishmen will walk about in strange countries. Be sure and remember about the Jew watchmen and the Greek smugglers, and the Tartar dogs, and

the peonies and Livadia, and luncheon at two. I hope you will enjoy your walk. *Au revoir!* Poskoryëi, Ivan!"

I hoped so, too, but not confidently, having suffered much abroad from the national reputation for love of adventure. In appearance I knew the nationalities of the Crimea to be equally disreputable, and I should have liked a clearer indication of viciousness in watchmen, smugglers, and watchdogs than their religion.

After an hour's walk through the woods I came out on the sea at the mouth of a wooded glen between two low scarped headlands. Wherever the cliffs were not absolutely sheer, undergrowth and rank plants grew down to the shingle beach. The path was unmistakable, a rough track leading up over the bluff on either side; but in one direction it led to luncheon and the Countess, in the other to Livadia and the cordons. Scarcely was I securely impaled on the horns of this dilemma when I heard a clattering above, and a pony appeared over the eastern bluff. On the pony sat a portly personage in a blue caftan and a red fez. In one hand he held a large white umbrella open over his head; in the other he held a closed green one, with which he banged the pony when it made a false step. Behind him a long cavalcade of pack ponies successively topped the sky-line; every third or fourth was led by a picturesque ruffian with an armory of small arms in his sash.

My rapidity of decision often increases with the emergency. In a moment I had decided, and had swiftly ascended the western bluff. At the top I turned. The cavalcade had halted, and the men were gathered round the man on the pony, who was gesticulating with the closed umbrella and enforcing important points with the open one.

"Well," thought I, "they are certainly smugglers, and probably Greeks. I shall surely be taken prisoner, and probably held to ransom. I wish I had never left Ennismore Gardens. Better an August in London, where police are, than a *villégiature* with smugglers." So I turned to go down the other slope, when below in the

next glen I saw a flat-roofed building in a court-yard. Not a soul was to be seen, but the yard was full of dogs asleep in the sun or prowling.

"Well," I thought, "they are certainly watchdogs and probably Tartar. I shall surely be bitten and possibly devoured. I wish I had walked from Simpheropol. Better have worn out one's boots than have preserved them at the expense of one's person." So I turned again, and went into the woods on the right. After pushing some way through the grass I came out on a clearing planted with vines. In the middle was a staging, and on it stood an unkempt elderly individual. The sun glinted on the barrel of a long firelock as he moved from side to side, uttering at intervals a melodious bel-
low.

"Well," thought I, "he is certainly a watchman, and he looks like a Jew. If he sees me I shall surely be shot, and possibly prosecuted. Better any fate than a Jewish widow with six children." So I returned to the cliffs, and made my way over the rocks, which were piled halfway up their face, through very thick scrub. When I reached the next headland I saw growing above, on the top of the cliff, a grand bed of wild peonies. I climbed up a steep rock couloir to the top of the bluff, and sitting down among the peonies looked back on the supposed Tartar farm lying below in the full blaze of a Crimean sun. Nothing stirred except some restless or flea-bitten dog, but in the strip of shade under the eaves, on a bench which ran the length of the house, lounged yellow serge-clad soldiers in every attitude of heat and boredom. Along the glen, in the shade of rock and tree, stood sentries, as invisible to me when on the opposite bluff as I was then to them, but now as painfully apparent to me as I— But I was in the middle of the peonies before this thought had had time to take shape. Unfortunately in moving I started a stone, which fell over the cliffs on to the rocks below, ringing through the still air like a pistol shot. It was instantly answered by a hoarse challenge from the beach, repeated a few yards farther on, and again farther until the file-fire of

Russian gutturals died away round the next headland, and far inland up the glen.

"Well," thought I, "they are certainly sentries, and evidently a cordon. I wish I had never seen the Countess. Better be convicted of poisoning a post-master than arrested for trespassing on the Tsar. I shall surely be shot and probably sent to Siberia, for this is the Livadia cordon, and I am inside it."

I carefully parted the peonies which screened me from the beach, and looked down. A soldier was standing ankle-deep in the ripple in an odd, constrained attitude. I wondered what he was doing, until I noticed that a little bright "o" under his cheek was a rifle barrel, and that I was looking down the muzzle. I withdrew to the depth of the peony bed. A half-hour, I should say, passed; I held my breath all the time. I was roused by a noise of clambering below, and slid one eye toward the edge of the peony bed. Close underneath the round red face of a Russian private rose over the rocks; he clambered steadily up, holding his rifle over his head, and stopping occasionally to wipe the sweat out of his eyes; for the rocks were steep and held the heat like a furnace, and he was a Northerner and a man of the Plains. At the foot of the little cliff he stopped; he looked at the peony bed at the top, he looked at the twenty feet of steep rock below it, then picked up a pebble and threw it up as a dep-
uty. "Hoosh!" said he. I scuttled among the peonies, to represent a startled animal, and he sat down with his back to the cliffs, with the air of a man who has done more than his duty and means to neglect it a little. I picked a bunch of the peonies and looked out again; he still, like a good Russian, had his eyes fixed on Constantinople.

I crept into the woods and through them, keeping a line which would take me out of the angle of the cordon within which I was caught. In the woods I passed the other two cordons without difficulty, for I was on the lookout and they were not. Presently I came against a holly hedge, broke through it, and found myself in a labyrinth of gardens, through which I wan-

dered for hours, feeling like a character in the "Arabian Nights." Never again shall I see such a sight as those acres of undercliff.

I frequently passed gardeners, but they disturbed me no further than by their profound bows; finally, in a Greek temple arranged as an orchid house, I came upon two young ladies cutting flowers. My peonies appeared to draw their attention, and after a little whispering one asked in Russian, "Pray, sir, would you tell us where you found those peonies? My sister and I have often looked for them in the park, but in vain. Oh, thank you! Indeed, we did not mean to deprive you—but if they were really intended for us—at least you must allow us to compensate you;" and she handed me her basket of orchids.

"The peonies," said I, "grow on the bluff inside the outside cordon; but they are difficult of access, and if I might sometimes bring some—"

"To General V——'s quarters, in the left wing," said she. "We will exchange them for some of these flowers which—are also difficult of access."

A harsh voice outside called, "Sonya, Masha!"

"That is the General; we must not stay; *do svidanya*," said they.

I thought I must not either, and hurried away through the other end of the temple; but I now had a purpose. A bunch of peonies had brought me into Livadia; a basket of orchids should get me out of it.

I walked as quickly as dignity would permit toward a distant stone wall in which was a gate and a grille faced outside with sheet iron. Beside it stood a guard-house, before it two sentries, and the great golden double-headed eagle sprawled and gaped above. As I came up the two soldiers crossed bayonets before the gate.

"Why haven't you opened the gate?" said I; "I shall positively have to wait."

"Your well-bornship will pardon," said one; "none may pass."

"Absurd!" said I. "You know who I am; open at once."

"Your high-well-bornship will deign to have patience; it is an order. His Majesty arrives to-morrow."

"Of course, but I hasten to her Supreme Excellency the Countess W——, with these flowers from the noble ladies, the daughters of his Excellency the highly honored General V——."

"But I have not the key, your Excellency," said the poor man in great distress.

"Disgraceful negligence!" said I; "go, get it at once."

"But the sergeant has it; and he is digging potatoes, and I dare not leave my post."

I turned away in despair, to try somewhere else, when in the distance, up the vista of gardens, I saw the two young ladies of the temple, standing with a big man in a large white cap and the uniform of a general of the Guard. One of them held the fatal peonies in her hand, and the big man appeared to be interested in the conversation. Suddenly he wheeled round and strode swiftly in the direction of the gate.

"There is General V——," said I to the sentries, pointing out the white cap in the distance, as it appeared over an intervening cluster rose. "If he comes and finds me waiting here, there will be a terrible row. Now I do not like getting anybody into trouble, so I will incommode myself so far as to climb over the gate."

"Thank your high-well-born Supreme Excellency," said the guards.

I went up that gate like a squirrel, orchids and all, for the General's steps were already crunching the gravel of the path behind. As I bestrode the golden eagle he saw me, picked up his sword, and ran, his spurs winking over the grass in the sunlight and the orders twinkling on his tunic. I pride myself on being the first foreigner who ever made a Russian general run.

I cut the descent short, picked myself up, and hurried down the avenue, praying that the iron gate might be bullet-proof and the potato garden not convenient to the guard-house. I did not run, but that was on account of the patrols. Some of them barred the way, but I waved them aside with the orchids, and they fell back apologetically, and saluted. Presently I met a well-appointed brougham, empty; I stopped it, got in, and told the coach-

man to drive quickly to the Villa W—. At sunset I entered the Countess's hall.

I was met by the Count. "You're safe, then," said he; "that will save trouble; but," he asked anxiously, "have you the wild peonies of the Countess?"

"No, but I have the hothouse orchids of the General's daughter," I replied. He shook his head dubiously, and we went into the drawing-room.

"You are late for luncheon," said the Countess, "and you have not the peonies. Don't explain; it will bore me— Oh! how lovely! You Englishmen are wonderful: at noon I leave you in the forest on foot, looking

for peonies; at sunset you come out of it in a carriage and pair, with priceless orchids. Pray explain how you came by them. No, it will not bore me. Why, Livadia has not their like! What, you think it has? Very well, then the Count shall take you there to-morrow—you could not get in otherwise—with an introduction to General V—, the Groom of the Palace, who will show you the gardens. He has very pretty daughters; take them a bouquet, and they will give you flowers, which you can bring to me."

But I did not explain; nor did I go to Livadia, not seeing any point in which I could improve on my first visit.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

NEW LETTERS OF EDWARD GIBBON.

BY ROWLAND E. PROTHERO.

EDWARD GIBBON has hitherto been known to the world by his history, his autobiography, and a selection from his letters. In the stately style of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* every word has been weighed and measured for its appropriate place in the balance period. His autobiography is an elaborate composition, written and rewritten to satisfy a fastidious taste, and finally put together by Lord Sheffield and Lady Maria Holroyd from the different drafts which he left behind him. His letters have been carefully selected, edited, and arranged, in order to show him in the light which his friend and executor thought most becoming to the dignity of a great historian. Everywhere it is Gibbon dressed for effect; the natural man behind is practically unknown. It is Gibbon "the fine gentleman," as he appeared when equipped for Boodle's Masquerade at the Pantheon, in "a fine Velvet Coat, with ruffles of My Lady's chusing," and in a "sincerely pretty Wastecoat" sent him by his stepmother.

But Gibbon is one of the greatest names in our prose literature, and what the world wants is to see the man in his ungarded moments, when he is

most true to himself; to know him as he was known to his valet Caplen, or his housekeeper Mrs. Ford; to catch him in some natural attitude, as when he forgot the presence of the Princesses at Turin, and "grew so very free and easy, that I drew my snuff-box, rapped it, took snuff twice (a crime never known before in the presence-chamber), and continued my discourse in my usual attitude of my body bent forwards, and my forefinger stretched out." This autumn the world will have the opportunity of learning something of the real Gibbon. A mass of his letters will be published, most of which have never before been printed, ranging over a variety of subjects, and touching upon the social gossip of the day, his literary pursuits, his friendships, tastes, and domestic affairs, his parliamentary career, and his political opinions. The letters cover the period from 1753 to 1794. They begin with the time when, as a boy of sixteen, he had become a Roman Catholic, had left Oxford, and was sent to Lausanne to be placed under the care of Pastor Pavillard. They end with his death in London in 1794. Almost every detail of his life is laid bare, and the general result of the self-

revelation of his character will undoubtedly be to raise the popular estimate of Gibbon as a man.

Suzanne Curchod, afterward Madame Necker, has left a picture of Gibbon as he was at the age of twenty. "Il a de beaux cheveux"—it must be remembered that, at the time she wrote, she was engaged to the youth whom she describes—

la main jolie, et l'air d'une personne de condition. Sa physionomie est si spirituelle et singulière que je ne connois personne qui lui ressemble. Elle a tant d'expression qu'on y découvre presque toujours quelque chose de nouveau. Ses gestes sont si à propos, qu'ils ajoutent beaucoup à ce qu'il dit. En un mot, c'est une de ces physionomies si extraordinaires, qu'on ne se lasse presque point de l'examiner de le peindre et de le contrefaire. Il connoit les égards que l'on doit aux femmes. Sa politesse est aisée sans être trop familière. Il danse médiocrement.

In this picture it would be difficult to recognize the unworldly figure of the man who fell on his knees to propose to Madame de Montolieu, and could only rise with the assistance of a servant when he had received his refusal. Nor could M. de Bièvre, who was wont to say that he took his daily exercise by walking three times round M. Gibbon, have imagined that the corpulent critic of Christian dogma was ever "the thin little figure with a large head," who astonished M. Pavillard by "disputing and urging with the utmost ability all the best arguments that had ever been used in favor of popery."

Gibbon did not long remain a Roman Catholic. The second letter in the forthcoming collection describes his re-conversion. It is amusing to find that he was sufficiently a boy to practise the ingenuous stratagems of artless youth, and to base on the good news of his return to Protestantism an appeal to the generosity of his relations. The letter dated February, 1755, is addressed to this maternal aunt, Miss Catherine Porten, the "Aunt Kitty" who in his childhood supplied the place of his mother. The first part, which has been already printed, states that he is "now a good Protestant," and in stilted language remarks on the difficulty of a Church of England man resolving on "Com-

munion with Presbyterians." The second part, which is new, confesses in a curious jargon of English and French his loss of 110 guineas at faro. In his despair he bought a horse from the rook who had plucked him, and set out to ride to England to raise the money. He had only reached Geneva when his tutor recaptured him and brought him back to Lausanne. Would Miss Porten lend him the money? His aunt refused to pay his debt of honor, and the letter is indorsed by his stepmother, Mrs. Gibbon, with the note: "Pray remember this letter was not addressed to his mother-in-law (*sic*), but his aunt, an old cat as she was to refuse his request."

Aunt Kitty's refusal did not, however, impair her nephew's affection. In almost the next letter he tells her, with evident delight, that the bird of prey by whom he had been plucked had fallen into the hands of the "famous Mr. Taft" at Paris, and had been stripped of 8,200*l.* This is, in all probability, the Mr. Taaffe who, four years before, had made himself notorious at Paris. With his friends Edward Wortley Montagu and Lord Southwell he invited to his rooms one Abraham Payba, a Jew money-lender, made him drunk, and in less than an hour won from him 800 *louis d'or*. Payba paid his debt with bills which he took care should be dishonored. Finding themselves outwitted, Taaffe and Wortley Montagu broke into his house and helped themselves to a much larger sum in cash and jewelry. For the robbery they were imprisoned for three months in the Grand Châtelet.

For five years (1753-58) Gibbon lived at Lausanne. Here he pursued the literary studies which bore fruit in his *Essai sur l'étude de la Littérature*, published in French in 1761. He joined too in the social amusements of the town, and in philandering with the young girls who called themselves *La Société du Printemps*, or were associated in the *Académie de la Poudrière*. So long as he was in love with the multitude he was safe; but at these social gatherings he met Suzanne Curchod, the only child of the Pastor of Crassy. In his unpublished journal for June, 1757, occurs the entry: "I saw Made-

moiselle Curchod ; *Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori.*" The following lines, quoted from some indifferent verses addressed by him to the object of his worship, expand the idea of the Latin line :

Tôt ou tard il faut aimer,
C'est en vain qu'on façonne ;
Tout fléchit sous l'amour,
Il n'exempte personne,
Car Gib. a succombé en ce jour
Aux attrait d'une beauté,

Qui parmi les douceurs d'un tranquille silence
Reposait sur un fauteuil, etc.

The affection of Mademoiselle Curchod was deeply engaged, and he was sufficiently in love to implore her to marry him without waiting for his father's sanction. But his passion seems always to have had the exaggeration of unreality. for Julie von Bondeli, the friend of Rousseau and of Wieland, describes him as waylaying the country people on their way to or from Lausanne, and demanding, at the point of a naked dagger, whether there existed a more adorable creature than Suzanne Curchod.

In April, 1758, Gibbon, engaged to be married to Mademoiselle Curchod, left Lausanne to return to England. The Seven Years' War, which, as Horace Walpole says, "reaches from Muscovy to Alsace and from Madras to California," rendered all roads more or less impracticable, and Gibbon tells his father that he shall travel as "a Swiss officer," with "Dutch regimentals and a passport from the Canton of Berne. I am pretty sure," he adds, "that my tongue won't betray me." He had been in England two months when he wrote to his aunt, Miss Hester Gibbon, a letter which is interesting from the foretaste which it affords of the future historian's style, a style that is strikingly contrasted with the ease of his ordinary correspondence. Miss Hester Gibbon, it should be said, had taken William Law, the author of the *Serious Call*, for her spiritual adviser and almoner, and supported by her charities various educational and philanthropic institutions which Law administered at King's Cliff in Northamptonshire. "Though the public voice," writes her nephew and natural heir in July, 1758,

had long since accustomed me to think myself honored in calling Mrs. Gibbon my aunt, yet I never enjoyed the happiness of living near her, and of instructing myself not less by her example than by her precepts. Your piety, Madam, has engaged you to prefer a retreat to the world. Errors, justifiable only in their principle, forced my father to give me a foreign education. Fully disabused of the unhappy ideas I had taken up, and at last restored to myself, I am happy in the affection of the tenderest of fathers. May I not hope, Madam, to see my felicity complot by the acquisition of your esteem and friendship? Duty and Inclination engage me equally to solicit them, all my endeavors shall tend to deserve them, and with Mrs. Gibbon I know that to deserve is to obtain.

Gibbon's mode of life would not perhaps have satisfied Miss Hester Gibbon. He had intended to pass his winters in London, and his summers with his father and stepmother at Beriton, near Petersfield in Hampshire. The first winter after his return from Lausanne was spent, according to this plan, in London, where he was negotiating the publication of his *Essai sur l'étude de la Littérature*. He was without acquaintances in the fashionable world, though it was, even at this time, his ambition to be treated as a man of fashion. His few friends were chiefly literary men, whom he knew through David Mallet. The coffee-house which he frequented was the Smyrna in Pall Mall, the haunt of writers, and still tenanted by the shades of the *Spectator* and the *Tatler*. He belonged to no club, and lodged over a "linnen draper's" in New Bond Street, where he had "a very good first floor dining-room, bed-chamber, and light closet, with many conveniences, for a guinea and a half." His "very handsome chair" cost him twenty-seven shillings. His one fashionable acquaintance was Lady Hervey, the "beautiful Molly Lepel" of the Hanoverian Court in the early quarter of the century, the widow of the "Sporus" of Pope and the Boswell of Queen Caroline and George the Second, and the mother of three successive earls of Bristol.

His plans for the summer were disturbed by the calling out of the militia as a permanent force. The South Battalion of the Hampshire Militia, which he joined as captain, and of which he ultimately became colonel, was kept

continuously "under arms, in constant pay and duty," from June, 1759, to December, 1762. No stranger position could be imagined for the future historian. Francis Osbaldeston himself was not more out of his element among his cock-fighting, fox-hunting, horse-couping cousins than was Gibbon in the society in which he was compelled to live. In his unpublished *Diary* he thus describes his brother officers: "no manners, no conversation, they were only a set of fellows all whose behavior was low, and most of whose characters were despicable." The sarcastic lines of Dryden might have been the motto of the battalion:

Of seeming arms they make a short essay;
Then hasten to be drunk—the business of the day.

His *Diary* is a curious mixture of criticism of Greek and Latin authors, analyses of the books which he read, reflections on historical characters, excursions on Greek particles, and of such entries as the following:

August 22, 1762.—Last night Captain Perkins led us into an intemperance we have not known for some time past. I could do nothing this morning but spew. I scarce wonder at the Confessor who enjoined getting drunk as a penance.

August 28, 1762.—To-day Sir Thomas [Worsley, the Colonel of the Battalion] came to us to dinner. Pleased to see him, we kept bumping till after roll calling. Sir Thomas assuring us every fresh bottle how infinitely soberer he was grown.

September 29, 1762.—We drank a vast deal too much wine to-day, and had a most disagreeable proof of the pernicious consequences of it. I quarrelled when I was drunk with my good friend Harrison (the Lord knows for what), and had not some of the company been sober, it might have been a very serious affair.

Yet Gibbon had the good sense to see that his military training was an advantage to him. If it initiated him into one of the vices of the age, it also taught the raw youth, "quiet, retired, somewhat reserved" as he describes himself, to hold his own in the world. He agreed with Dr. Johnson in thinking that "a camp, however familiarly we may speak of it, is one of the great scenes of human life," and, from his own experience, he might have said with Lord Chesterfield that "Courts

and camps are the only places to learn the world in."

In the summer of 1762 the Seven Years' War began to draw to an end. Peace was in the air. Gibbon was preparing for the Grand Tour, on which his heart had long been set. His first step was to break off his engagement with Mademoiselle Curchod, for part of his plan was a visit to Lausanne. An attempt has been recently made to show that he behaved badly toward the girl whose affection he had won. Probably there were faults on both sides. He had heard from his friend M. d'Eyverdun that Mademoiselle Curchod had been inconstant, and there is no reason to suppose that he did not believe the report. When he reached Lausanne he received a letter from her in which she said that she had never ceased to love him. He thus comments upon it in his unpublished *Diary*:

J'ai reçu une lettre des moins attendues. C'étoit de Mademoiselle C. Fille dangereuse et artificielle! Elle fait une apologie de sa conduite depuis le premier moment qu'elle m'a connu, sa constance pour moi, son mépris de M. de Montplaisir, et la fidélité délicate et soutenue qu'elle a eue voir dans la lettre où je lui annonçois qu'il n'y avoit plus d'espérance. Les voyages à Lausanne, les adorations qu'elle y a eû, et la complaisance avec laquelle elle les a écouté formoient l'article le plus difficile à justifier. Ni d'Eyverdun (dit elle), ni personne, n'ont effacé pendant un moment mon image de son cœur. Elle s'amusoit à Lausanne sans y attacher. Je le veux. Mais ces amusements la convainquent toujours de la dissimulation la plus odieuse, et, si l'infidélité est quelquefois une foiblesse, la duplicité est toujours un vice. Cette affaire singulière en toutes ses parties m'a été très utile; elle m'a ouvert les yeux sur le caractère des femmes et elle me servira longtemps de preservatif contre les seductions de l'amour.

In January, 1763, Gibbon left England for the Continent. His letters are not mere topographical descriptions, but are full of interest from their notes on men and things. In the eighteenth century we were almost continuously at war with France; yet we were then as popular with our avowed enemies as we are now disliked by our so-called friends.

What Cromwell wished [he writes from Paris] is now literally the case. The name of Englishman inspires as great an idea at Paris as that of Roman could at Carthage after the defeat of Hannibal. Indeed, the French are

almost excessive. From being very unjustly esteemed a set of pirates and Barbarians, we are now, by a more agreeable injustice, looked upon as a nation of Philosophers and Patriots.

His own position at Paris is interesting. On the score of his *Essai*, which in England was ignored, he was received as a man of letters. The one fly in the amber of his pleasure was that he could not satisfy his ambition to be regarded as a man of fashion. The *salon* at which he was most welcomed was that of Madame Geoffrin, the widow of a wealthy ice-merchant, and nicknamed by Madame du Deffand *la mère des philosophes*. His reception at Paris in 1777 was very different, and marks the advance that he had made in the social position, which he valued more highly than literary fame.

At Lausanne he lingered several months, engaged, as he tells his step-mother, "in a considerable work, which will be a most useful preparation to my tour of Italy." It is the first hint of the design which took shape at Rome in the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. "It is," he continues,

a description of the ancient Geography of Italy, taken from the Original writers. If I go into Italy with a work of that kind tolerably executed, I shall carry everywhere about with me an accurate and lively idea of the country, and shall have nothing to do but to insert in their proper places my own observations as they tend to confirm, to confute, or to illustrate what I have met with in books. I should not even despair, but that this mixture of study and observation, properly digested upon my return to England, might produce something not entirely unworthy the eye of the publick on a subject upon which we have no regular or compleat treatise.

With this object in view he worked hard at Lausanne and subsequently travelled through Italy. Scarcely a detail of his plan appears in his letters, which are rather written to distract his own mind from such serious subjects than to instruct his father and step-mother. Here, for example, is a picture of Voltaire in his retirement at Ferney, which will serve as a sample of his letters from abroad. It should be mentioned that in 1757-58, when Voltaire was settled at Monrepos, Gibbon had seen him act in his tragedies of *Zaire* *Alzire*, *Zulime*, and his sentimental comedy, *L'Enfant Prodigue*.

After a life passed in courts and Capitals, the Great Voltaire is now become a meer country Gentleman, and even (for the honor of the profession) something of a farmer. He says he never enjoyed so much true happiness. He has got rid of most of his infirmities, and tho' very old and lean, enjoys a much better state of health than he did twenty years ago. His playhouse is very neat and well contrived, situated just by his Chappel, which is far inferior to it, tho', he says himself, "que son Christ est du meilleur faiseur de tout le pays de Gex." The play they acted was my favorite *Orphan of China*. Voltaire himself acted Gengis, and Madame Depys Idamé; but I do not know how it happened: either my taste is improved or Voltaire's talents are impaired since I last saw him. He appeared to me now a very ranting unnatural performer. Perhaps indeed, as I was come from Paris, I rather judged him by an unfair comparaison than by his own independent value. Perhaps too I was too much struck with the ridiculous figure of Voltaire at seventy acting a Tartar Conqueror with a hollow broken voice, and making love to a very ugly niece of fifty. The play began at eight in the evening, and ended (entertainment and all) about half an hour after eleven. The whole Company was asked to stay and set Down about twelve to a very elegant supper of a hundred Covers. The supper ended about two, the company danced till four, when we broke up, got into our Coaches, and came back to Geneva just as the Gates were opened. Show me in history or fable a famous poet of Seventy who has acted, in his own plays, and has closed the scene with a supper and ball for a hundred people. I think the last is the more extraordinary of the two.

After Gibbon's return to England in June, 1765, he resumed his old manner of life, spending his summer months at Beriton and the winter in London, occupied either in literary work or in the less congenial task of endeavoring to extricate his father from his pecuniary embarrassments. In 1770 the elder Mr. Gibbon died, and the son succeeded to the wreck of what had once been an ample fortune. "Economy," he tells his aunt, Miss Hester Gibbon,

was not among my father's Virtues. The expences of the more early part of his life, the miscarriage of several promising schemes, and a general want of order and exactness involved him in such difficulties as constrained him to dispose of Putney, and to contract a mortgage so very considerable that it cannot be paid unless by the sale of our Bocking-hamshire Estate. The only share that I have ever taken in these transactions has been by my sensibility to my father's wants and my compliance with his inclinations, a conduct

which has cost me very dear, but which I cannot repent. It is a satisfaction to reflect that I have fulfilled, perhaps exceeded, my filial duties; and it is still in my power with the remains of our fortunes to lead an agreeable and rational life.

Even this satisfaction he was at first denied. His stepmother had heard a rumor that his own imprudence was the cause of the financial difficulties. He repudiates the suggestion with some warmth and considerable dignity. "As a raw lad of one-and-twenty, unacquainted with law or business, and desirous of obliging" his father, he had consented to join in cutting off the entail and raising a mortgage of 10,000*l*. But he had none of the money for himself, neither was it raised to pay his debts. His allowance was never more than 300*l*. a year, and on that he lived. He had never had any other debts than common tradesmen's bills, trifling in amount and annually paid. "I have never lost at play a hundred pounds at any one time; perhaps not in the course of my life. Play I neither love nor understand." He had probably, for the moment, forgotten his losses as a boy at Lausanne. "I should deserve the imputation," he continues, "could I submit to it with patience. As long as you credit it, you must view me in the light of a specious Hypocrite, who meanly cloaked his own extravagancies under his father's imprudence, and who ascribed to filial piety what had been the consequence of folly and necessity."

Gibbon was now a landed proprietor, and no man could be more unfitted for the part. For a few weeks the novelty of the position amused him, and he asks with some show of interest after the breaking in of the colt, the progress of the rot among the sheep, or the prospect of improved prices in wheat. He even hugs himself with self-satisfaction at the shrewd bargains which "Farmer Gibbon" has driven in letting his farms, or at the judgment with which he has sold his hops. But to a man of his tastes and temper the details of estate management and the strenuous idleness of country life grow intolerably irksome. Dilatory in his habits, his letters are a treasury of excuses for unpunctuality in correspondence. He had no country pur-

suits. His sporting friends are savages who hunt foxes. "Neither a pack of hounds, nor a stable of running horses, nor a large farm" had any interest for him. Magisterial work did not appeal to him. "I detest," he says, "your races, I abhor your as-sizes." The rustic mind was unintelligible to him, and he to it. If his tenants wished to see him, he would make any concession to avoid a deputation of the "savages." While he is negotiating the sale of one of his estates, he has an interview with the agent and the proposed purchaser: "though we did not speak the same language," he says, "yet by the help of signs, such as that of putting about the bottle, the natives seemed well satisfied." In all matters of business he was careless, forgetful, impatient of legal forms, helpless as a child. If his signature is required to a deed, he is sure to sign his name in the wrong place. If he is asked to make interest on behalf of a friend, the letter is probably placed in the wrong enclosure, and "Lord Milton's heir was ordered to send me without delay a brown Ratteen Froek, and the Taylor was destined to use his interest with his cousin the Duke of Dorset." It is not therefore surprising that he soon grew "tired of sticking to the earth by so many Roots," or that before many months Beriton was let, and Gibbon settled in London.

In 1773 he took from Lady Rous the lease of No. 7 Bentinck Street. It was now that his real life began. He was like a child with a new toy, immersed in the mysteries of furnishing, and closeted for hours with "Ireland, the Upholder." His library especially was to be a triumph of art. Mahogany bookcases were proscribed. "The paper of the Room will be a fine, shag, flock paper, light blue with a gold border, the Book-cases painted white, ornamented with a light frieze: neither Doric nor Dentulated Adamic." Once settled in his house, with his books round him, he left his library with reluctance except for society.

This abominable fine weather [he says] will not allow me a quiet hour at home without being liable to the reproaches of my friends and of my own conscience. It is the more provoking as it drives me out of my own new, clean, comfortable, dear house, which I like better

every week I pass in it. I now live, which I never did before, and if it would but rain, should enjoy that unity of study and society in which I have always placed my prospect of happiness.

London was to him never dull; there at least he could keep "the monster Ennui at a respectful distance." For him its heat was always tempered; even its solitude was "delicious." In "the soft retirement of my *bocage de Bentinck Street*," the dog days pass unheeded.

Charming hot Weather! I am just going to dine alone. Afterward I shall walk till dark in my gardens at Kensington, and shall then return to a frugal supper and early bed in Bentinck Street. I lead the life of a true Philosopher, without any regard to the world or to fashion.

Master of a good house, possessed of rare conversational powers, as an Amphitryon *où l'on dine*, the giver of the "prettiest little dinners imaginable," Gibbon soon made his way in London society. He had come up to the metropolis knowing only a few second-rate men of letters. His militia training had made him acquainted with the county members and a few of the county gentlemen of Hampshire and Berkshire. His grand tour had widened the circle of his friends. Now he was a welcome guest in London houses. The doors of exclusive clubs, though he was a bad whist-player and never gambled, were opened to him. He joined the Catch Club; he became a member of Boodle's, of Almack's, and of Brooks's. At the latter he was a well-known figure. In some verses written by Richard Tickell in 1780 to celebrate the election of the Hon. John Townshend for the University of Cambridge occur the lines:—

Soon as to Brookes's thence they footsteps bend,

What gratulations thy approach attend!
See Gibbon rap his box: auspicious sign
That wit and classic compliment combine.

As M.P. for Liskeard and subsequently for Lymington (1774-84), his position was still more assured. The publication of the first volume of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* in 1776 made him a literary lion. "I have the satisfaction," he writes to his stepmother, a month after the appearance of his book, "of telling you that

my book has been very well received by men of letters, men of the world, and even by fine feathered Ladies, in short by every set of people except perhaps by the Clergy, who seem (I know not why) to show their teeth on the occasion. A thousand Copies are sold, and we are preparing a second Edition, which in so short a time is, for a book of that price, a very uncommon event." Men of letters and men of fashion had been, for at least a hundred years, divided by a gulf which patronage scarcely pretended to span. Horace Walpole, indeed, dabbled in literature, though scholars unfairly sneered at his literary pretensions. Gibbon, on the other hand, forced the learned to admit that he was their master with their own weapons, and that his knowledge and industry were equal to his natural genius. On the whole he bore his honors meekly. He makes no secret that his vanity was flattered by his success; but he remained the same good-natured, kind-hearted man that he was before he woke to find himself famous throughout Europe.

His correspondence ripens under the pleasant sun of prosperity. For the amusement of his stepmother he becomes the Court newsman, the theatrical critic, the literary adviser, and even the retailer of gossip. It is for her benefit, for instance, that he tells the story of the duel to which Lord Bellamont challenged Lord Townshend, and its amusing sequel.

I am so unfashionable as not to have fought a duel yet. I suppose all the Nation will admire Lord B.'s behavior. I will give you one instance of his—call it what you please. Lord T.'s pistol was raised when he called out, "One moment, my Lord; Mr Dillon, I have undertaken a commission from the French Ambassador—to get him some Irish poplins. Should I fall, be so good as to execute it. Your Lordship may now fire."

Six weeks later, he writes again:

This morning, the fact is certain, an Address was delivered to Lord B. from the Grand Jury of the County of Dublin, thanking him for his proper and spirited behavior. Incomparable Hibernians! A Judicial Body, appointed to maintain and execute the Laws, publicly applaud a man for having broke them.

For his friend Holroyd, afterward Lord Sheffield, he collects the latest

political intelligence, and flavors his reports with the most recent scandal of the clubs or the green room. Gibbon sat in Parliament throughout the American War; he was an intimate friend of Lord North, Charles James Fox, and Lord George Germain; he witnessed the overthrow of the favorite minister of George the Third, and the commencement of Pitt's parliamentary career. The times were full of excitement, and Gibbon, though a silent member, was a shrewd observer. On-lookers often see the most of the game. Some of the interest of the political letters lies in the restoration of passages which Lord Sheffield had suppressed. One example must suffice. In 1788 Fox paid Gibbon a visit at Lausanne, and he describes with enthusiasm the charm of that statesman's conversation. But Lord Sheffield omits the account of Mrs. Armstead, who was travelling with Fox, and of the effect which her presence produced. "The wit and beauty of his Companion," writes Gibbon, "are not sufficient to excuse the scandalous impropriety of showing her to all Europe, and you will not easily conceive how he has lost himself in the public opinion, which was already more favorable to his Rival. Will Fox never know the importance of character?"

Gibbon carefully studied for himself the questions at issue in the American War. From Israel Mauduit, the agent of Massachusetts Bay, and from Governor Hutchinson, he gathered material for forming an independent judgment. "I think," he says, "I have sucked them very dry; and if my confidence was equal to my eloquence, and my eloquence to my knowledge, perhaps I might make no very intolerable Speaker." It is curious to note in his letters the apathy of Parliament on the subject. "In this season and on America," he writes in May, 1775, "the Archangel Gabriel would not be heard." His own opinion was, on several points, adverse to the policy of the Government, which, except on one occasion, he steadily supported. He was one of those indolent men who attach themselves to political leaders rather than to political principles. For Lord North he felt a warm affection,

and throughout voted with him, sometimes against his better judgment.

His speech would probably have been silver; his silence was certainly golden. In 1778 he was appointed a Commissioner of Trade and Plantations, with a salary of 750*l.* a year. Fox believed that he had been bribed by office, and expressed the belief in the lines:—

King George, in a fright
Lest Gibbon should write
The story of England's disgrace,
Thought no way so sure
His pen to secure
As to give the historian place.

Gibbon held the appointment till the abolition of the office in 1782. The loss of it decided him to leave England, though his friends were influential and active, and he might have secured another post. He was rapidly getting into debt, and he was anxious to finish his History. In 1784 he settled at Lausanne, and there passed the remainder of his life. It was on his second visit to England, in 1793-94, that he died on the 16th of January, 1794, at 76 St. James's Street, the house of Peter Elmsley, the bookseller.

It may be asked, in what way do these letters raise the popular view of Gibbon's character? Indolent and easy-going as he was, he was capable of making moral resolutions and of adhering to them with determination. At one time Gibbon fell into the habit of excessive drinking, which was a vice of social life. But in 1764 at Lausanne, after a drunken orgy, he was made aware that he had forfeited the respect of his better friends, and he cured himself of the vice, without adopting the desperate remedy of total abstinence. It was an age when men staked their fortunes on the fall of cards. Gibbon never gambled. It was an age when the tone of society was grossly immoral. Gibbon could say in 1774: "You once mentioned Miss F[uller]. I give you my honor, that I have not either with her, or any other woman, any connection that could alarm a wife." He went into Parliament with the intention of obtaining a lucrative office. But he valued his own independence so highly that, to secure it, he not only toiled laboriously with his pen, but volun-

tarily exiled himself from England when, to a man of his age and tastes, such a wrench must have been severe.

For friendship he had a true genius. No trouble was too great to be taken for a friend, and this by a man who loved his ease to excess. To be by the side of Lord Sheffield, who had recently lost his wife, he hurried home to England from Lausanne at a time when the beginning of the Revolutionary War made his journey difficult, if not hazardous. He was a friend of children and a lover of dogs. His letters about little "Datch" Holroyd, a son of his friend who died in childhood, shows his tender nature. The dogs to which he attached himself were not the breeds that appeal to sportsmen; but the following passage from a letter, written to thank his stepmother for the gift of a Pomeranian, shows that he loved canine society:—

After drinking coffee in the Library, we went downstairs again, and as we entered the Parlor, our ears were saluted with a very harmonious barking, and our eyes gratified by the sight of one of the prettiest animals I ever saw. Her figure and coat are perfect, her manners genteel and lively, and her teeth (as a pair of ruffles have already experienced) most remarkably sharp. She is not the least fatigued with her voyage, and compleatly at home in Bentinck Street. I call her *Bath*. Gibbon would be ambiguous, and Dorothea* disrespectful.

In a note accepting an invitation to Twickenham, he calls the Thames an "amiable creature." It is pleasing to relate that on his way he was upset into the water, and received a ducking for the affectation. But an affected manner could not conceal his kindness of heart. For his housekeeper, Mrs. Ford, he was careful to provide a support in her old age; his butler, Caplen, though he could not speak a word of French, refused a proffered pension

and insisted on following him to Lausanne. To young men and boys he took the pains, even when he was famous, to make himself agreeable. The recollections of the younger Colman may be quoted as a proof. "The great historian," says Colman, writing of a time when he was himself a boy, "was bright and playful, suiting his matter to the capacity of the boy: but it was done *more sua* (*sic*); still his mannerisms prevailed: still he tapped his snuff-box; still he smirked, and smiled, and rounded his periods with the same air of good-breeding, as if he was conversing with men."

Above all, Gibbon was a straightforward, strictly honorable man. His relations and Lady Sheffield were always seeking him a wife, nor, as his letters show, was Gibbon averse to the idea of matrimony. But he made no secret of his opinions on questions of religion, and was careful that, if inquired into, they should be known. "The Lady Mother," he writes,

has given as proper an answer as can be expected. There is only one part of it which distresses me—*Religion*. Your evasion was very able; but will not prudence as well as honor require us being more explicit in the *suite*? Ought I to give them room to think that I should patiently conform to family prayers and Bishop Hooper's Sermons? I would not marry an Empress on those conditions.

After all, what occasion is there to inquire into my profession of faith? It is surely much more to the purpose for them to ask, how I have already acted in life—whether as a good son, a good friend, whether I game, drink, etc. You know I never practised the one, and in spite of my old *Dorsetshire* character, I have left off the other.

Gibbon had his faults; but, judged by the contents of these letters, and by the standard which he himself proposes, there can be but one answer to the questions he suggests, and that answer is emphatically in his favor.—*Nineteenth Century*.

* The Christian name of his stepmother.

A HEROINE OF THE RENAISSANCE.

BY HELEN ZIMMERN.

In the Capella Feo of SS. Biagio and Girolamo at Forli is a fine fresco, painted by the great native artist Melozzo degli Ambrosoli. The picture, crowded with figures, represents the miracle wrought by St. James of Compostella, when he recalled into life some hens and hares that were already roasted for the table at which he sat eating. As witnesses of this miracle, after the quaint fashion of the century, are represented, kneeling, Girolamo Riario, the elderly nephew of Pope Sixtus IV., and his wife Caterina Sforza. Bending over her, as though to ask an explanation of the wonder, is their eldest son, who resembles his mother—a fine curly-headed lad; while behind her, in the haughty pride of virile manhood, leans carelessly against a pillar Giacomo Feo, the hotly loved second husband of Caterina, to whose memory this picture was painted by her order after his cruel murder. Caterina is clad in the modest garb of a pilgrim, with staff and shoon; her head is swathed, so that we merely see her profile. But what a head is this! What splendid energy in the large piercing eye, the small well-cut mouth, the strongly developed chin! How beautiful was this woman, even in the early thirties, when this portrait was limned! How much more beautiful must she have been when young! No wonder that, gifted with every good gift of fate, fortune, beauty, intelligence, she turned the heads of her contemporaries, was known as *la prima donna d'Italia*, and has left her mark for all time. Moreover, was she not the ancestress of all the Medicean Grand Dukes of Tuscany, and hence of all the Bourbons from Louis XIII. downward? It is not surprising that such a figure has tempted many a biographer's hand; but it has been reserved for a modern Italian to do full justice to this remarkable woman, and he has raised to her memory a monumental work that leaves no room for a future word to be said on the subject. In fulfilling this pious act in favor of a

lady often maligned, much misunderstood, Count Pasolini almost effects a work of expiation. It would seem that when the great family of Sforza was as yet but named Attendoli, inhabiting Cotignola—a hamlet that lies betwixt Ravenna and Castel Bolognese—there arose at the end of the fourteenth century a bitter feud between the Pasolini and the Attendoli, who both desired the hand of a rich heiress of those parts. The Sforza were conquered in the strife. Now that no descendants of the Sforza remain on earth, the direct heir of the victor has devoted to the daughter of the man to whom his forebears did mortal injury, some years of earnest study as a species of atavistic expiation.

Caterina Sforza is certainly one of the most characteristic figures of that rich and remarkable epoch, the fifteenth century—that great, glorious, terrible *cinque cento* when art, war, and adventure seemed to reach their zenith. The discovery of a new world, and the rapidly progressing corruption and disintegration of the Papal Church, were factors which could not fail to leave an indelible mark upon their age. The woman whose eventful life forms the subject of this article lived through the reigns of three Popes—Sixtus IV., Innocent VIII., and Alexander VI. Her sister married the Emperor Maximilian II., and she herself became by her marriage with Giovanni de' Medici, the ancestress of the later Stuarts, of the direct line of the kings of France, and of the present King of Spain. When the brutal Cæsar Borgia was devastating Italy, and neither the Duke of Milan nor the King of Naples dared oppose him, this woman, who knew not the word fear, intrenching herself in her castle of Forli, defied and resisted him. No soldier could fight better than she, no strategist could better defend and fortify a position, and yet she remained through all the vicissitudes of her most eventful life a true woman—beautiful, fascinating,

and admired. When she died at the early age of forty-six, three times a widow, she had touched during her lifetime the extremes of human splendor and human misery. Her life is a compendium of that strange life of the middle ages whose wonderful remains greet the eye at every turn in modern Italy. Ivy-mantled ruins, magnificent temples, glorious works of art, wild stories of battle and of crime, produce upon the mind of the student an impression which can perhaps be brought into coherence in no better way than by the exhaustive study of some one central figure, which, like the one before us, stands out unique and forcible, distinguished from the rest by qualities exclusively its own.

Caterina Sforza's strange individuality cannot be properly appreciated without an account of her ancestry, on the father's side at least, for her mother was an obscure personage. Her paternal great-grandfather was Giacomo, or Giacomuzzo, Attendolo. He was born in Cotignola, in the province of Faenza in Romagna, of a rich and noble family. His mother gave birth to twenty-one sons, who were all "nurtured in such a manner that they despised rich vestments, delicate food, and soft couches; and all had a certain valorous vigor of soul and body, by which they maintained the reputation of the family, which they often did by deeds of arms." This martial-minded ancestress unquestionably handed down some of her qualities to her descendant Caterina, the most perfect type of the Amazon of the middle ages, as sung by Boiardo, Ariosto, and Tasso. It is narrated that one day in the year 1382, as Muzzo Attendolo, then thirteen years old, was quietly working on his father's land, he heard the sounds of life and drum. These warlike strains announced the advent of some soldiers belonging to the Company of Boldrino da Panicale, who were out searching for recruits. "Oh, Muzzo!" they cried, "away with the spade, and come with us in search of fortune." Muzzo listened to them, hesitated awhile, and then flung his spade against a tree, resolved if it adhered there to follow the soldiers, but if it dropped to the ground, to stay at home. The spade,

flung by so powerful an arm, remained in the tree, and Muzzo, helping himself to one of his father's horses, stole off that same night and joined the camp. After two years he returned to visit his family. "I left them without taking leave," he said; "let me at least give them the satisfaction of knowing that I am alive and well." But he thought, spoke, and dreamt only of arms and armies. "Be then a man-at-arms," said his father, and, mortgaging a farm, he bought him four horses, arms, and accoutrements. With these Muzzo set off again, taking with him a train of relations, young and martial like himself. He was so strong and fierce that his comrades speedily bestowed on him the nickname of Sforza, *per certo indomito vigor d'animo*, little dreaming how world-famous that name was to become. Restless by nature, he would listen eagerly to the tales told of the valiant captains of his day—Broglie di Chieri, Biordo, and Acuto (as the Italians call Sir John Hawkswood). "I am as good as they," he thought; "can I not drive out the strangers who have turned Romagna into a lake of blood?" For horrible massacres had devastated the land and filled it with terror. Now among the Italians who had risen in revolt against the foreign mercenaries Ziberigo di Balbiano was conspicuous, and it was he who drew Sforza and his Attendoli after him to war. Recruiting companies passed from house to house, rousing the youths with tales of the pleasures that waited on the soldier's trade, until the fields were abandoned to old men and women. Sforza joined the "Company of St. George," composed entirely of Italians who had sworn never to turn their backs upon their foreign enemies. Thus it was that the fortunes of the House of Sforza arose with the new birth of Italian valor. And Sforza was to prove the greatest and most fortunate of these *capitani di ventura*, serving alternately four Popes and four kings. On the death of Ladislaus of Naples he attached himself to his sister, Queen Joanna, who "consulted him in all matters of importance, and treated most familiarly and affectionately" the handsome soldier. Indeed he became

her lover, and she created him Commander-in-Chief of her troops. But though he rose so high, Muzzo always retained traces of his peasant origin. Thus he knew well the value of money, though he used it as a means, not an end. He never wrote down his accounts, but also never made a mistake in figures. He could have money whenever he needed it, because, according to a chronicler of the period, "of the singular love which all the bankers bore to him." His camp discipline was severe: no robbing was allowed; traitors were straightway strung up to the nearest tree and abandoned to the birds of the air. A stain or rust on armor or accoutrements provoked a beating. He who had not a fine plume upon his helmet was hissed and disgraced. Sforza would have his men-at-arms be splendid in their equipment. No gambling or swearing was permitted. On leisure days the captain joined his men in gymnastic feats, surpassing all in strength and agility. He encouraged the reading aloud of tales of chivalry, and offered rewards for translations of the warlike histories of Greece and Rome. The art of writing he never mastered. If he needed to communicate he would dictate, signing his letters with a cipher he had invented while shut up in the Castel del Ovo at Naples. He employed no clerks but friars, saying they were the best spies, for under the excuse of religion they could go anywhere. "Have you three enemies?" he said. "Make peace with the first, a truce with the second, then come down with all your might on the third and smash him well." In battle he was rash. Often his soldiers had, like those of Victor Emmanuel, to rush after him into the thick of combat, forcing him with oaths and tears to save himself. He contended that a good soldier must look out for a good cause and not fight for pay only, yet he should never exult at the death of his enemies. Observant of all religious forms, and hearing mass daily, he yet objected to all exaggerations, deeming it "hypocrisy and stupidity to bother the Almighty with long ceremonies." His matrimonial relations were, to say the least, irregular. Francesco, his heir and mental

successor, was the son of one of his mistresses.

In January, 1424, Sforza, then aged fifty-five, was fighting a battle at the mouth of the river Pescara, when suddenly a strong north wind sprang up, the sea rolled heavily, and the river rose. Certain of his squadrons had remained on the farther bank, afraid to pass. Sforza, who had already crossed, signed to them to come on, and when they still hesitated, dashed into the stream to encourage them. Half-way across he looked back, and saw that his favorite page, who had followed him, was sinking. "Ah, poor boy!" he cried, "is there no one to help you?" and learning sideways from his horse, he caught him by the hair. But in so doing he had jerked the reins—the horse, a fiery young charger, reared, and caught his heels in the river-mud, causing his rider to lose his seat. Impeded by his heavy armor, Sforza was unable to regain the shore, drowning just where the impetuous current of the river joined the billows of the sea. Twice his mailed hands were seen to clasp themselves together above the waves. No one dared brave the raging flood to rescue him. All this took place just when the victory was all but certain, for the enemy had been driven back into the walls of Pescara. At that moment a soldier, pale and gasping, ran up to Francesco Attendolo, and told him of his father's fate. Instantly on every side arose lamentations and cries of discouragement. Francesco, unmoved, continued to fight until the victory was assured. A few hours after he sought the fatal flood, crossing it in a crazy little boat, and rowing with an oar he had rudely shaped from the branch of a tree. Kneeling bareheaded, unmoved by the darts which the enemy, who caught sight of him, directed at his frail bark, he pushed to the opposite bank, where the old soldiers of Sforza crowded weeping around him. "Be faithful to me," he said, "as you have been to my father; follow me, and with God's help I will lead you to glory and fortune." They accepted his offer then and there. But of the first great Sforza's body no trace was ever found.

Francesco's first move was to offer his services to Joanna of Naples. The queen came riding out to meet the returning army. Scarcely did she catch sight of him than she burst into tears. "Oh Sforza, Sforza!" she cried, "at least your name shall live. You shall be Francesco Sforza; this shall be the name of your brothers and your sons until all time." Such was the origin of the great and noble name.

Francesco retained no trace of the rusticity which had characterized his father. A distinguished soldier, he had already won twenty-two battles. More than once he might have been made prisoner; but when he appeared his presence carried all before it, his enemies threw down their weapons and hailed him "the common father of all men-at-arms." Like his sire, he held before his mental vision one constant aim. His was to acquire a crown. What valor and success in arms had initiated matrimony completed. Bianca Maria, daughter of Filippo Maria, the last of the Visconti, brought him the rights and privileges of an ancient and princely name. The death of Filippo Maria found Francesco Sforza and his wife at Francesco's ancestral home of Cotignola. With 4000 horse and 2000 foot-soldiers he instantly set off for Cremona, which was his wife's by right of dowry. Filippo's widow, Maria of Savoy, was still living; but Bianca, the wife of Sforza, was not her daughter. Her mother was Agnese del Maino, a mistress of the late duke. It must always be borne in mind that in the middle ages the position of illegitimate children was entirely different from what it is to-day. Catherine Sforza herself was, as we shall see, the illegitimate daughter of a married woman. Natural children were generally treated as on a par with those born in wedlock. Consequently Bianca Maria Visconti could bring with her all the prestige and rights of a legitimate heiress. The widow, who wished to dispute her rights, called in the aid of her family, the House of Savoy. Francesco, then Captain-General of the Milanese forces, allied himself with the Venetians, and, after the victory of Caravaggio, laid siege to Milan and entered it, victorious, in February,

1450. His entry was made in the most republican style; he allowed the famished multitude to pillage his soldiers, whom he compensated for their loss. The Milanese, proud of having the great chief for their ruler, had prepared a triumphal car and a robe of cloth-of-gold; but he refused them, saying that he was going to church to thank God, before whom all men were equal, and that such honors were "superstitions of kings."

Francesco Sforza was certainly the ideal soldier of fortune. At seventy he appeared at a congress of princes in Mantua, riding erect like a young man, and mentally fresher than many there present. He was grave, handsome, affable, and calm. None ever left his presence angry or disappointed. He tried his best to maintain justice, and was always respectful to religion. In an age of bitter feuds and intolerance he founded the great hospital at Milan for the benefit of all sick persons, irrespective of distinctions of country or of creed. He recognized every one of his subjects and soldiers, and called them by their Christian names (his father remembered the names even of his soldiers' horses). To his wife Bianca he was a loving husband; he liked to have his sons about him whenever possible, and interested himself carefully in their education and training. Certainly Bianca Maria was a woman to love—beautiful, brave, and intelligent. Once, during her husband's absence, hearing that the castle of Monza had revolted, she assembled her soldiers, saying, "Who loves me will follow me," and on foot, at the head of her troops, she appeared before the rebels, who promptly yielded up the stronghold. She it was who counselled the Milanese to receive her husband and herself, promising that in Francesco they would find a father and a brother. Thus it was she who won for him her paternal State. In the observance of her religious duties she was strict, "fasting like a nun." So carefully had she been educated that she was able to direct her sons' education, setting them themes in Latin. Yet she never overlooked that they were "to be brought up as princes, and not as *litterati*." The manners of

these youths were the wonder of all who visited the Court. Some flaw there must have been, however, in the system, for none of them did credit to it in later life. Francesco Sforza died the 8th March, 1466. That same night Bianca convoked the Milanese princes and exacted their oaths of fealty to her person. She also notified the sad event to the other Italian rulers—in fact did all that was needful; but, says an eye-witness, “her aspect moved all men to pity.” At once she took up the reins of that Government which she had saved for her son, and held them with such wisdom that in all Italy she was spoken of with reverence. But the new Duke was rebellious—he complained that “he was treated like a boy;” and rendered yet more haughty by his marriage with Bona of Savoy, through whom he had become connected with the King of France, he grew at last so insolent that his unhappy mother left Milan to seek shelter in her own city of Cremona. Halting at Melegnano, she was taken ill, and died blessing her children and commending her servants to their care.

Such were the paternal antecedents of Caterina Sforza, characters who, both by heredity and tradition, exercised a strong influence upon her nature, which especially bore strongly the impress of her great-grandfather, Muzzo Attendolo, the peasant of Cotignola.

Galeazzo Maria Sforza, Caterina's father, was not the equal of either his father or grandfather. He was rash, brutal, ferocious. Never having had to overcome obstacles, his character was without balance or self-control. He was ambitious of outshining every other Court in splendor and profusion, knowing that thus he could render himself popular with the multitude. Hence he surrounded himself with learned men and artists, and, like many modern sovereigns, was himself desirous of literary fame. He certainly did not lack all civic virtues: thus he permitted no robbery in public offices, and he protected the freedom of trade. Nevertheless he wrote to one of his treasurers, “Take care that our subjects do not obtain the liberty which exists in Savoy,” where at this time (1474) a representative system of

government already prevailed. A contemporary called him “a monster of vice and virtue.” Little by little the Court and city became corrupted by his example, until “modesty was reputed uncivilized.” Galeazzo lies under the suspicion of having poisoned his mother. His deeds in Milan do not contradict this imputation. Before marrying Bona of Savoy he was contracted to another bride, Dorothea of Mantua. This Dorothea “died suddenly” at the age of nineteen in a convent at Cremona. Her death was, to say the least of it, so convenient that Galeazzo is also suggested to have had a hand in it. His marriage with Bona was celebrated by proxy. She proved an excellent wife for the eccentric and capricious Galeazzo. Many were the victims saved by her intercession from his wrath. By her he had three sons and two daughters, besides his five natural children, one of whom was the great and famous Caterina Sforza.

Caterina's mother was a certain Lucrezia, the wife of a Court official, a most beautiful woman, who was Galeazzo's first love, for his connection with her dated from his seventeenth year. The first mention of this favorite daughter occurs in a letter written by Galeazzo when in camp to his mother, Bianca Maria Visconti. The five-year-old child was ill, and had been left in the care of her paternal grandmother, and the anxious father sent two special messengers to ask for her news. He had already legitimized her and adopted her in every sense. The date of Caterina's birth is uncertain. It was about 1463, and occurred either at Pavia or Milan. Notwithstanding the fact that the child was taken from her, Caterina's mother always remained on friendly terms with her daughter. She was with her in Forlì when Caterina's first husband was murdered, and also at the time Caterina defended the citadel against Caesar Borgia, and it seems likely that she survived her heroic child. This domestic arrangement, which would seem so peculiar at the present day, produced no scandal at that period of easy-going morals, when the word of a father rendered the position of a natural child absolutely equal to that of those born in wedlock.

The pious Bona of Savoy knew and accepted the situation, and always treated Caterina in all respects like her own daughter. From earliest childhood she must have been exceedingly beautiful and intelligent, and seems to have been a general favorite. She was promised in marriage by her father, while still a child, to Count Onorato Torelli, son of the Captain-General of the ducal troops; but Onorato died, and a more brilliant horizon opened out before our heroine. Caterina was most carefully educated. The Duke, her father, prided himself on his culture, and his Court was filled with learned men. Hence masters were easily found for the children. The Italian princesses of the humanistic epoch were without exception well educated, enjoying the same privileges as their brothers, and receiving the same classical training. At the Italian courts of that period the position of women was in no way inferior to that of men. Matrimony was considered more as the alliance of two equal Powers than the merging of one individuality in another; and women were often called upon to reign, either independently or as regents for husbands or sons, and this had to be borne in mind in their education.

The first important event of Caterina's life was a visit she paid to Florence with her father. Lorenzo de' Medici was then ruling, and Galeazzo, who had possessed himself of Imola, was anxious to secure the Medici sanction to the proceeding; so, on pretext of a vow made to the Santissima Annunziata, he voyaged to the Medician Court. On this occasion Caterina figured as the eldest daughter of the house of Sforza. The journey was long in those days, the entertainment magnificent, so that the child never forgot it, retaining to her life's end a warm attachment to Florence and the Florentines.

Sixtus IV., that papal libertine, best remembered in these latter days in connection with the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, which he founded, enjoys the unenviable reputation of having been the first Pope who set the example of aggrandizing his own family at the expense of the Church treasury, and in

defiance of all principle and example. According to Macchiavelli, he was the Pope who was to show the world how many matters, hitherto judged as wrong, could be committed under the ægis of papal authority. His predecessor had been a miser, and was known to have left the coffers of the Holy See well plenished. Nevertheless Sixtus averred that there was no money in the coffers. He had sprung from a fisherman's family called Rovere, and it was thanks to Galeazzo that he had been chosen as one of the cardinals to whose papal election the Duke would oppose no veto. Hardly was he Pope than the papal Court was crowded with Rovere, collected there in order to bask under the shadow of this oak-tree* whose golden acorns fell into their lap. He had several real or supposed nephews, one of whom afterward became the famous Pope Julius II. Two other nephews, the reputed sons of a sister married to a cobbler called Riario, soon after the Pope's accession began to display so much luxury and wealthy profusion that it was felt certain this could only be maintained at the expense of the treasures of the Church. Cardinal Pietro Riario even went so far as to shock the Court of Rome—not easily scandalized—by his vices and frantic expenditure. Another, Girolamo Riario, was so all-powerful that he was nicknamed the Arch-Pope. Galeazzo Sforza, in his capacity of Duke of Milan, had undertaken to arrange a marriage for this Girolamo, which marriage, owing to the bridegroom's behavior, came to nothing. The Duke, fearing the Pope's displeasure, offered to give instead his own daughter Caterina, then ten years old. The offer was accepted, and the beautiful child became the betrothed bride of this dissolute relative of the head of the Church. "No scruple, no consideration, no respect, no pity, was evinced for Caterina in all this," says Pasolini. "She was but the docile instrument of the paternal policy." The betrothal took place with the usual ceremonies of ring and kiss, and in September of the same year (1473) the magnificent young cardinal, Pietro Riario, paid a

* The Rovere crest was an oak.

visit to Milan. On this occasion the marriage contract between his brother and the young Caterina was signed, while Galeazzo on his part signed an instrument by virtue of which the city of Imola, of which the Dukes of Milan had obtained possession, was to become the property of the Church, to be held in vassalage thereunto. Thus arose the pretensions of the Borgias, which were to prove so fatal to Caterina in later years. From Milan Cardinal Pietro went to Venice, where his doings were "the cause of wonder and scandal." Soon after his return to Rome he died, to the great grief of the Pope. His death placed Girolamo Riario at the very summit of greatness. He inherited his brother's wealth and all his influence over Sixtus.

It was soon after this that occurred the tragic event whose memory dominated Caterina's entire life. There lived at the Court of Milan a certain professor, Cola Montana. He was one of those beings who, lacking all practical sense, nevertheless presume to revolutionize the world without any understanding of logical sequence and the irresistible necessity of facts. Nowadays we should perhaps call him a revolutionary nihilist. He had been publicly chastised for a satire he published on the Duke, ill-advised certainly, even if perhaps but too well deserved, for Galeazzo had become after his manifold successes a very monster of violence and tyranny. Cola Montana, who had many pupils, instilled into them the most inflammatory doctrines. For him Catiline was the first of heroes, and the slaying of a tyrant the noblest of actions. Among his pupils there were three to whom these doctrines especially commended themselves. One was Carlo Visconti, of the family that had been dispossessed by the Sforza; another was Andrea Lampugnani, who had been condemned to death by Francesco Sforza, and pardoned by Galeazzo; and yet another was Girolamo Olgiati. This last was a weak-minded, romantic creature, whose head had been turned by dreaming over the examples of classical heroism, and who was probably of much the same temperament as Wilkes Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln. These three

personages concocted a conspiracy against the life of Galeazzo. They resolved to murder him during some public festival. They knew that it was not safe to attack him in his castle, nor while hunting or banqueting. What place so appropriate as a church? So the plan was resolved on, and the three invoked St. Stephen to bless the success of their undertaking, which they had resolved should take place in his church. A detailed account of Galeazzo's murder was given by a servant of the Duchess, an eyewitness. He tells how it was always the habit of the Sforzas to spend Christmas with their family. At Christmas-time, 1476, Galeazzo was fighting for Filibert of Savoy against Charles the Bold. He had been warned at Rome by astrologers that danger threatened him. A comet had been seen, three ravens ominously flew over his head, nevertheless he kept on his journey toward Milan. But his attendants noticed that he seemed in "a black humor," and entered the city gates without a word of welcome to his dependents. He further commanded that mass should be said in mourning vestments in place of those gay ones proper to the festal day, and he would only listen to lugubrious chants. The day after Christmas, St. Stephen's Day, Duchess Bona dreamed a bad dream. She begged her spouse not to visit St. Stephen's Church, but to hear mass elsewhere. However, it was found that the Court chaplain had already gone, so Galeazzo set out on foot from the castle to follow him and attend to his devotions. Before he went he sent for his children, and it seemed as though he could not kiss them enough. The streets were slippery with ice and snow, so that he repented of his resolve to walk, and decided to proceed on horseback. His body-servant, who had taken a short cut, reached the church before him. He noticed that Lampugnani, Visconti, and Olgiati were all standing by the door together, and could not imagine why. He was soon to know. Galeazzo Maria Sforza, at the time a handsome man of thirty-two, came riding up, dismounted from his steed, and entered the church just as the choir was singing "*Sic transit*

gloria mundi." Lampugnani pressed forward, calling out, "Make way! make way!" Arrived in front of the Duke, he bent his knee as if to present a petition, and in doing so he stabbed him in the stomach with a dagger he had hidden in his sleeve. Instantly the two other conspirators rushed upon their prey, who had called out just once "Oh, our Lady!" and then spoke no more. Lampugnani was instantly seized by the Duke's Moorish groom and slain on the spot. A terrible fight ensued in the church. The women, who had come in full dress to this festal service, were robbed of their jewels. At last the Duke's guard succeeded in driving out the crowd, when three corpses were found on the pavement—that of the Duke, of his groom, and of Lampugnani. The Duke's body was carefully tended, and laid out in the sacristy. A troop of roughs entered the building, seized the body of Lampugnani, tied a cord to its leg, and dragged it through the streets. When Bona of Savoy heard the dread news, like a true daughter of her House, ever noted for its civil courage, she did not lose her head. She sent the ducal ornaments and a pall of cloth-of-gold, which her husband had given her "in case of his sudden death," to the church, whence the Duke's body was carried and buried that same night in the cathedral. The Milanese, meanwhile, instead of rising in favor of the conspirators, were furious at the murder of the Duke. The hired assassins who had assisted the murderers were all killed on the spot, Visconti and Olgiati were tortured and executed. Olgiati confessed the whole story, whose details, full of interest, are given *in extenso* in the pages of Pasolini. This unhappy youth consoled himself for his torments by writing Latin verses, and by anticipating for himself "deathless fame" as the reward of his exploit. He said that had he had ten lives, he would have given them all in such a cause. Cola Montana, the original instigator, was, after many vicissitudes, taken and hung.

When Pope Sixtus IV. heard of the foul end of Galeazzo, he exclaimed, "The peace of Italy is dead!" In very truth this event was the signal for

the outbreak of new wars, internal feuds, and foreign invasions. Bona, the fervent Catholic, deeply distressed that her husband should have died unconfessed and unabsolved, obtained from the Pope his posthumous absolution, and in return for this favor she paid out a very heavy sum of money to be spent for pious and charitable purposes. At the time of this tragedy Caterina Sforza was fourteen. She mourned her father sincerely, and she also trembled for her own fate. But the Pope and his nephew, thinking, perchance, that there was a prospect of securing the Duchy of Milan by means of this marriage with Caterina, showed themselves quite willing to fulfil their part of the contract. The ceremony was performed by proxy, without pomp, owing to the Duke's recent death. On April 24, 1477, Caterina Riario Sforza left Milan for her husband's house. From Parma she wrote an affectionate letter to the Duchess Bona, in which she commends herself to her good mother's prayers, and a yet longer one from Imola to her sister, in which she gives an account of her solemn reception there as the wife of the city's lord. She writes that she was greeted with "verses and representations, after the Florentine fashion." She commends her servants, and especially her nurse, in the kindest manner to the Duchess's good care, and she expresses herself as unhappy beyond words at her absence from home. On the 13th of May Caterina set out from Imola for Rome. She and her whole suite accomplished the journey on horseback. In all the towns in which they halted she was received with regal honors. On the 24th she was met by the Bishop of Parma, the representative of the Duchy of Milan at Rome. The next morning she was met, seven miles from the city, by her husband. On meeting they both dismounted and exchanged kisses. Then they rode together to Ponte Molle, where curious crowds came out to meet them. They halted that night at Ponte Mario, and next day the Pope in person remarried his nephew, with all the pomp of the Church, to the girl-bride, whom the Pope styled his *nipote santissima*. The mass sung on

this occasion lasted three hours, the banquet no less than five. The wedding presents were estimated at a value of 14,000 ducats. The bridegroom's gift, a pearl necklace, was in itself worth alone 5000 ducats.

Caterina was at the time accounted the most beautiful woman in all Europe, and as clever as she was handsome. Her worldly position was splendid, and until the death of Sixtus IV. her outer life consisted of one long series of *fêtes* and pleasures. But the surroundings were not sympathetic to the young girl. Moreover, her husband was a weak cowardly being, absolutely unfitted to be the companion of a fearless daughter of the Sforzas. Further, he was treacherous and wicked, and not a man to inspire her with respect or love. In 1479 there were great rejoicings in the Riario palace over the birth of Caterina's eldest son, who was baptized Ottaviano (she had already borne her husband a daughter). His godfather was Rodrigo Borgia, the Spanish cardinal, who became the infamous Alexander VI., Caterina's most cruel enemy in years to come. In August, 1480, Girolamo Riario was made lord of Forli, displacing the family of Ordelaffi, who had hitherto reigned there—an event which proved to be the letting out of troubled waters in later years. In 1481 Caterina accompanied her husband in a solemn progress through the Romagna, on which occasion they also visited Venice. The young wife delighted every one by her beauty, the splendor of her apparel, her affability, modesty, and intelligence. She moved fearlessly and unaccompanied among the people, whose goodwill she speedily won; while her husband, who had been connected discredibly with the Pazzi conspiracy, shut himself up in the Forli citadel, timid and afraid. In order to win the good graces of his new subject, however, Girolamo played the liberal. Thus certain taxes were abolished, with after consequences of a grave character. At Venice the Riaris were received with immense splendor, nevertheless they did not accomplish the political objects of their mission. More than one conspiracy was unmasked, and groups of victims dangled by the

neck from the battlements. Lorenzino de' Medici is suspected of having had a hand in these plots. After some months spent in skirmishes, plots, and counter-plots, schemes and discussions, the Riario couple returned to Rome. How active an interest Caterina already took in the political events of her day is proved by a letter written by her to the Signoria of Genoa, in which she announces the news of the victory of Campo Morto, just brought her from the camp by special envoy. Indeed the years spent by Caterina at Riario's side formed her political education. When she was called upon, after his death, to fend for herself, we find her a complete mistress of the art of statesmanship—astute, cautious, intrepid, far-sighted, of male daring, veiled at times, for her own purposes, with a feint of female shyness and timidity. It was not for nothing that Caterina boasted herself the true descendant of Galeazzo Maria, and that she bore his brain under her female head of hair.

Meanwhile, as time went on, Girolamo grew yet more treacherous and cruel. A dramatic story is told of another nephew of the Pope's, Antonio Bassi, who, when dying of fever, sent for Girolamo and spoke his mind to him once for all, accusing his cousin of such a list of crimes that those present left the room lest they might be compromised by hearing more. Caterina, meanwhile, was negotiating on her own account with her relatives at Milan, and with Lorenzino de' Medici at Florence, willing, and able too, to make friends and alliances apart from her husband. At the same time she attended to her already numerous family of children and to her household, and found, besides, the time for serious reading.

Meantime Sixtus, the Pope "without religion or conscience," as a contemporary called him, was dying. Some ill-success in arms had distressed him so greatly as to induce fever, which was followed by gout; and when he at last learned of the peace of Bagnolo, which left him and his nephew with empty hands, he was broken down and gave up the ghost. His corpse was carried with scant ceremony into St. Peter's Church, and watched all night

only by one Franciscan friar. Girolamo Riario was in camp at the time. By this death, from virtual ruler of Rome he sank to be simply a captain in the service of the States of the Church, bound to obey the orders of the College of Cardinals, who bade him desist from besieging the stronghold of the Colonnas and return to protect Rome, thrown into confusion by the Pope's demise. Girolamo obeyed. But Caterina had her own views on the crisis. When the Pope's death occurred she was with her husband at Paliano, and when he received the order to proceed to Ponte Molle she rode back to Rome, and, boldly entering Castel Sant' Angelo, announced her intention of remaining there, in command of the castle as her husband's deputy, until the election of the new Pope should be over. Full well did this clever woman know that whoever was master of the Castle of St. Angelo was also master of Rome. By her own authority she deposed the governor of the citadel, and announced to the College of Cardinals, without much ceremony or great circumlocution of speech, that she should defend the castle if need be by force of arms, and should deliver it up only to the new Pontiff. This, she declared, was the will of Sixtus. When an envoy from the Cardinals came to harass her she said, "Oh, I see he wishes to try which is the cleverest of us both. It seems he does not know that I carry the brain of Duke Galeazzo and am as headstrong as he was." The Cardinals saw that they must reckon with this energetic woman. Many of them refused to attend the conclave until "that female" should have evacuated the castle, declaring they would not defile past her. Caterina refused to budge. The Cardinals then resorted to Girolamo. They promised him, if he would induce his wife to evacuate the fortress and return to Romagna, that he should have 8000 ducats, the arrears of pay due to him for his soldiers from Sixtus, as well as compensation for his palace, which had been sacked by the mob. Girolamo was tempted by this bait and yielded, and in order to expedite matters the Cardinals themselves advanced the necessary moneys for the promised

sum. But Girolamo had reckoned without his wife. Caterina still would not budge. He had made the compact, but she did not consider herself bound to abide by it. She reproviseed the castle and brought in some 150 more foot-soldiers. When the Cardinals learned this, they were beside themselves with anger. They threatened not to keep to the rest of their bargain, and sent her a deputation of eight Cardinals, among whom was her uncle, Ascanio Sforza. Out of consideration for her blood-relation she let down the drawbridge, and from that moment she was forced to yield. The prelates were unanimous in insisting on her departure. On August 25th Caterina stepped on the drawbridge, looking pale and wan, and no wonder. She was surrounded by her family—for she had had all her children with her, her servants, and her men-at-arms. On September 4th she entered Forli together with her husband, and on the 7th the Riario received from the new Pope, Innocent VIII., the reconfirmation of their rights over Imola and Forli, with the stipulation, however, that the couple must henceforth abide in the Romagna, and avoid Rome.

Meantime all Rome was rejoicing that the iniquitous Girolamo had been forced to leave the city which had been the theatre of his crimes. Pope Innocent VIII. and Cardinal della Rovere, afterward Julius II., were now the real rulers of Rome.

But bad times were in store for the Riario couple. Even while Sixtus was living, and Girolamo could draw without limit on the papal coffers and the papal authority, he had found it difficult to hold the Romagna, always even to this day a turbulent province. He found the towns divided among themselves, at feud with one another, and surrounded by envious foes, who only waited their opportunity to bear down on them. The inhabitants were even poorer than when Girolamo, in the first flush of possession, had remitted their taxes. Discontent stalked abroad, danger lurked in the air; and, to aggravate matters, there was famine in the land. In vain did Girolamo dispense coins, lower the tax on wheat, and spend money on buildings. His

enemies could always find support from Lorenzo de' Medici, who had allied himself to the new Pope by giving a daughter in marriage to one of the Pope's sons. Hence the need for always keeping a large army. After a year Girolamo's coffers were exhausted. The taxes had to be reimposed. At this the famished impoverished people naturally revolted, and, but for Caterina's pluck and her ascendancy over them, a general massacre might have occurred. Meanwhile the cowardly Girolamo took fear and quitted Forli for Imola, which he deemed more loyal, leaving a substitute who was charged to oppress the people in every way. Caterina happened to be absent at the time, enlisting the support of her powerful relatives at Milan. On reaching Imola she found Girolamo very ill. "What will become of Forli if my husband dies?" she asked herself, for she mistrusted the man who held the citadel in their name. They owed him money, too, which made matters worse. Should Girolamo die he might easily make himself master of the city, and oust Caterina's son. She resolved on stratagem. Mounting her horse, she rode in one night over to Forli, appeared before the fortress, and summoned the governor to admit her in the name of her husband and deliver up the keys. This he refused to do. He called down to his mistress that he had heard his master was dead; he would not deliver up the castle until he was paid, nor should he perchance do so even then. Now Caterina knew how matters stood. She rode back again to Imola, but not before she had concocted a little trap for this unruly servant, into which he fell, and which resulted in his murder in a drunken brawl. His murderer took possession of the fortress, drew up the drawbridge, and intrenched himself. When a breathless rider brought the news to Imola, Caterina, although she was near her confinement, at once mounted her horse and galloped as hard as its feet would go to Forli, and appeared at the foot of the castle ere ever its inmates could have deemed it possible. She commanded the new governor, who was an old acquaintance—no less than the governor of the Cas-

tle of St. Angelo, whom she had deposed—to deliver up the stronghold. After a long debate he yielded at last to Caterina's imperiousness, and the following day Caterina, attended by only one female servant, took possession, rode back to Imola, then rode back again to Forli, bringing with her as new governor Tommaso Feo of Savona, one of her trusty servants, whom she installed, and announcing to the astonished population that there was a governor in the castle now after her own heart, remounted her horse, never halting for ten hours till she reached Imola, to give birth after a few days to her son Francesco Sforza. Nor was this all. Not many days had passed since this confinement before the trusty new governor announced to his mistress that a conspiracy, instigated by the Ordelaffi, had been discovered. Instantly this brave woman arose from her sick-bed, remounted her steed, and flew to Forli. The six chief conspirators were beheaded by her orders, and their heads gibbeted on the city gate, and the rest punished according to their deserts.

Now since the real lord of Forli was never seen, and no one but his wife was permitted to enter his sick-room, the news very naturally spread that he was dead, and that Caterina was concealing the fact in order to ensure dominion to herself. That this was not so, however, was soon to be seen. One day in November, though still weak and ailing, Girolamo rode to Forli to see how matters stood with his own eyes. It was but a poor look-out. The winter proved hard; the burghers had lost respect for their master; he could not pay his way, and angry rumors were heard on all sides whenever he showed himself. Even Caterina's presence could no longer stem the rising tide of discontent. Prime leaders of the turbulent faction were the powerful family of Orsi, and it was they who resolved on the murder of Girolamo. The deed was done with great audacity. On April 14, 1488; Checco d'Orsi, captain of the watch, with two hirelings, walked unannounced into the apartment where the Duke was at supper. The meal was just over, and Girolamo was talking with his guests.

When he saw Checco enter he stretched out his hand to him and asked what he desired at this unwonted hour. Checco muttered some words of reply, rushed on the unwitting and unarmed man and stabbed him to the heart. With a cry of "Ah, traitor!" Girolamo sank down, and in a few minutes he was dead. The Duke's people, unarmed as they were, at once ran to Caterina's apartments to bring her the dread news. Not for one moment did she lose her head. Without armed protection, having with her only her mother, her sister, her children, and two wet-nurses, she at once commanded that her doors be barricaded with every available heavy object. It was in vain. An angry mob had already invaded the castle, a bloody tussle ensued under Caterina's windows in the courtyard, and in the end she had to yield herself up to her husband's assassins. She was led a prisoner to the palace of the Orsi. But such was the majesty of her presence and the respect she inspired, that, as she marched through the drunken and infuriated mob, not a person dared to insult by act or speech the handsome woman who but a few hours before had been their ruler. When a man tried to be rude to her sister, she boxed his ears in such fashion that he staggered.

The Orsi were not long to remain masters of the situation, however. The news of Forlì's revolt reached Rome and Milan, and the former hastened to reclaim the fief for the States of the Church, while the latter reminded Caterina's enemies that they would have to reckon with the strong House of Sforza did they touch a hair of her head. And as soon as the papal envoy arrived he treated Caterina with all respect, withdrew her from the house of the Orsi, where she was treated with scant kindness, and placed a guard of honor before her dwelling to protect her life and position. In return it was demanded, however, that she should command the governors of the various fortresses to render up their keys to the papal authorities; and though it was politely asked, Caterina knew she must obey, for might was against her, and she was still to all intents and purposes a prisoner. Sur-

rounded by her husband's murderers, Caterina appeared before each of the citadels and bade their commanders resign their office into her hands. They respectively appeared on the battlements and cried down they could not obey. "In that case they will murder me," shouted back the dauntless woman, and indeed a soldier already pointed a gun at her breast. "Let them beware of the wrath of the Duke of Milan an' they do," cried back the fearless Feo. Caterina pleaded in vain, and had to retreat discomfited.

When the papal envoy, Monsignore Savelli, saw that these attempts were futile, he sought to gain his ends by force. But the citadels were well stocked with arms and provisions, and were able to sustain a long siege. Meantime Caterina had found means of communicating with her trusty Tommaso Feo. She persuaded him to send a messenger to Monsignore, telling him he could not give up the citadel—it would be a breach of trust; but if Caterina was admitted, and he was convinced that she demanded this concession of her own freewill and not because pressure was brought to bear on her by her enemies, he would evacuate. Savelli was willing to consent, but the Orsi suspected in this reply a wile of the clever Caterina. Once more they dragged her before the fortress walls. Caterina implored Tommaso amid tears and sobs to deliver up the citadel. The governor remained firm in his negative attitude. Conversation was naturally difficult between a governor on the battlements and a person outside the moat and drawbridge; so Caterina cried, "If they would only let me go into the castle, I know I could explain everything to you." "In that case," replied Feo, "I hardly know what I should do, but certainly it would be easier to negotiate. I have already proposed this, but with the condition that you come alone." The peace-loving Savelli was taken in; and remembering that he held Caterina's children as hostages, he consented that the Duchess should enter the castle for three hours in order to arrange details with Feo. The drawbridge was

lowered, and Caterina sprang upon it with one bound. Scarcely was she across than she made a gesture to those at the other side which still betokens the highest point of insult and derision to Italian eyes. The three hours over, when Orsi demanded her exit, Feo's son replied that only if the two foremost burghers of Forli were given as hostages would his mistress return. Maddened by this betrayal, the besiegers rode off to seek aid. Caterina meantime had sunk into a dead sleep, and was reposing placidly after the excitement and fatigue of the last days.

But Savelli and the Orsi were not so easily daunted and befooled. They had only gone to fetch Caterina's children and relatives. Her sister Stella, her boy Ottaviano, were bade to plead with her, reminding her that their own lives were at stake did she remain obdurate. Feo did not even trouble to wake his mistress. When the cries from without after awhile became too strident, Caterina awoke and, undressed as she was, rushed to the tower to see what it all meant. When she convinced herself that there was no danger she withdrew without a word. Her quick intelligence had told her that since her children had not been massacred in the first fury of her enemies, they were safe, and that it was clear the Orsi dared not brave the wrath of the formidable Ludovico il Moro. So, to prove that she was the mistress of the citadel, she caused shots to be fired at the town at intervals, night and day, directing them particularly at the Communal Palace.

And truly Caterina was soon to be the actual mistress of the situation. Shortly after her clever manœuvre heralds arrived from the Bentivoglio of Bologna and the Sforza of Milan demanding to see Riario's children, and announcing that the Milanese troops were within a day's march. Meanwhile Orsi and Savelli maintained their defiant attitude, saying the children whom they had imprisoned were dead, and that they could and would resist. But when a powerful army of some 12,000 men really stood at the city gates, they recognized that their game was lost. As a last revenge they

tried to penetrate to the children and murder them, but their faithful guards beat back the attack. There remained nothing but flight for the Orsi. At dead of night they stole away, seventeen in number, leaving behind them their old father and womenfolk. And that same night the counter-revolution was accomplished, and the people patrolled the streets of Forli shouting "Ottaviano! Ottaviano!" The only dread that now weighed on the inhabitants was the fear of the soldiers of the Duke of Milan, to whom it had been promised, if Caterina consented, that they should sack the city. But Caterina refused to allow this, to the fierce indignation of the troops. This she did for the sake of the women, for whom she had a consideration wholly in advance of her time. When the magnates of the city came to the castle to tender their homage and excuses to Caterina she received them graciously, clad in mourning weeds. But when, a few hours later, her young son, Ottaviano, now lord of Forli, was led into her presence and fell weeping into his mother's arms, he found her clad in all her royal splendor, magnificent in her beauty and her radiant attitude of triumph.

And in triumph she re-entered Forli, surrounded by the lords of Mantua, Bologna, Bergamo, Milan, and others, and triumphantly she resumed the reins of government; for though Ottaviano was nominally the lord, in reality it was his mother who reigned. Her first steps were directed to the church of the city's patron saint, Mercuriale. It happened to be his feast-day. After hearing mass and thanking heaven for its protection, Caterina at once occupied herself with worldly affairs. To begin with, she sought to punish the rebels and the murderers of her husband. She demanded and received the value of what had been stolen from their palace; she banished, executed, tortured in the most relentless mode, all who had been directly or indirectly concerned in the uprising. Orsi's old father was killed in the most abominable fashion, after he had been morally and physically tortured. There was no end to the bloodshed; the reprisals, the revenge. So

terrible was Caterina's vengeance that it overshot its mark, and made her fresh enemies among her subjects. Even the most pessimist of moderns, reading these accounts, must admit that a change for the better has taken place in human progress.

Alas for heroic Caterina! She might build and endow as many churches as she would to prove her pious spirit, she might remit taxes, she might enjoy the protection of Pope and Duke, nevertheless her edifice was but reared on sand. Notwithstanding, this doughty woman managed for yet another twelve years to uphold her authority, and only ceded to brute force. Perhaps she would not even have ceded to that, had she not ceded before to a yet stronger force, though apparently more gentle. It was the little god of love with his bow and dart who was to cause the mischief.

At the time of her widowhood Caterina was but twenty-five years old—handsome, respected, admired, feared. No wonder that she was soon surrounded with aspirants to her affection—affection that she had hitherto never bestowed; for though she could not possibly have loved the cowardly cruel Girolamo, she made him a faithful wife. Even though he had of late left all the cares and responsibilities of government in her hands, yet he was an apparent support to her nevertheless: she could shield herself in face of her foes under his fictitious will. Now she was all alone, and a widow. On the other hand, Caterina, however much she might long, with her fiery Romagnolo blood, to love and be loved, never lost her keen insight. She knew that should she marry she would lose the guardianship over her children, and would no longer reign as their proxy—would have to resign them into the hands of guardians, who would more than probably oust them from their possessions; and this, for their sake, whom she tenderly loved, and for her own, she could not contemplate. But many conflicts must have waged their angry fights in that woman's proud breast. Girolamo had not been long dead ere rumor said that his widow was about to wed the handsome young Ordelaifi of Forli. And her

behavior to him certainly gave color to this report. When she heard it, however, she was furious, and punished with imprisonment and banishment those who had dared to spread or report it—punished them so severely, so out of all proportion to the crime, that forever after no one dared to open their mouths concerning her love-affairs; and even when she openly flaunted them, they acted the part of the emperor's new clothes. Many moderns could wish they could put down idle and cankerous cackle concerning their private affairs with an equally drastic hand. For the report, like too many such reports, had done her real harm. The governors of her citadels, who, after all, had sworn allegiance to Ottaviano, not to her, grew restless, and seemed inclined to dispute her authority. Even Tommaso Feo grew suspicious and disobedient. To conciliate him she married him to her step-sister Bianca. Even this did not suffice. Then she feigned love for him herself, and tricked him out of the castle by her seductive ways. Scarcely had he fallen into the trap than she took him prisoner in another sense from what he expected, and elevated his younger brother Giacomo in his stead. It was on Giacomo that she had really set her eyes. As he appears in the Forli fresco, he was certainly just the kind of man to catch the fancy of an amazon like Caterina—a ruddy-cheeked, curly haired giant. Thus this young man, barely twenty, found himself in a moment governor of the two chief forts of the domain, commander-in-chief of the troops, as well as Caterina's proxy and lover. He was the Ruy Blas of his age. "Fortune carried this man at one and the same time into the heaven of Venus and of Mars," says a contemporary chronicler. After a time she secretly married him, but woe to her subject who would have dared to state the fact!

After this event, and after she had given over to trusty dependents the other important outposts of her domain, Caterina felt more at ease. Yet it was not long ere she became the slave of the young tyrant she had chosen for herself. Giacomo, like all

upstarts, lost his head at the splendor of the position into which he had so suddenly been elevated. He treated the ancient families of Forli with haughty disdain; he even treated the real lord of Forli, Ottaviano, with such arrogance that the boy detested him and vowed revenge for these insults. And since every one deemed him Caterina's lover and not her husband, his insolent attitude was held the more unpardonable.

While these things were happening in Forli, on the larger stage of Italian affairs there were new difficulties and dangers to meet. Innocent VIII. was dead, and Alexander Borgia reigned in his place. He had been Ottaviano's godfather, and promised Caterina that he would care for her boy as Sixtus had cared for her. He even offered him his daughter, the notorious Lucrezia Borgia, to wife; but this Caterina refused, much to the Pope's displeasure. Lorenzo de' Medici too was dead, and with his disappearance from politics these were thrown into yet greater confusion; for no doubt, with all his faults, he had known how to steer the ship of State. His death threw the peninsula into two hostile camps, both of whom sought to win over the alliance of Caterina, whose army they knew to be well organized, and whose little State was important as lying on the highroad from Upper to Lower Italy. Caterina, like the wise helmswoman she was, tacked her course, waiting to see which party would offer her most advantages; but when Charles VIII. of France came into Italy as the ally of the Pope, Caterina, after some dubious attempts at a neutral attitude, put herself on the side of the French. When the latter did not maintain their compacts, and plundered and sacked friendly cities, Caterina boldly entered their camp, and saved her city from the claws of the hungered and booty-craving Gallic troops. Then, later, when events took yet another turn, Caterina, without a moment's hesitation, made a *volte face* and tacked cleverly between the contending parties.

Could she but have tacked as cleverly in her own family, where matters were going from bad to worse! Otta-

viano, who was now sixteen, and who chafed under the arrogant bearing of Feo, whom he regarded as merely his servant, was confirmed and strengthened in his aggressive attitude by Feo's enemies—and they were many, provoked by his insolent bearing. Though by nature weak and timid, there were limits beyond which Ottaviano could not endure; and when on one occasion the lad contradicted him, the *parvenu* gave his young lord a sounding box on the ear. This was too much for even the lackeys. One of these put himself in accord with certain noblemen of Forli to plot the murder of Giacomo Feo. In those days it was easy to find *bravi* to execute these little jobs; indeed their race is not quite extinct in modern Italy. One August evening (1495) Caterina, her daughter Bianca, her Court ladies, her sons Ottaviano and Cesare, and a large following of retainers, returned to the city from a hunting excursion. Caterina drove, the rest were on horseback. The day's sport had been good, the booty was large, the party merry, and, singing and laughing, they pursued their way through the crooked streets. A halt was made by a bridge. When all had passed except Feo, an accomplice stopped him to ask a trivial question, and at that signal the murderers fell upon him, killed and mutilated him, and then threw him into the moat. Caterina, when she heard his first cry, left her carriage, and seizing the first horse that came to hand, sprang upon it and galloped to the citadel. Her guilty sons sought shelter in a friendly house. Only two of all the suite turned upon the murderers, who coolly replied that they had but executed the orders of Caterina and her sons. Caterina, when she heard this, was beside herself. Indeed both her fury and her grief were great, for she had loved Feo devotedly. Her vengeance on his murderers was terrible. Never in all her life had she been so cruel, so merciless. On this occasion she spared neither women nor children: it seemed as though she would extirpate the whole clan of her foes. Indeed so great was her cruelty that, iron woman though she was, relentless and with no trace of mawkish-

ness in her composition, yet nevertheless remorse for her actions at this time is said to have embittered all her later life. As for the real instigator of the murder, Ottaviano, she shut him up in solitary confinement, and it wanted little but he would have died under her hands.

Happily her attention was necessarily distracted by politics. Madonna di Forlì was a great personage, respected and feared in the political world. Her soldiers, whom she trained herself, were the most skilful in Central Italy. Her alliance was worth winning. The Medici, being reinstated in the government of Florence, whence Savonarola had evicted them, sought to win her over to their side and that of the French. To this end they sent her an envoy in the shape of Giovanni de' Medici. They could have made no wiser move. Giovanni was clever, but what was more, Giovanni was the handsomest man of his day. He had not long been at Forlì ere rumor said he was Caterina's lover. Of course she denied it—denied it even after she had borne him a son, even after he and all his suite openly lived in her castle. At last, however, she had to admit the fact to her relations and her son, who sanctioned the marriage, but comprehended the need for continued secrecy, lest Caterina should lose the guardianship of her first children. The danger of this was great, and to stem it Caterina and all her progeny present and to come were created Florentine citizens; and this act legitimized the firstborn of her connection with Giovanni, he who afterward became the famous *condottiere*, Giovanni delle Bande Nere, called "the first colonel of a regiment," and who was unquestionably the father of modern military discipline. On another occasion there was sent to Caterina as Florentine envoy no less a personage than Niccolò Macchiavelli. He found, it seems, her diplomatic talents a match for his own, for in his letters to the signoria he tells, among other things, how on certain days Madonna was not visible because "the baby was ill."

The union with Giovanni was not to be of long duration. To aid the Florentines, sore pressed by Pisa, Caterina

sent her husband and son with a picked army to join her allies. While in camp Giovanni was taken seriously ill. Caterina hastened to his side, and he died in her arms. She was inconsolable; and indeed she had lost much in him, and from this time forward her star was on the wane. It is characteristic of the times that after his death Caterina made her marriage publicly known.

Alexander VI. was, if possible, even more ambitious for his family than Sixtus IV. It was his desire to found a kingdom for his favorite son, Cæsar Borgia, and to this end he wished to stir up dissatisfactions in Italy, to oust the Sforzas from Milan, Caterina from the Romagna, and pass the whole under one head. A pretext for dissension was soon found in those days, and after a while the Venetians and the Borgias, in alliance with the French, grew menacing for Caterina's little realm. At first she clung to her old alliance with Florence, but soon found that this was a broken reed. In those days her life was that of the camp. She herself led her troops to battle; and it was due solely to her personal watchfulness and military stratagem that Forlì was not taken by a military ruse. Clad in a full suite of chain-armor, she rode with her captains. To this day there is shown at the Museum of Bologna a suit of lady's armor believed to be hers. It is said that she kept her accounts when in camp with the greatest accuracy, and that her soldiers were always well paid and well fed. And she had need of them, left thus alone to defy single-handed the power of the allied forces of Cæsar Borgia and the King of France, who were devastating Italy. On every side treachery surrounded the dauntless woman, and many a statesman would have given in in despair under such circumstances, nor would any have blamed him. But Caterina was not made of stuff that could so easily be daunted. Notwithstanding the heavy odds against her, notwithstanding that the plague raged in her little kingdom, and that her youngest and dearly-loved boy lay sick unto death, she prepared her men-at-arms and her fortress for resistance, and at the same time, by

measures as swift and effectual as any that could be used at the present day, she checked the progress of the plague before it had taken too vast proportions. The strong places were provisioned and ammunitioned for a siege, the advance of the enemy was rendered difficult by artificial inundations. Daily Caterina passed her army in review; she attended to everything herself, great or small. A ride across the Apennines to Florence convinced her that she could hope for no help thence—the Florentines were themselves in an ugly difficulty with Pope Borgia; but as she still deemed them her best friends, she sent all her children except her eldest sons, all her jewels and valuables, to a country house of her late husband's, close by the Arno city, for safe-keeping.

Then, absolutely alone and unsupported, this heroic woman intrenched herself in her citadel and awaited the approach of Cæsar Borgia and his hordes, resolved to uphold, while breath and strength were in her, the noble *condottiere* traditions of the great Sforza name, to which her uncle of Milan had proved untrue. Nearer and nearer drew the Borgia troops. Their first point of attack was Imola, which, though it was strongly walled and defended, they were able to take at once owing to treachery. Their next march was on to Forlì, where Caterina herself held the stronghold. Up to the last moment of the foe's approach she had contrived to fortify her position, sparing nothing—no garden, however dear to her, no house that might prove of value as a point of vantage. Still she did not wholly trust her citizens, though they had sworn they would stand by her to the bitter end. They knew, too, as well as she the reputation borne by Cæsar's soldiers—verily no good one—and what awaited their city did it fall into his clutches. Still, when the critical moment approached, Caterina, who expected no deeds of heroism from her subjects, deemed it well to ask the city magnates what it was they meant to do: they had better tell her candidly. A candid and direct answer it is always difficult to get from an Italian. They sent vacillating and ambiguous replies. Caterina

should consider well ere acting; was it not perhaps better to yield to superior force? there might be a change of Popes, and then she and her family would be reinstated; all the cardinals had not voted in favor of Cæsar—and suchlike empty phrases. Then Caterina spoke up. "Oh, chicken-livered, do you not comprehend that a ruined State is still better than none? Do what you please with your city, but with regard to the citadel I will show the Borgia that a woman is also capable of shooting cannons." After this defiant speech the city fathers held council, with the result that they resolved to abandon any attempts at resistance. Caterina received their messengers graciously, bade them a courteous farewell, and then, as soon as they had re-entered the city gates, let her cannons play over them a little as a sign that she was resolved to resist to the uttermost. And indeed her army and stores were large, and Caterina's courage, which she diffused to all about her, seemed inexhaustible as well.

On December 19, 1499, amid streaming rain, Cæsar Borgia, mounted on a white horse, rode into Forlì at the head of his 4000 men. The standard of the Church was borne before him; beside him rode Frenchmen of high standing and honor. Scarcely, however, were the men disbanded than their wild work of rapine, plunder, and loot began, and was pursued with the more vigor because, owing to the heavy rain, the men sought shelter in the houses. Cæsar, who did not wish to make a bad impression on his new citizens, tried to stem their excesses in a measure, but it was quite in vain. They were beyond his control, or rather they were acting as he had ever allowed them to do. Meantime Caterina held the fortress, and Cæsar could not even begin his attack, for his battering ammunition had not yet arrived. On Christmas Day Caterina displayed a flag bearing a lion on its field. This was a ruse on her part, and it succeeded; for the sight of this lion spread terror among her enemies, who held it for the standard of St. Mark, and deemed that Caterina had that powerful republic behind her. To further

enforce this idea, Caterina sent continual volleys of cannon into her late city. Cæsar began to think discretion the better part of valor, and resolved to attempt a friendly solution of the problem. He humiliated himself so far as to ride out one evening to the fortress, attended only by a trumpeter, and asked for a personal colloquy with the Countess. Caterina instantly appeared on the battlements above the drawbridge. Cæsar lifted his helmet respectfully and addressed her. What the two foes said to one another the contemporary chroniclers do not know, while later historians give the conversation in great detail. After a time Caterina bowed politely and withdrew, while Cæsar turned his horse about and rode off. His mission cannot have seemed entirely hopeless to him, for next day he again rode out to the castle and offered to give Caterina his three French captains as hostages of his word. But this offer too Caterina refused. She did not trust the word of a Cæsar Borgia, and no wonder. Consequently no solution but war to the knife was possible. On December 28, 1499, he opened his attack on the citadel, and Caterina answered bravely. This went on for some days. Caterina herself inhabited the topmost tower of the citadel, whence she could survey the whole neighboring country and the movements of her foes. Thence she saw the sun set on the century, a *fin de siècle* not effete and exhausted like our own, but fierce and bloody, like a wounded beast at bay. The situation was pretty desperate. There was no retrogression possible. Cæsar placed a price of 10,000 ducats on her head; she answered, offering 150,000 for his. For a time all went well. What the besiegers destroyed in the day, Caterina and her men repaired at night. She was indefatigable, and, a cuirass over her dress, she passed from point to point, advising, encouraging, helping. But at last the besiegers got the upper hand and penetrated into the fortress. Even then Caterina did not yield. She caused a tower in which they had intrenched themselves to be undermined and exploded. But more and ever more of the enemies' men entered the castle, and at last it was only Caterina's dwelling-place that was not in

their hands. Then she resolved on taking a desperate measure. Surrounded by her brothers and suite, she burst in among her enemies, wounding, killing, trampling them down in their frantic efforts to cut their way through. A wild scene of murderous confusion ensued. Caterina was taken several times, but her people succeeded in rescuing her again from the hands of Borgia's men. For two hours the wildest confusion reigned in the courtyard; yet even when she knew full well that the game was lost, Caterina would not give herself up. She made a last forlorn effort to evict the foe by smoking him out, causing every available bit of wood to be lighted. And it almost seemed as if this measure was to meet with some success, when suddenly the wind veered and the thick waves of smoke were turned on the besieged in lieu of the besiegers. Even then Caterina was not crushed. Under cover of the smoke she still fought desperately; but when the fumes lifted for a moment, she saw to her dismay that without her orders a white flag of truce had been drawn up on her towers, and that white handkerchiefs were waving from the stems of lances and firelocks. Then, and then only, Caterina admitted she was vanquished, and retired from the scene of action into her fastness. Meanwhile, though the fighting was ended, murder and plundering continued till far into the night; and when all was over 450 corpses were picked up from the courtyard floor, not to mention the hundreds of wounded men who lay about on all sides.

Cæsar Borgia was not on the spot when the fortress surrendered. At the news he instantly took to horse, and gave orders to watch closely, for he feared his prey might still escape him. Then he summoned Caterina to treat with him. When she heard the notes of his trumpeter, she appeared at a window of her eyrie. Cæsar bade her peremptorily to issue orders that the murdering below should cease. She was about to answer him when an iron hand seized her by the nape of her neck. A *landsknecht* had penetrated into her last retreat and de-

clared her his prisoner. She bowed a courteous leave-taking to Cæsar Borgia, as though saying she had to quit him against her will, and gave herself up to the captain-general of the French forces. Borgia claimed her as his prey. After some squabbling, the Frenchman yielded her up in return for a large sum of money. Then Caterina was led out of the citadel, a prisoner, to Borgia's palace at Forli. What a different entry was this to that which she had made erewhile! Her path lay over the wounded and dying, and past ruins, desolation, and misery. Up to this point Cæsar Borgia had behaved with all due politeness and respect to his foe. But when he found that she had not her children with her, as he deemed, when he had searched in vain for them among the ruins of the stronghold, and listened to Caterina's triumphant tones, telling him that these victims had at least escaped his wrath, then his true nature asserted itself, and he subjected her to every indignity and shame and abomination, of which only a Borgia could be capable. His worthy father, the Pope, had bidden him kill Caterina; but when he too learnt the news that her children were safe, he countermanded the order, and bade his son bring their prisoner to Rome. Clad in a handsome gown of black satin, her head wreathed in black, Caterina rode beside her enemy out of the city that had been hers, only two servants and two maids of honor accompanying her. Cæsar had not well started on his journey when he was stopped by the French captain-general, who declared that he must deliver up Caterina, as it was against the French law to take prisoner a woman. This sudden outburst of knightly feeling rested, however, on no sounder basis than the fact that Borgia had not paid out in full the sum he had promised in return for his prisoner. After some wretched haggling among these worthy comrades, Caterina was at last handed over again to Borgia, and the custodian of French honor went off satisfied with a pocketful of ducats.

The indignities Caterina had to suffer at the Borgias' hands on this ride to Rome passes words. On February

25, 1500, the Eternal City was at last reached. It has been told that Cæsar Borgia led his prisoner in triumph through the streets of Rome as erst the Emperor Aurelian led Queen Zenobia; but this is not true. The Pope himself came out to meet her, and received her courteously, confining her in the Belvedere of the Vatican with twenty men to guard her. It was while in this place that she learnt the dread news of the discomfiture of the whole House of Sforza, her uncle the Cardinal and Ludovico il Moro having both been carried prisoners to France. Not even this blow broke the dauntless spirit. She busied herself in planning a mode of escape. It failed, however, and coming to the Borgias' ears, they deemed it wiser to put her in safer keeping; so she was removed to the Castle of St. Angelo, which she had once held defiantly against the whole College of Cardinals. There was an irony of fate truly in this, which doubtless did not escape the notice of this clever woman. That the Borgias did not employ their favorite methods of poison upon her is a marvel. That they desired her death is certain; for when after a while, owing to confinement and harsh treatment, she fell seriously ill, they could hardly conceal their disappointment that she did not die. They even went so far as to accuse her of trying to poison them, and had her tried on this plea; but at the trial, besides roundly denying the accusation, she made such revelations as to the manner in which the Pope and his worthy son had behaved to her, that the Pope caused the trial to be swiftly broken off, and bade that no further reference be made to it. But besides physical sufferings and privations, Caterina had to endure mental trials. Her eldest sons urged her to cede her rights on Imola and Forli in return for money and a cardinal's hat and bishop's mitre respectively. Further, she mourned the absence of her adored youngest son, Giovanni, whom Lorenzino de' Medici tried to withdraw from his mother's guardianship. For eighteen months did she thus languish in prison, nor would she have been released perchance even then but for a curious incident. In June, 1501,

the same captain-general of the French troops who had delivered her over to Cæsar Borgia as a hostage passed through Rome on his march against Naples. While going through Upper Italy he had heard the people singing the tragic fate of Caterina in many a folk-song—for Caterina, her adventures, her joys, and her sorrows, had already become legendary, and inflamed the poetic imagination of the Italian people. The most popular of these songs was entitled "Lamento." The verse of this long lament is rough, but not without melody. Its burden goes—

"Scolta questa sconsolata
Caterina da Forlivo."

"Listen to the broken hearted
Caterina of Forlivo."

"I who wore scarlet," she says, "must now wear mourning. No armed knight comes to help me. All the world murmurs against ungrateful Italy. I do not mind dying if I die in my own strong citadel." She sings of her sons Ottaviano and Galeazzo, of her uncle the Duke of Milan, of the King of France, of the Duke of Savoy, of the Venetians, the Genoese. She mentions all her captains by name. It is easy to fancy the women singing these melancholy verses in the long winter evenings as they sit spinning round their flickering oil-lamps, singing it to those curious half Arabic tunes of theirs, which have a long-drawn note at the end—tunes that are always echoing among the Italian hills. It was thus that the French captain learnt that Cæsar Borgia had not kept his word, and that Caterina was, after all, a prisoner. He knew, further, that his master the King of France, like all Europe, for the matter of that, was indignant at the general behavior of the Borgias. Arrived in Rome, he instantly demanded Caterina's liberation in the name of the King of France, and under the plea that she had become his subject when taken prisoner, and that Frenchmen did not imprison women. Cæsar, like the coward he was, blustered and swore and protested, but yielded at last, because he could not do otherwise. Caterina had to sign a document renouncing for her-

self and her sons their rights over their realm, had to pay 2000 ducats to the Borgia for expenses, and was then free to leave her dungeon. She took up her abode in Rome in the splendid palace of Cardinal Riario, known as the Cancelleria to this day.

When she had ridden forth, thin and pale, from her prison, she was so changed that she was almost unrecognizable; for beside the havoc wrought on her person by the damp cells of the Castle of St. Angelo and the tortures to which the Borgias had subjected her, the solitary confinement, the want of active employment, had given her time for thought, and she remembered and repented many of her deeds of blood with a remorse that took so acute a form that her sons had frequently to implore her not to let herself "be thus tempted by the devil to despair, and remember that one drop of Christ's blood would suffice to justify your Excellency and to wipe out all the sins of hell." These haunting fears made her restless, her longing after her youngest born made her desire to be near him, and she therefore asked and obtained a safe-conduct from the Pope to travel to Florence. In the end she did not make use of it. She mistrusted Cæsar Borgia, and feared he might cause her to be taken by some of his minions. At dead of night she stole away by sea to Ostia, and thence to Leghorn. At Florence her brother-in-law Lorenzino received her courteously, and installed her in the house of her dead husband Giovanni, the beautiful Villa di Castello, which lies at the foot of Monte Morello, and which is now a royal country-house. Between this house and a cooler residence in the Casentino, where she pursued her favorite occupations of agriculture and cattle-breeding, were passed the last years of this heroic warrior-woman. But even here peace was not hers. First she was implored by her late subjects, who groaned under Cæsar Borgia's rule, to come to their aid; a new marriage was projected for her, that should strengthen her rights to Forli. She rejected these offers. Even *her* energy was somewhat broken. Then her sons harassed her with demands for money and with reproaches. Further, she

was anxious about the fate of Giovanni. Lorenzino de' Medici had tampered with the boy's patrimony, and in order to hide this, he meditated attacks upon his nephew's life. She appealed against her brother-in-law and won her cause; but as she did not trust either him or the law, she hid the boy, dressed in girl's clothes, in a Florentine convent. The character and career of Giovanni delle Bande Nere, it has been remarked, has much analogy with that of Achilles. This circumstance makes the analogy yet closer. The education of this wild ungovernable boy, over whom alone his mother had some control, was the chief occupation and anxiety of her latter years.

Caterina never regained for her eldest son the possessions he had lost. The Borgias were dead, it is true, but the grasp of the Church relaxed not upon the lordships they had gained by every species of crime. Ottaviano meanwhile had become a cardinal. Caterina's life as a widow was certainly exemplary, even if it was not peaceful or free from care. In April, 1509, she was taken seriously ill, but to all appearance recovered. Her son Ottaviano wrote affectionately to inquire for her at this time. In May she fell ill once more, and after ten days lay dead in the Florentine palace of the Medici. Her illness seems to have been renal calculus, from which she suffered acute pain; but her intelligence was keen to the last. She knew she was dying, and declared her intention of making her will. She provided carefully for all her dependents, and, as a citizen of Florence, left a large sum toward the building of the cathedral. Her faithful confessor was charged to say a thousand masses for her soul. Her son, Giovanni de' Medici, was left sole heir of all her Florentine possessions. Only her daughter Bianca, her eldest child, is not mentioned. She had probably received her portion at her marriage. This will was considered by her contemporaries as "a marvel of prudence and justice." When she had fulfilled this act she received the sacraments, and shortly after the tolling of the bell of San Lorenzo warned the Florentines that the "Lady of Imola" was dying.

It is not known whether any of her children were with her at the crisis. She was buried by her own desire in the convent of the Murate. An inscription was placed over the spot where her remains were laid, but this, with the remains themselves, disappeared when the convent, in 1835, was turned into a prison. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

No sketch of Caterina Sforza's life is complete without a reference to her wonderful recipe-book, which Pasolini prints almost entire, and which proves that Caterina was as capable a house-keeper as a warrior. Some are omitted, not, says Pasolini, because they are immoral, but because they are expressed in terms inconsistent with the usages of the present day. A notable feature is the number of disinfectants and preventives against contagion it contains. Upon this important point Caterina was very far in advance of her age. Many of the recipes are for enhancing and preserving beauty. Some are for concocting poisons.

After Caterina's death the wildest legends crystallized about her person. "Superhuman strength, angelic beauty, ferocious and vindictive character," such are the attributes of the legendary Caterina Sforza of whom the populace of Imola still retain the tradition. Pasolini holds that the explanation is to be found in the fact that in her image are personified all the strange tales of the warlike ladies of great families who succeeded each other in the government of the Romagna during the middle ages (Traversari, Da Polenta, Malatesta, Ordelaffi, Manfredi, Pagani), and also the strange female companions of the papal legates who succeeded them. At Forli there still lingers the tradition of a subterranean passage which led from the citadel to the palace and to other castles in the vicinity. At Imola, especially among the peasants of the mountains, there exist many wonderful legends. There is a ruined castle, which was never hers, but which tradition gives to Caterina, and a column is shown which is said to stand over the trap-door of the pit into which she flung her victims. At Monte Poggiolo and Castrocaro pits

are shown, called the "Queen's Well," said to have been used for the same purpose. At Pancaldoli, a village on the frontier between Tuscany and Romagna, where Caterina is stated to have retired after she lost Forlì, the people even to this day state that she is often seen, beautiful and terrible, holding a lantern in her hand which shoots out sparks of fire. Especially at Christmas-time does she appear, at the hour of the midnight Mass. Further, she is said to have given balls in the citadel of Riolo, from which none of the guests ever returned.* Even in the city of Imola strange tales are told. About twenty years ago a groom fled frightened from the stables of the Palazzo Sforza, declaring that he had seen the apparition of an armed female warrior. This palace, the story goes, was built by Caterina in one night with the help of the devil. A large chest full of gold is supposed to exist in its recesses, and Caterina's ghost wanders through its vast halls. Sometimes she carries a lamp. If any one tries to explore its dark staircases she appears and extinguishes the light they bear. The foundation of these legends is the more strange, as Caterina never possessed Forlone, Monte Poggiolo, or Castrocaro.

Caterina was the last lay ruler of Imola and Forlì. Three hundred and fifty-nine years of papal rule followed. Her arms are the last which remain without triple crown or keys, and her priestly successors have chosen to stigmatize her rule as the antithesis of their own mild and beneficent government. Little by little these arms grew to be the object of hatred and terror, and the Visconti viper, which she carried in right of her grandmother, came to be regarded as a symbol of the devil. To-day, however, all this mystery is vanishing. A more just judgment has made its way, and Caterina's memory is vindicated. When we remember the time in which she lived, we are forced to admit that her rule was, on the whole, wise and benevolent, though imperious and sometimes tyrannical. Personally she had some resemblance

to that Napoleonic heroine, "Madame Sans Gène," but she never fell below the level of the greatest ladies of her time. An interesting document given by Pasolini is a letter from Savonarola to Caterina, in answer to one of hers, which unfortunately is lost. It is dated June 18, 1497, the very day on which the friar's excommunication by Alexander VI. was published in the Church of Santo Spirito at Florence. In this letter Savonarola encourages Caterina in the hope that God will hear her prayers, and exhorts her to continuance in prayer, to justice toward her subjects, to almsgiving, and to the consideration of the shortness and misery of this present life, with promises to pray to God for her without ceasing. Fragments of Caterina's own letters, addressed often to the most notable men of her time, evince her great shrewdness and keen knowledge of men and things. She writes, for instance: "It is better not to trust any living creature, because when things of importance begin to be treated, it seems as if they then came of necessity to light, and more is always said than the real truth." "No bonds can hold men who are driven to despair." "It does not seem to me honest to make contracts in matters ecclesiastical." "When preparing for war, we must get rid of words and painted horses." "With words no State can be defended." To Lorenzo de' Medici she once wrote, "Sum prima per sentire le botte che havere paura" ("I must first feel blows ere I am afraid"), a phrase that struck Pasolini as so characteristic of the woman that he prefixed it as a motto to his book. Whenever she wore woman's dress she was very grand and splendid in her attire, and insisted that her women should be so too. She was devoted to animals, in an age when love of animals was little known, especially fond of horses and dogs.

Caterina has had at various times biographers who have given most diverse accounts of her; but all agree in the description of her pious and repentant widowhood at Florence. She had the misfortune to live at a time when those endowed with power were of necessity led into violence; yet she

* Similar legends are related of Giovanna of Naples.

always retained a strong, almost a spiritual faith. When preparing for her defence against Cæsar Borgia, she writes to the nuns of the Murate, imploring their prayers in her extremity. The letter to which that of Savonarola is an answer must have been of the same tenor. Perhaps we cannot better close this article than by quoting, as Pasolini has done, the conclusion of the earliest biography of Caterina, written not long after her death :—

"Caterina, thus liberated from her long captivity of eighteen months, borne with the strongest patience, proceeded to Florence, where her children were, and there, welcomed and caressed by the Signory, worn out, and satiated with the affairs of this false world, she turned her ideas wholly to thoughts of a more safe and tranquil life. And as in the management of temporal rule, to the rare and unusual credit of the female sex, she was the equal of the bravest and most prudent men of that age, so when given to the Spirit and to holiness in both the active and the contemplative life, she surpassed all the examples of

her time. Whence, when the course of her years was ended, it is not forbidden to a pious and Christian soul to believe that the angels received that blessed soul into the kingdom of heaven, and gave it up, purged and purified, to its Creator, where in the calm state of eternal glory it may enjoy the most blissful vision of God, the Three in One, who liveth and reigneth forever and ever."

Certainly for her there was "light at evening time." She had borne a son who was to carry on during his brief life the noblest traditions of her heroic line, and time was given her in which to dispose as she desired of all her worldly goods. Peace to her memory! Her virtues were her own, her crimes those of her age and surroundings, and no woman certainly can reflect, without a thrill of pride, upon the fact that the only being who dared to make a stand against the resistless might of the Borgia was one of themselves, a lonely unaided widow. —*Blackwood's Magazine*.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE Norwegians have recently done away with the study of Greek and Latin in their higher schools, which means, of course, the abolition of classical education altogether.

THE Romanes Lecture which Bishop Creighton delivered at Oxford recently, on "The English National Character," has been published in pamphlet form by Mr. Henry Frowde. Like his Rede (or Reade) Lecture of two years ago, it is full of wit and anecdote. Here is his report of what an informant told him of the characteristics of different nationalities at a technical college on the Continent, when the students had to solve a practical problem in the workshops :

"The German took out a note book, and immersed himself in long calculations. The Frenchman walked about, and indulged from time to time in ingenious and often brilliant suggestions. The Englishman looked out of the window and whistled for a while; then he turned round and did the problem, while the others were still thinking about it."

In the preface to his "History of the Horn-Book," Mr. Andrew Tuer said : "The writer has pestered countless people for information about the horn-book. Mr. Gladstone's reply

was unexpected, but to the point; he said that he knew nothing at all about it." In acknowledging a presentation copy of the work, Mr. Gladstone has now written to the author : "I thank you very much for your highly interesting gift. It has already disabled me from repeating the confession which I formerly made, with perfect truth, but I hope not in the terms given in the preface, for they seem to convey disparagement; and it is a gross and vulgar error to disparage that which one does not know." With regard to certain suggestions made at a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries, that the facsimiles of horn-books encased in the covers of the History might be sold by unscrupulous persons as originals, Mr. Tuer has explained that they are ear-marked in such a manner that to the initiated their recognition will always be a matter of certainty.

THE number of students frequenting, during the present term, the German universities, has reached the unprecedented total of upward of 29,700. The law students stand at the top, and the students of dentistry at the foot of the list.

THE dissolution of really great libraries is

still going on. Two more are on the eve of dispersal. The celebrated Buoncompagni Library, now housed in the Cenci Palace at Rome, and comprising over 70,000 volumes, is in the market. It is rich in incunabula. The second great library in the market is that at Ashburnham Palace.

HENCEFORTH Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. will be the publishers of all the works of Mr. William Morris, both verse and prose. They propose to issue shortly a cheap library edition of his poems, in ten volumes, of which "The Earthly Paradise" will fill four.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY says: "Dickens wrote a 'Child's History of England,' which is probably the worst book ever written by a man of genius, except Shelley's novels, and has not, like them, the excuse of extreme youth."

In order to mark the Hungarian millennial celebration, the University of Buda-Pesth has decided to honor six of the most distinguished Englishmen. The six it has chosen are Mr. Bryce, Lord Kelvin, Sir Joseph Lister, Professor Max Müller, Professor Henry Sidgwick, and Herbert Spencer.

THE University of Strasburg contained in 1883 three men, each unknown to the other and each of whom has since achieved international fame. The trio consisted of Paderewski, then musical instructor at the university; Professor Roentgen, professor of physics, and Nicola Tesla, who was installing an electric plant for the university.

THOMAS HARDY, the novelist, is thus described by a writer who has recently met him: "His cheeks are slightly sunken and his skin is sallow, speaking of sedentary labors, the midnight lamp, and of a constitution that could not support the sustained strain of an arduous task. Yet his eyes tell another tale, and possess that phosphorescent light that indicates energy. The solution of these contradictory remarks must be that he is mentally as robust as he is physically delicate."

R. D. BLACKMORE says he had offered his famous novel, "Lorna Doone," to nineteen publishers before it was taken. When brought out it fell flat, but soon after came the marriage of the Princess Louise to the Marquise of Lorne, and society people, thinking Lorna had somehow had something to do with Lorne, bought the book, read it and liked it, then recommended it to their friends.

W. T. STEAD confesses that when he in-

cluded a selection from Matthew Arnold in his "Penny Poets," he "wondered greatly whether a poet so exclusive and so cultured would meet with a welcome from the masses." The result has been eminently satisfactory, for in less than six months nearly 200,000 copies have been sold.

MISCELLANY.

PESTS IN BARBADOES.—If there be anywhere upon earth a paradise for the animal kingdom—carefully excluding the human race and the whole family of the beasts of burden—it should be found in Barbadoes. Into this terrestrial paradise man has introduced one devil very worthy of the name—the mongoose. In Jamaica and Martinique he was of some use in killing venomous snakes; but in Barbadoes there never were any venomous snakes to kill, and only one very rare variety of the harmless kind. So, as the negro is fond of keeping fowls, and the mongoose of eating their eggs and chickens, it would seem a pity to have allowed him to land. One would have thought that, with every man's hand against him in an island with a population of about eleven hundred to the square mile, he would have been exterminated long ago; but he has certainly not been. A pair of very fine ones prowled about in our back garden for a while, till we set a trap with an egg for bait, and in an hour had the female secured. She was very angry—not in the least terrified, but simply furious. She ate the egg in the trap while we looked on, and spat and snarled like an angry cat, every hair on her back bristling with rage. We admired her pluck, and released her. She and her mate took the hint, and were seen no more.

Probably the mongoose lives chiefly on the green lizards which swarm on every tree, and which certainly have the hardest life of any creatures in Barbadoes, since their flesh is so delicate that everything eats them which can catch them. Cats, fowls, birds, monkeys, and snakes, all devour the poor lizards, which have only two methods of defending themselves, both very inadequate for the purpose. One is their power of changing their color, whereby they can appear bright green at one moment on the leaf of an aloe, and then dark chocolate brown on a piece of damp earth. If this does not conceal them from their enemy, they drop their tails. The caudal appendage jumps from the ground, and makes a frantic

dance all by itself, and if the pursuer is deluded into seizing it, the lizard avails itself of the chance to escape and grow another tail. But we are bound to confess that we have never yet seen a quadruped taken in by the artifice, though it may deceive a bird now and then. For the rest, the poor lizards are harmless things, with pathetic eyes, in which lurks an expression of weariness and disillusion, as though they were as old as the world itself, and had found it all vanity and vexation of spirit. They are fond of plaintive music, and will enter at the open windows when a piano is playing, and sit listening, and nodding their queer flat heads, and looking out of those wistful eyes at the player, till he, or she, if of an imaginative temperament, might fancy he was playing to an audience of transmigrated souls.

The mongoose loves the rat—that is to say, he generally eats him; though hybrids between the two animals are not unknown. Into whatever hole the rat can go, the mongoose can follow, so that the poor rats are driven to take refuge in the trees and become arboreal animals. They eke out a precarious existence on the eggs and young of birds which are foolish enough to build their nests in trees whose trunks are undefended by thorns. While the pair of mongooses lived in our back garden, we found there one day an unfortunate rat, which had taken refuge in the hollow stem of an old Spanish Bayonet (*Yucca draconis*). He was very gaunt and starved, so had probably been hiding there for some days. It would be as much as any mongoose's or rat's life was worth to enter one of the great holes which, like a rabbit warren, honeycomb the sand under the tamarind trees by the sea. For there live the great land crabs in endless variety, from the old brown warrior (*Gelasimus bellator*) with a claw six inches long and as large as his whole body, which claw he uses as a defence for his home, by placing his wife in safety at the bottom of his burrow, and then sitting just inside the mouth of the hole, with this powerful pair of pincers filling the opening; down to the little scarlet foragers which scamper about among the dead leaves, like living pieces of cloth from a soldier's tunic; or the hermit-crabs, which appear to spend their lives in looking for better shells than those they occupy, and never refuse an offer of a larger and more roomy habitation, wherein they show themselves singularly undeserving their name of *Cenobita Diogenes*.

Your land-crab is a carnivorous animal, and a cannibal in all senses of the word. If you

shoot him from a window with an air-gun, you may see his comrades eat him there and then. The road to Charles' Fort, in the garrison, runs for some distance along the hedge bounding the military cemetery. On a dark and rainy night the field-officer on duty on his way to turn out the fort guard hears on all sides of him uncanny noises of rattling claws and scurrying feet, and knows the crabs are at work! It really requires nerve, or rather the absence of nerves, and the sense of security imparted by the wearing of jackboots, to face the perilous passage in the wet season. If the crab eats man, the negro eats him. The approved method for his capture is to sally forth on a dark night after heavy rain with a sack and a lantern. To this equipment the negro adds a stick, but we prefer a landing-net. Walking slowly through the wet grass, one observes a great claw, and a pair of goggle eyes staring in a bewildered manner at the light. While he is dazzled is the time to secure him. If you give him time to recover his wits, he will be into a hole or up a tree. A grim and awesome sight is one of these uncanny monsters climbing a tree by the fitful light of a lantern! When the sack is heavy with a crawling, fighting mass, it is emptied into a cask, with the top removed, as the bulging sides are beyond the scaling powers of even a crab. The negro cooks and eats him forthwith, not being squeamish. The white man prefers to feed his captives for a fortnight or so on corn-meal, after which he makes soup of them. The flavor is said to be excellent, but of this we cannot speak from personal experience. Many strange things have we eaten in the West Indies, but we draw the line at carnivorous land-crabs!—Major Ballersby, *F.R.A.S.*, in *Chambers's Journal*.

THE SPARROW AND THE RHINOCEROS.—It is not easy to astonish a sparrow. You can scare them—"often scared as oft return, a pert, voracious kind"—and make them fly away; but that is only because the sparrow has the bump of self-preservation very prominently developed, and takes a hint as to personal danger with extraordinary promptitude. But though it may remove its small body out of harm's way for the time being it is not disconcerted. You can see that by the way in which it immediately goes on with its toilet. Its nerves have not been shaken—that is evident from its obvious self-possession, and the way it scratches its head and makes a note of the fly which went by. It would not com-

mence at once a frivolous altercation with another of its kind if it had been disconcerted. And really, it is not to be wondered at that the sparrow should be beyond the reach of astonishment. Think of what it sees, and sees quite unconcernedly, in the streets of London. Put a tiger into Fleet Street, or a bear at the Bank, and the poor beasts would go crazy with terror. A single omnibus would stam pede a troop of lions. Yet a sparrow surveys the approaching fire-engine undismayed, and it sits with its back to the street when a runaway van comes thundering death down Ludgate Hill. The small bird's life is, in fact, so made up of surprises that it regards the astounding as commonplace. So a fly, sitting down in a train, thinks nothing of finding itself in the next county when it gets up. Its whole existence is volcanic and seismic. It cannot settle on a hand without the hand moving. What would a dog think if, on going into a ten acre field, the field suddenly turned over? But the fly is not put out of countenance by such "phenomena." It comes back to the hand again. It is the same with the sparrow. It thinks no more of another wonder than the Seven Champions did of an extra dragon in the day's work.

All the same, I have seen a sparrow totally confounded and all to pieces. It was, I confess, only a young one, with just the promise of a tail, nothing more; and some odds and ends of fluff still clinging between the red feathers. I was looking at the rhinoceros, which was lying down close to the railings, and a very sleepy rhinoceros it was. Except for slight twitches of the tail and an occasional fidget of the ears, it was quite motionless. And the young sparrow hopping about in the enclosure, coming to the beast, hopped on to it, looking in the chinks of its skin for chance grains or insects. And it hopped all along its back on to its head (the rhinoceros winked), and along its head on to the little horn, and from the little horn on to the big one (and it blinked), and then off the horn on to its nose. And then the rhinoceros snorted. The sparrow was a sight to see. Exploded is no word for it. And it sat all in a heap on the corner of the house, and chirped the mournfullest chirps. "I hadn't the smallest notion the thing was alive," it said. "Oh, dear! oh, dear!" and it wouldn't be pacified for a long time. Its astonishment had been severe and had got "into the system." I remembered the story of the boy who sat on the whale's blow-hole. Behemoth had got strand-

ed on the Shetland coast. While the population were admiring it, an urchin climbed on to the head of the distressful monster, and exultantly seated his graceless person on its forehead. He had but a short time to enjoy his triumph, and the next instant the whale, filling itself with air, blew such a blast through its blow-hole that the boy was blown up into the air and out to sea. So said the veracious chronicler of the day—and I hope it was true, for little boys should not, under any circumstances, sit on the blow-holes of whales. Nor young sparrows on the nostrils of a rhinoceros.—*Phil Robinson, in the English Illustrated Magazine.*

INDIAN ANECDOTES.—It is some weeks past since our business brought us within the precincts of Katwa. If ever a visit to an Indian town from the Sanitary Commissioner was needed commend him to this spot. The question naturally arises, What is the mortality of the place? How do people live in it at all? Does the sanctity of the river partially protect them, or is it that, being bred to the atmosphere, effluvia act only as a kind of sauce and give a relish to the air of heaven which in its pure and unadulterated state would prove tame and unnatural to the denizens of this favored city? It is, we were told, one of the oldest towns in Bengal, and well can we believe the story. But what are the Municipal Commissioners doing to allow all this? Influenced no doubt by what might fairly be described as the motto of many in Bengal: "Never do to-day what you can put off to another day, and especially so if you run a fair chance of not being found out." Glad were we not to have to spend a night at the place; a few hours and we had left it, never, we trust, to enter it again. At a *dāk* bungalow the other day when the remains of our dinner was thrown out we were surprised to see two pariah dogs (both *hen dogs*, as the lady said) peacefully discussing the food. Usually on such occasions canine language of a most Billingsgate type is to be heard. We asked our servant the reason why there was peace, and his reply amused us not a little: "The dogs are of the same *jal*." Trust a native to give a reason for anything!

Stories of children are frequently of an entertaining character, so we may be pardoned if we repeat some which recently came under our notice. A brother writing from home tells of a little mite who was found with a pair of scissors about to cut the wings off a

large parrot "to make angels' wings for myself," and of another little one (*æt.* four and a half) who, pervaded by a kind of universal charity, prayed devoutly for "the Devil and all other Roman Catholics." A friend some time ago told us the story of his little boy of five who had a toy bow and arrow with which he tried to shoot the birds in the garden. One Sunday afternoon Jacky was sitting on his father's lap, engaged in edifying talk, when he suddenly said, "Father, where's your father?" "Oh, my father's dead!" "But where is he?" "Oh, I suppose he's in heaven!" "How did he get there?" "Oh, I suppose he flew!" At this Jacky's eyes opened wide, a look of intelligence appeared in his face such as had never been seen there before, and he said with childlike simplicity, and in evident seriousness: "Oh, father, do you think could I have hit him while he was flying?" The idea of having a shot at his grandfather on his passage heavenward could only have occurred to a boy of more than ordinary intelligence. His father is a well-known member of the Calcutta Bar. A dear little grand-niece of our own used on Sundays to listen to Bible stories from her mother, who one day said: "And now, Doatie, when you go to heaven who would you like to see there?" expecting that the child would say she would like to see her father and mother there. The answer was, "I would like to see Elijah." "And why do you want to see Elijah?" "Because I have a question to ask him." "Oh, indeed; and what do you want to ask him?" Then very slowly and in a deliberate way, which the child has: "I want to ask Elijah, when the ravens fed him in the wilderness did they give him his bread buttered or plain." The same little girl, a somewhat determined little lassie, when just going to bed, was called by her mother: "Come, Doatie, and say your prayers," and replied, "No, I said them this morning." "Oh, but that won't do! you must say them at night as well as in the morning." To this she answered, with her head on one side and a resigned look in her face: "Very well, I'll gabble them," at which she knelt down and proceeded to suit the action to the word.—*A White Pilgrim, in the Calcutta Englishman.*

A GUIDE TO POLITE OPINIONS IN LITERATURE.
—The literary fashions of the hour really bear a quite perceptible likeness to the strange and cumbrous millinery of the moment. A lady's hair must be crowned not only with flowers,

feathers, or ribbons, but with a quite portentous mixture of all three, very often with fur, velvet, and lace in addition. Glaring contrasts, utterly inartistic coloring, allied to the crowning bad taste of a glittering array of mock jewels, are to be seen in every direction. The odd, the unusual, the bizarre, reign triumphant; and grace, beauty, and that subtle, delightful quality we clumsily call becomingness, are thrust to the wall by the ignoble ambition to be original, conspicuous at all hazards. Unhappily, the novelist, the poet, even the essayist, and, above all, the journalist, are bitten by this same overmastering desire to be "new" at all costs. Ephemeral work that has little but sheer boldness to recommend it is very much the mode, and secures the transient success that attends the daring wearer who is pretty and charming despite, and not because of, the conservatory and aviary she carries above her elaborately tortured locks. So rapidly, indeed, do literary fashions come and go that it is nearly as impossible for the ordinary mortal to keep pace with them as for the humble country cousin to flatter herself that her gown and bonnet are not hopelessly out of date in Regent Street, and utterly impossible in that Rue de la Paix beloved of the really smart. But there is a good time coming for the slow reader who does not want to feel himself utterly out of it when books come under discussion. A kindly and accomplished Gaul has proved that there is yet another thing they do better in France by penning a suggestive and practical "Brief Guide to Elegant Opinions for 1896."

Monsieur Lalo, it is true, writes for Paris, not for London, but his idea is so excellent that it is to be hoped it will at once be copied, let us say, by Mr. Andrew Lang or Mr. Richard le Gallienne. A few examples will illustrate the really efficient manner in which the tiresome necessity of studying the older writers is avoided. Shakespeare, Lalo tells his French patrons, "you will still do well to praise moderately; all you need to know is that Lear was not a gay young lover, and that Lady Macbeth was, for some reason, desperately anxious to wash her hands." "As for Goethe's works, all you need remember is that they contain a complete philosophy of life; to read the books themselves would be a wholly unnecessary trouble." But when we get to Ibsen, that, as Mr. Kipling would have said in earlier days, is another story. "At the mention of that name a sacred enthusiasm should glow upon your face, and broken in-

terjections—"What daring!" "What force!"—should fall from your lips. It will be considered the thing this year to call him Hendrik the Norseman, and to speak of the vast intellect of the modern sea-king." "Shelley and Swinburne will be casually mentioned, but the Russians are quite gone out." So no one need now harrow his soul over Tolstoi, and "Peace and War" may be forgotten.

There is only one fault to find with the Lalo guide. Such a handbook should come out monthly at least, if not weekly. The forced blossoms of the modern spring do not last a whole year. Already the mauve peonies, the emerald carnations, the golden asters, are nearly as rococo as the works of Laureate Pye, with less chance of being remembered, inasmuch as there is no Byron to keep their names green by a single scornful line. The present-day critic helps us wonderfully little. He is too apt to degenerate into a mere "appreciator." Now, appreciation of the talent of others is an amiable trait enough, but when it finds a Thackeray, an Austen, a Browning, or a Tennyson in every clever beginner, it grows tiresome. Over-praise is as unwholesome as over-blame, and if Keats died of his critics, several very promising young reputations have perished from indiscreet cherishing. We live in an age of books about books, and, worse still, an age of everlasting paragraphs about the men and women who write them. Serious, quiet, leisurely enjoyment of the matured fruit of a master mind is too slow for this bustling desire to read and know everything. Nor do we want to give our writers time to mature. We tempt them with the rattle of money bags until they write by the mile, until they lose most of the craftsman's pleasure in creation in a perpetual race against time and publishers. On the whole, it would certainly be wise just to run through some such handbook as clever Pierre Lalo's for social purposes, for it would leave us time to do a little real reading instead of wasting our hours over the all-pervading novel of the very newest school.—*Nottingham Daily Express*.

A SPANISH CAFÉ-CHANTANT.—There are few *Cafés-Chantants* in Madrid, says a writer in the *Sketch*, and they are all bad. Yet they are true *Cafés-Chantants*, and not gorgeous and oppressive music halls. The *Café del Pez* is in the workmen's quarter. At the square tables arranged on the dingy floor, the workmen, and occasionally workwomen, are sitting smoking cigarettes, imbibing very crude wines or cof-

fee, and gossiping gravely. On the stage—a narrow affair, raised just above the floor—a company of dancers appear, one man playing a viol, another a guitar, three young women, one of extraordinary beauty, also a couple of very small girls (sisters), and a couple of boys. All are in the costume appropriate to the dance, the young women wearing mantillas and a sort of polonaise, and the little girls the gay Sevillian attire. One of the little girls dances first, with one of the little boys, a *cachuca*. What lively flings, what dramatic gestures, what fire in the movements, while the audience remained almost impassable, smiling gravely! The youngsters seemed to dance by instinct. Applause!—during which the unconcerned and innocent little Sevillienne pulled up her stocking and readjusted her garter. Then the young women danced in succession. The first of them was dark as a Moor; and looking at the dance, listening to the sharp pitched din of the music, and the tom-tom-like beating of the little drum, and gazing round at the types sitting at the tables, I could realize the force of the proverb, "Africa begins at the Pyrenees." The Moors have left their traces in the swarthy complexions, the grim mouth, the suggestion of *sauvagerie* that seems to lower beneath the Spaniard's grave visage. Also in the dramatic dances, with their pantomime of coquetry, and in the slow, voluptuous, sweeping movements, whose only burden once again is love, and in the sharp pitch of the songs, and in the tom-tom beating, and the castanet-crackling. Only the Turks and the Moors possess in common with the Spaniards the rolling supple motions of the body, as well as the fire and energy of that dumb eloquence. A Spanish dance is a drama, a poem.

The Moorish blood has improved the stock, and in Cordova and Granada especially the finest women in Spain may be found. And Carmen Garcia was a gem among beauties. Carmen rose to dance. The dance of Carmen was a slow Oriental dance—languorous, voluptuous, a dance not of the feet or legs only, but of the whole body. And as the dance progressed the undulations of her body deepened, the sinuous movements enveloped her whole form, acquired more force and power. Her dance was received with a silence which was more expressive than the applause that had greeted the lively and dashing steps of the others. Carmen's costume consisted of a mantilla on the shoulders, a robe covered with a kind of open-worked polonaise dotted with

black balls, which beat lightly as she danced, and white satin shoes. Her hair was done in an elaborate coiffure—dark brown, rich thick hair, rolled and coiled, and drawn up high behind. Her features were regular, all good; the eyes deep and black and lustrous; and the whole countenance at once restful, calm, and full of the possibilities of fire, animation, and passion. One had time to observe all these matters as Carmen danced; but now the dance increased in vigor—or, perhaps one should say, in intensity—the movements became a little more complicated, the swaying and bending of the body less reserved, the feet moved more freely, and finally, with a bold and dramatic finish, the dance came to a sudden end.

Afterward I invited Carmen and her two young friends to have a cup of coffee at my table. They did so. Also several *copilas* of crude wines and many cigarettes. Carmen smoked and drank, and spat on the floor in the calmest manner in the world, reposeful and content, yet giving intimations of fire, of animation, and of passion. She was from Seville, she told me, where it was a sort of natural right of the ladies to be very good-looking. She was content, but not unduly proud. And she asked for another *copita*, and spat calmly on the floor.

SPRING CLEANING.—It was given to Mrs. Carlyle to write the epic of house cleaning. Until Mr. Froude gave that vivacious little lady's "Letters and Memorials" to the public, we do not remember that the torments and the triumphs of house cleaning were recognized as experiences of sufficient dignity to be taken notice of in literature or discussed in polite society. But all the world revelled in Mrs. Carlyle's description of her gallant battle with the accumulated dirt of years, and murderous onslaught on flights of moths and gangs of "bogues." And everybody was filled with the most tremendous pity for the heroic woman who cleaned so well and wrote still better, and with still more heroic indignation against the dastardly philosopher who took a holiday and left her to manage the cleaning alone. But, upon the ears of some of us, this tremendous pity and tremendous indignation rang with the humorous incongruity of a sentence in which the principal words have got themselves transposed. It was as funny as if we had heard Wellington pitied for having had to stand fire at Waterloo, and his Duchess reviled for keeping off the field. For who is there that lives and does not know

that when the days of cleansing come round every house mistress worth her salt desires nothing so much as that her husband will dine at his club and sleep anywhere he pleases so it be not on her premises? and that the wife in need of compassion is she whose good man stays, not she whose husband goes? The old Prince in Tolstoy's "War and Peace" gave a pleasant turn to a discussion of the wrongs and disabilities of women by submitting that he was disqualified as a man for taking a nurse's place. He might have added, as another title to commiseration, that he was disabled by the same condition from making himself happy, useful, or agreeable during a spring cleaning. While, on the other hand, it is certain that every right-minded woman is never quite so gloriously happy as when she has turned her house upside down preparatory to making it particularly clean and tidy. We cannot all be happy at the same time; and the final philosophy of spring cleaning is to regard it as the well-merited humiliation and penance of man, but the high festival—almost the apotheosis—of woman.

Let us say at once that the kind of house-cleaning we have in mind is no mere matter of putting new paint on the outside of the house, and new papers on the walls, and washes on the ceilings within; such cleanings we see, indeed, being carried on by red-handed housemaids and hiring workmen in half a dozen houses of every fashionable street or square in London during the recess weeks when the world is out of town. In such cleanings as these, over which no house-mistress presides, there is neither poetry nor pathos, and certainly no scope for such tragic passions and desperate energies as inspired first the broom and afterward the pen of Jane Welsh Carlyle. No. For human interest we must go to the old houses where the old-fashioned people live—the houses that have been "home" to successive generations of the family, and still harbor among their household gods almost as many objects that have never been used within memory of living man as things necessary to the lives of the actual occupants; the houses that shelter complicated families with varying tastes and differently directed energies, all developing themselves more or less at cross purposes and filling all the corners of the house with heterogeneous collections, every item of which is dear to its particular owner and very much the reverse of dear to everybody who is not its owner;

the houses where somebody collects old books and somebody else collects new ones, where one member of the family is scientific and another artistic; where the shelves in one room harbor chrysalises that may not be shaken, and the vessels in another are full of tadpoles in course of development; where the small children have devotions to broken toys and the bigger ones cherish pets, who have to be guarded against each other's destructive instincts; and where the master of the house combines self-indulgent habits with professional labors of a literary kind, and fills his study with the double litter of the work he is obliged to do and the wastepaper he has a whimsical prejudice against destroying. The man who boasts that he "burns nothing" is invariably the man whose wife will tell you that neither does he keep anything in its proper place; and that is the man whose house is beyond comparison the most difficult to clean. And yet, most obviously, the houses of such men need cleaning, and indeed are cleaned year after year, in town and country, by mute, inglorious housewives, who have learned, in long apprenticeship to other people's hobbies, how to mingle sympathy with severity in dealing with consecrated rubbish. The woman who successfully carries through the cleaning of a house of this description not only deserves and gets the general reward of a good conscience, but scores all sorts of definite points highly satisfactory to her moral and intellectual pride. When the time comes for sitting down and saying with Mrs. Carlyle, "Soul, take thine ease, or at all events thy swing, for thou hast carpets nailed down and furniture rubbed for many days," she will be able to count among the results of the campaign a husband, father, or brother more than consoled for temporary deprivation of the right of access to his books by their restoration in the identical order or disorder that he loves, *minus* the dust which the most untidy man really dislikes—though he pretends to like it in order to stave off the dreaded day of cleaning—and *plus* the long-mourned priceless pamphlet or missing page of a tumble to pieces old library favorite that had "slipped behind" nobody quite knew when, what or how, and furnished the text of a whole year's sermons against house-cleanings and house-cleaners. For the joy of such recoveries there are no words. But the woman who has crowned all the material triumphs of her cleaning by conferring such beatitude on her lord and master may well be happy,

and take her fill of satisfaction so high, so deep, and so lasting, that for her at any rate there is no danger of falling into the slough of desponding thought about the degradation of her sex in matrimony.

There is really no occasion in life that ministers to a woman's pride—and especially to her intellectual pride—like that of spring cleaning, especially when there is a considerable collection of books to be dealt with. For it is a fact incontrovertibly established by the experience of scores of households that only an educated woman can be trusted to turn out a library. The housemaid has not yet been created who can put a whole row of books back in precisely the same order she found them in. A very superior housemaid may, perhaps, be taught not to reduce the whole mass to sheer chaos; but she will never be cured of a trick of reversing the order either of the entire row, or of each of the separate piles she makes as she takes the volumes down in handfuls. It seems absolutely necessary to have some understanding and sympathy with the insides of books in order to deal properly with their outsides. But then it is also absolutely necessary, while dusting the outsides of books, to abstain religiously from looking at their insides. And that is what a man who loves his books can never be drilled into doing. As the volume he knows so well is handed to him to be banged against its neighbor before undergoing the smart rubbing that is the last stage of its purification, he instinctively opens it at a favorite passage, and falls upon reading it to himself, or possibly declaiming it to the womankind he has volunteered to help. This is fatal to progress, and more than any house-mistress's temper can bear—not at all because she has a soul below the enjoyment of fine writing, but because for the moment the soul of the housewife has risen within her above the soul of the woman of culture. In her mind the whole scheme of the domestic campaign is mapped out fair and clear—to each day its portion of work has been allotted with careful calculation of the necessary succession of events in every chamber of the house, from attic to basement. She knows, for instance, that before breakfast to-morrow morning the sweep will be doing his dark and dirty work in the library where she and her staff are now dismantling the shelves, and that unless the task of dusting, banging, and rubbing be carried on with unremitting application, those many hundreds of volumes

will never be put away in calculated order, each book reposing upon its customary neighbor, and every shelf-full marked off with a distinct label, to sleep under white wrappers—as last year's bulbs sleep beneath the snow—till the day of resurrection shall come, when the sweep and the carpenter and the whitewasher and the housemaid have all done their several parts, and it is time for every book to go back to its own place on a shelf deliciously smelling of fresh soapsuds. With a plan so comprehensive and so intricate filling her mind, she has not a thought to spare for the most exquisite passage of prose or poetry. A book, for the nonce, is to her only a thing that must be dusted, and the sight of some one who is pretending to help her, frivolously peeping between its pages, jars upon her nerves like a false note in a symphony on the ear of the composer. She is in a region of thought and action into which no man can follow her, and she must be more or less than human if she does not realize her superiority with conscious pride.

But we have not exhausted the tale of the truly great housewife's delights in spring cleaning when we have classed some of them as high moral satisfactions and set down others to the score of gratified intellectual pride. It is a joy to tuck up sleeves and plunge favorite china into a bowl of scalding water, and then snatch it out quickly and wipe it with a hot glass cloth so that it is dry and glistening in the twinkling of an eye. It is exhilarating to hear the report of the big books as you clap them together, and the dust flies out of window. It is almost too agitating to watch the great empty bookcase totter and lurch and right itself again as the carpenter moves it from the corner where it has stood till its plinth has stuck to the beeswaxed floor. And the sight of the "flue" hanging in ragged flakes upon the wall behind it is worth more than the ransom of many a king we have read of. Those soft, mysterious tufts, brown, black, or gray, are the trophies of the victorious housewife, over which she gloats for one rapturous moment before condemning them to be dissolved in the housemaid's pail or consumed in the kitchen fire.

There are, who puritanically maintain that the spring cleaning is a superfluity; and that, were life properly ordered and man diurnally clean and tidy, "the dust of an earthy to-day" would not live to become "the earth of a dusty to-morrow"—that the diligent

housemaid, plying her duster and broom as she should do, would keep the enemy down by a dull monotony of daily scourings and scrubblings. This seems to us flat heresy not to be tolerated for a moment in a Christian country where time is measured and man's life governed by a calendar of Fasts and Festivals. It is not in the nature of man to be always clean and tidy. It is not to be expected of woman to wage a never-flagging warfare against an enemy so contemptible as the dust of each day's gathering. Besides, who could live in a world where tall steps, and brooms, whitewashers, chimney-sweeps, and carpet beaters, were in continual occupation, as they must be if house-cleaning became chronic instead of periodic? By all means let the surface dust be removed day by day, but in mercy leave the dark corners behind the bookcases and the wardrobes to collect the symbolic flue, in which the spirited housewife meets at least once a year her insidious adversary in a form sufficiently grim and substantial to make her feel it worth while to have made the assault with a full staff of maid servants and an armory of mops and brooms. Besides, even if the world could be kept clean and all housewives happy without spring cleaning, society cannot afford to let the institution go. For it affords us once a year a topic of conversation as universally interesting as the weather, and even more beneficial as an outlet for everybody's need of grumbling.—*The Spectator*.

WOODCRAFT IN THE WEALD.—The Weald—that is to say, the range of forest-country lying between the South Downs and the North Downs, and reaching from Tunbridge Wells on the east to Haslemere on the west—is often spoken of as the Kingdom of the Oak. And the name is much more than a literary phrase. The more one enters into the life and history of the district, the more one realizes that its oak-trees are not only—though that is much—an invaluable factor in the beauty of its woodland scenery, but also the royal protectors of the rights of that beauty to endure. The oak-crop of the Weald continues to be a source of wealth to the district in these days of agricultural depression, and though the timber-trade has not escaped the "ups and downs," with a preponderance of "downs," which have been felt by all trades during the last thirty years, there is little fear of the "Sussex weed" not holding its own in the market against the cheaper and

more rapidly grown article imported from abroad ; for the Sussex oak, as the world is beginning to find out, makes up for its slower growth by having more heart, and consequently more lasting power. It is good to know this, because it is, of course, a point in the economical prospects of the country. But in this beautiful spring weather, the wanderer in the Weald must be forgiven if he is tempted chiefly to give thanks for the persistence of the oak-crop and the profitableness of the timber trade and the minor woodland industries that develop round it, because they are in a manner guarantees for the preservation of one of the most picturesque tracts of English scenery within easy access of the Londoner. Not only do the old Tudor houses of this country owe much of their beauty and all their durability to the toughness of the beams of native oak embedded in their structure ; not only is the actual work of felling and flaying the timber exceedingly picturesque ; but the clearing of the woods acts as a recurring stimulus to the growth of the wild-flowers. As the natives know well, the coppice where the oaks were felled last May is the place where we may confidently count this spring on finding the finest primroses and dog-violets and the richest crop of "lady's smock," as they call the lilac cuckoo-flower in these parts—where it flourishes with extraordinary vigor and in such quantities that it colors whole acres with its bright and delicate mauve. The recently cleared coppice is a gay flower garden for a year or two ; but by degrees, and not slow degrees, the underwood springs up, and, instead of an easy gathering-ground, we have a thicket of black-thorn, hazel, ash, hornbeam, and spindle-wood, among which the oak seedlings shoot up, safe from the axe till another century shall have passed over their heads. But the colored scene will only have shifted, and other coppices will be bright with lady's smock and primroses, while this one grows thicker and taller, till, in a dozen years or so, it is worth cutting for the profit of its underwood. Timber-felling hardly ever begins in the Weald till the latter end of April ; but "copsing," or the cutting of the underwood, goes on from November to mid-April, and copsing is a delightfully picturesque occupation as well as a craft requiring not a little skill and experience. Some knowledge of trees is required in order to know and spare the oak seedlings in the covert. Moreover, there goes method to the actual cutting.

Where the wood is severed with a clean sharp stroke it shoots again quickly and strongly ; but where a workman has hacked the stems and left them ragged, the wet gets into the wood and rots the stool.

Different branches of woodcraft are practised in different parts of the district. On the Kent side the ash and hazel saplings are cut into hop poles. Toward Haslemere they make mop-handles, broomsticks, and hurdles ; and, pretty nearly all over the district, the tramp cuts skewers from the spindlewood to sell to the London butchers. But here, in the heart of the Weald, the most characteristic minor branch of woodcraft is that known as "hoop shaving." And a group of workmen engaged in this industry, seen as we saw them on an early day in April, when the thickets were all in flower, and the slopes of the gylls enamelled (as the French word-painters say) with primroses and dog-violets and blue and white periwinkles, made a scene of human labor so entirely in harmony with its natural setting, that one gave involuntary thanks for the providential dispensation which makes it improbable that our civilization will ever be quite independent of the woodman's craft. Flashing white in the sunshine were the long bundles of shaved poles, propped against the surrounding trees. All about upon the ground lay the rough fagots of newly cut wood. And in the middle of the clearing were set up the "breaks" upon which the hoop-shaver works. The "break" itself is a picturesque object, which may be roughly described as a wooden vice very simply constructed, and propped slantwise with stakes stuck into the ground so as to stand about 6 feet high. A hinge worked by a noose and pulley of flexible hazel-twigs allows a certain amount of play to one end of the narrow board upon which the split poles are laid to be shaved, and the other end of this board is left free to be propped against the chest of the woodman, who generally protects himself and his garments from injury by wearing a leather belt broad enough to serve as a waistcoat. He cannot hold the board with his hands, because both hands are required to wield the two-handled "hoop-shave" with which he strips the bark from the wood. He selects a pole from the fagots lying about, splits it with an axe, then lays it on the board and passes the shave rapidly along it, throws it away and takes another, carrying on his work with great rapidity, and also with a stolidity which is as much a local

characteristic as the sturdiness of the native oak.

Hoops are wanted in many trades and for a great variety of purposes by wine growers and tea-growers, by butter and oyster merchants, in cement and lime factories—and they have to be cut and packed according to a graduated scale of exactly calculated lengths, ranging from 2½ feet to 14 feet. Of the shortest, a great number are sent to India to bind tea-casks; and of the longest, many were, once upon a time, used as trellis to train vines on in the vineyards of France. But wire is rapidly taking the place of wood for this purpose; moreover, during the last six years the French woodlanders and their wives and children have taken to cutting and shaving their own hoops, with the result not only of a lessened demand for Sussex hoops among the French vine growers, but of an invasion of the English markets by French hoops. The underwoods grow more rapidly in France than in England, and this natural circumstance, working with others, makes it possible for the French hoop-shaver to turn out his work at a less cost than the English woodman can—and so, for a time at any rate, the English trade is suffering by foreign competition. The cheaper French hoops serve as well as the English ones for many purposes; but the English underwood, like the English oak, makes up for its slower growth by tougher quality, and there remain certain uses for which it is preferred. So we may hope that the hoop-shaver of the Weald is not doomed to disappear in the course of progress.

"Copsing" begins in November and goes on till the middle of April. It is now drawing to an end and the timber-felling is about to begin. Those who like to keep count of the occupations of the countryman, side by side with a chronicle of opening leaves and flowers, may remember that the underwood is cut in November, when the woods are bare and the sap is not flowing; that hoop-shaving goes on through all the winter months and finishes when the blackthorn, the primrose, the dog violet, and the lady's smock are in flower; that the timber begins to fall as the cowslip and the bluebell are coming into bloom; and, inasmuch as it is necessary to flaw the wood before the flow of the sap has been arrested, the whole work of felling and flaving has to be got through in a very few weeks and is generally over by the middle of May, when the standing oaks are in leaf and

the hawthorn, the lilac, and the laburnum are in blossom.—*The Spectator*.

CATERPILLAR ERYTHEMA—Many of the common hairy caterpillars in this country when handled "sting" with their hairs just as the nettle and primula do. The hair penetrates some layers of the skin and breaks off, leaving a little piece projecting. If the hand is passed over the face the stumps of the hair projecting from the skin sting the face in a similar manner. Soon an intolerable itching begins, more extensive than the Paris actually irritated; vigorous rubbing goes on until in a short time the arms, face, neck, and often chest become covered with a red eruption in which minute nodules can be detected. The hairs and the poison may even be transferred (as Mr. Lawford has shown in the case of *Bombyx rubi*) to the conjunctiva, the hair ultimately becoming encapsuled in a little nodule of fibrous tissue. The rash is often attended with considerable swelling and slight rise of temperature, and, as Dr. Dukes of Rugby pointed out, may lead to an erroneous diagnosis of röteln. It would be well if medical officers of schools warned the boys of the caterpillars, which should not be handled, and of the risk they run in rubbing themselves when the skin is irritated. The chief British offenders are the common "woolly bear," the caterpillar of the tiger moth (*Arctia caia*), and its near relations; almost all the *Bombyx* group, including the oak eggar, fox moth, drinker and lappet moths; and the *Liparis* group, including the common "gold tail" and "brown tail." The hair of some foreign caterpillars has much more severe effects.—*Lancel*.

PICTURE OF THE ARTERIES MADE BY X RAYS.—It is well known that the bones are relatively opaque to the X rays, and that this opacity is due to the chemical composition of the fundamental bony tissues, which are made up of calcium salts (phosphates, carbonates, and fluorides). The question would then be a natural one, whether, by introducing a salt of lime into the veins, they could be made to leave a shadow on the photographic plate. The Physical Institute at Rome has performed this experiment. Into the brachial artery of a dead body was injected a paste of sulphate of lime, sufficiently liquid to penetrate all the blood-vessels, and then, after it had hardened, the hand was photographed the Crookes tube being held at a great distance so that the shadows would be very sharp.—*Cosmos* (Paris)